

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Incorporating the  
Australian Home Budget.

Registered in Australia for trans-  
mission by post as a newspaper.

September 6, 1961

The things  
**MEN** wish  
**WOMEN**  
wouldn't  
do . . .



HOW TO MAKE  
**SPRING  
HANDBAGS**



**FORTY  
SPECTACULAR  
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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Whether you approve or are startled by the new line Marc Bohan has designed for the House of Dior (first color picture opposite), it's a revival of a fashion trend

**A**FTER the straight-up-and-down flapper look of the 'twenties came the flattering, waist-fitting flared skirt of the 'thirties. Much the same is happening again.

The last few seasons have seen a modified return to the flapper look.

Now Marc Bohan has restored a long, lean waist and added the swing of the "skating skirt" to emphasise a pretty young figure.

Incidentally, for the new look in Paris evening fashions, turn to pages 35, 36.

**FROM** Edmonton, Canada, came a letter from Mr. Robert C. McLeod asking for a subscription to our paper for his wife.

He explained: "The Australian Women's Weekly strikes me as a superior publication—much above the American periodicals we have to accept here."

He added: "By the way, for six years after the war my mother and sister lived at Willoughby, N.S.W.

"They still talk and

#### Our cover

● Tanya Halesworth, A.B.C.-TV Presentation Officer in Sydney, as Portia in the live TV production of "The Merchant of Venice" (story, page 19). Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

dream about Australia. What is your secret charm?

**WE** had many requests from our teenage readers for more stories by American author Lucile Vaughan Payne after we published her delightful short story "The Boy on the Stairs" (February 8 issue). So Fiction Editor Ben Nesbit wrote to the author to see if she had any other stories about the same teenage characters, Joanne and Brandon.

Lucile Vaughan Payne, who lives in Oregon, U.S.A., gratefully replied that she hadn't written any more stories about them, but would "The Room-mate" do instead? It certainly does, and you can begin it on page 23.

It's about teenagers, too.

**NEXT WEEK:** 40 Spring Hairstyles from Paris, London, and New York (see page 9) ... Italian Cooking—Variety in savory and sweet Italian dishes.



# Here is next season's line

. . . the "skating skirt" silhouette and the return of the waist

by designer Marc Bohan of the House of Dior . . .

LIVELY, swinging line of Dior's "skating skirt" is balanced by narrow shoulders and that high, simple neckline.



ALMOST everything in Marc Bohan's second collection for Dior is trend-setting, distinctive, and chic, with his "skating skirt" silhouette the particular success.

The line has a lot of style and swing and swirls out below narrow hips.

The shape is vaguely reminiscent of the original Dior "new look"; yet the silhouette is entirely of the present, full of youthful verve, and

designed for the young, slender figure.

High bosom, narrow shoulders, and long, close-fitting sleeves are other characteristics of the Dior collection.

Shape is reborn. The waist is back—a long, lean waist.

New, amusing, and practical to ward off chill winds is the muffled-head trend. Hoods, hood-capes, and halo-like fur hats supply this new "coverage."

Leopard is No. 1 fur and No. 1 trim. There is also much fringe and giant bows.

Dior, too, is the fashion house for wide belts made in self-material, fastened with a self-material buckle or with a single button.

For pure glamor, there is nothing in Paris to beat Bohan's dazzling white satin ball gown. The dress has a slender feminine shape. Its only trim is a giant bow worn at the back.



DRAMA of flaring "skating skirt" is exaggerated by tight sleeves and a long, lean waist under a bolero.



**Crawled . . .**

# TV Model Babies

● Nineteen babies became petted stars when recruited by a Sydney advertising agency for two 60-second TV babywear commercials. A call for "a few babies" brought 80 applicants, who were whittled down to 19 on a cuteness, bonny basis. Each child earned about £6 a day for two days.



● Balloons and toys to entertain toddler TV stars. Sister D. E. Graham coaxes three youngsters to crawl during a break in shooting at Supreme Sound Studios, Sydney.

**Cried . . .**



● John Martin, 10 months, cried a little—even though he was being paid about £6 a day.

**Slept . . .**



● Soon afterwards, John, soothed by his mother, Mrs. K. Martin, of Northbridge, slept.

**Posed . . .**



● "My turn before the camera next," winsome Lorraine Castellari, aged 14 months, seems to be saying.

**Played . . .**



● "So, she wants a pillow fight." Bronwyn Burcher, 7½ months, with Sally Anne Hunningham, 10½ months.

**All for this**



● Action! Darryl Ann Read, 11 months, with (from left) Ron Horner, Sid McDonald, Hans von Adlerstein, Max Lemon, Carol Stewart, model mother, Alan Grice, Phillip Mulhall.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 6, 1961





DANCERS add color to the festivities in the farm courtyard and kitchen. Later, traditional "brigands" arrived to "fight" them.

# Young Australians marry in a Finnish village

By ELIZABETH GREGG

● A young Australian couple, who are now driving home to Sydney through the Middle East, were married in traditional Finnish style in a remote village in western Finland.

**I** MET Aino through an advertisement," bridegroom Jim Quirk, of Sydney, said with a teasing glance at his bride. In a way that is true.

Their romance started last year in London when Jim decided to organise a party of Australians and New Zealanders to visit Rome for the Olympic Games.

He put an advertisement on the notice-board at the Overseas Visitors' Club, and slim, dark-eyed Aino Kukkola, whose Finnish parents had taken her to Australia to live when she was a baby, was one who replied. She has been working for the Finnish Embassy in London.

Soon after the party returned from Rome they announced their engagement. They decided to marry in Europe, and chose the small village of Kauhajoki, in western Finland, for their wedding, because Aino's parents and grandparents were married there and most of her relatives still live in the district.

This summer Aino went direct to Finland from London. Jim, whose love of travel has already taken him from Australia to South Africa and up through Central Africa, went overland with eight friends.

They were Kaye King and Dorothy Francis, from Melbourne; Peter Hansen, from Brisbane; George Harvison, from Sydney; myself, from Hobart; and three New Zealanders, Owen Cocker and Robin and Trevor Wynyard.

## Simple ceremony

We took three weeks to travel 3500 miles through Belgium, Germany, Poland, and Russia.

At Kauhajoki we were overwhelmed by hospitality. Aino's relatives took us into their homes, and in no time we were conversing fluently by the time-honored method of mime.

We will always remember the wedding. Aino, in her bell-skirted London gown of white pique, arrived at the church at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon with her grandfather, Mr. Matti Maki-Panula—a sprightly man who still goes skiing every winter despite his 84 years.

In the village's new Lutheran church—an ultra-modern, copper-roofed building of great beauty—Aino and Jim stood before the altar

to exchange their vows. In Finland bridal couples have no attendants.

A tape-recording of the simple, moving ceremony was made to send back to Jim's parents—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Quirk, formerly of Murwillumbah, N.S.W., and now of Kings Cross, Sydney—and to Mr. and Mrs. Kukkola of Milton, Queensland.

The reception was held at the red-and-white farmhouse of Aino's uncle. There were 120 guests, and it lasted 11 hours—not long by Finnish standards.

## Outdoor festivities

We sat out in the grassy courtyard drinking champagne and cloudberry liqueur and nibbling wedding cake, while tape-recorded messages from Jim's and Aino's families were played. I noticed many wet eyes among older relatives as they listened to well-loved voices they'd not heard for 20 years.

Then the dancers arrived—a dozen men and girls in national costume. Tirelessly they performed one strenuous dance after another, and the musicians played and sang some of the haunting folksongs of Finland.

Suddenly a horse galloped up the drive pulling a cart filled with fierce-looking men in strange costumes. They leapt out shouting and waving their arms, and broke up the dancing.

In the bad old days brigands used to gatecrash weddings and fight with the guests, often killing someone. Now it's traditional make-believe.

At last the wedding-feast proper began. First soup, then we piled our plates with food from 16 national dishes. Finally came coffee and jugs of creamy milk, and a weak, sweet, beer.

The hard-working Finns couldn't understand why Jim and Aino wanted to leave. No one goes on a honeymoon in Kauhajoki. The wedding celebrations usually last for one or two days, then the bride and bridegroom join the rest of the family working in the fields.

But some time before midnight Jim and Aino prepared to leave. However, the Finns had one more surprise in store.

As the couple emerged into the courtyard they were pelted with rice by laughing children. Then to his amazement—and ours—Jim, a wiry six-footer, was picked up by half



a dozen strapping young women and tossed into the air as if he were a featherweight. Six young men tossed Aino, still in her wedding clothes, up in the air beside him.

At last they were allowed to escape to the car, which had been decorated with green larch boughs.

Amid cheers and laughter they drove away to their honeymoon home, a small red cabin by a lonely lake, before returning to London to plan the next stage of their overland journey back to Australia.

**NEWLYWEDS** Aino and Jim Quirk with Pastor Tainan Kuusiola, who journeyed from the Finnish capital to marry them. In 1951-55 he was in charge of the Finnish Lutheran Church in Australia. He is an old friend of Aino and her family, and he conducted the wedding service in Finnish and English.





• Stage set of the pub with permanent Christmas decorations.

# 'THE NO HOPERS'

## Outback pub setting for successful new comedy

By WINFRED BISSET

• When Peter Batey's Australian comedy "The No Hoppers" opened at Perth's Playhouse Theatre, the audience became so excited that they took part in the play and shouted remarks and encouragement to the characters from the auditorium.



• Young lovers Archie (Brian Hannan), son of the postmistress across the road, and Alma (Elapeth Ballantyne), the waitress-cook.



• Mike (Bert Vickers) and Ben, the yardman (Arthur Hardman), prepare to dig up the pub foundations looking for non-existent gold.

VICTORIAN playwright Batey achieved his ambition — "to make the audience laugh at the characters and yet love them."

In "The No Hoppers" he uses Maggie O'Shaughnessy as the central figure. She is the past-her-prime wife of a no-hoper, brow-beaten publican whose hotel seldom has any guests.

Maggie will not stand for any hanky-panky.

"I've kept a honeymoon suite in this pub for 20 years and I've waited all that time for it to be used," she says. "When it finally is, everything is gonna be legit and above-board. That's flat!"

She does not believe in drink. The menfolk have a grudging admiration for her.

Poor Maggie falls from grace. Joe, the commercial traveller who has been passing through the town for years, invites Maggie to drink champagne with him, flatters her in execrable prose, and they dance the tango.

He makes an improper suggestion, but its significance takes a long time to sink through.

When Maggie finally realises what Joe has been saying, she goes looking for him with a pianola-roll in her hand.

At the sight of a shadowy figure, she lifts her strong right arm and crashes down the pianola-roll.

Lights up show that it is not Joe but Maggie's best friend, Edna, whom she has knocked out cold.

Poor Maggie, mortified, lets the pianola-roll unwind on to the floor. The curtain comes down on her cry of "I've busted me 'Old Black Joe'."

### Love interest

The love interest centres on Alma Hyland, the hotel's waitress-cook, and Archie Allnut, whose mother, Edna, runs the post office.

Edna, who has had Archie tied to her apron-strings all his life, is referred to by the men as "Strychnine Across The Road."

Inarticulate Archie shows his admiration for Alma in this way:

Archie: "What's the smell?"

Alma: "That's not a smell, ya drip. It's perfume."

Archie: "What do you keep squinting your eye for?"

Alma: "Cos it's stinging. The mascara's getting in it."

Archie: "You look beaut. Just like—like one of Harry Burns' prize Friesians done up for the Show."

Bawdy outback jokes add authenticity to the outback characters.

So do the terms of speech. Overseas audiences might well need a glossary, but in Australia the terms are common enough.

"She's jake," "Don't stand there like a nong," "Goanna" (for piano), "You big gig," and "Pull your head in," pepper the dialogue throughout.

Peter Batey has been criticised—with Ray Lawler, Richard Beynon, and Nino Culotta—for showing up the worst side of Australians.

Peter thinks this is not justified.

"The rest of the world knows Joan Sutherland, Mr. Menzies, and Lord Casey," he said.

"Surely they can judge for themselves. No Australian thinks that all Americans are like the ones in 'A Streetcar Named Desire'."

He thinks the Australian has his definite brand of



• Playwright Peter Batey, of Benalla, Victoria.

humor and this includes a joy in telling "tall" stories, getting twice as much joy when they are believed.

"The No Hoppers" is such a tall story. The premiere audiences in Western Australia took the joke against themselves so well that they flocked to see the play, the season had to be extended, and now Peter is taking it to the country.

On September 7 the Playhouse Theatre begins a three-week country season, going as far south as Bunbury, as far east as Kalgoorlie, as far north as Geraldton.

In Perth, Maggie was played by English actress Joan McArthur, whose husband, Raymond Westbrook, is artistic director of the Playhouse Theatre. On the country tour Margaret Ford plays Maggie.

Next year Peter hopes to take the play throughout Australia. Already several national theatre organisations have shown interest.

"There was humor in 'The Doll,'" Peter said, "and in 'The Shifting Heart,' but both plays are drama and they have a message."

"I have written 'The No Hoppers' purely for entertainment. Comedy has been neglected in the big new upsurge of activity in Australian playwrighting."

### Class-conscious

"C. J. Dennis was the first in the field with his 'Sentimental Bloke,' but there has been little comedy playwrighting since then, with the big exceptions of 'Rusty Bugles,' 'On Our Selection,' and one or two others."

Peter Batey thinks that Australia is far from being a classless country; that comedies could be written equally as

well around Sydney's North Shore or a Toorak drawing-room as a drama set in Sutherland's Paradise.

He has already planned a musical with a serious flavor, set in Australia in the last quarter of the 19th century.

### Actor-producer

Peter has done country acting tours of Tasmania and New South Wales, and was with the Sydney Phillip Street Theatre's "Cross Section."

In 1959 he toured Australia with the J.C.W. show "Not In The Book."

He is now actor-producer on contract with Perth's Playhouse Theatre.

"I hope 'The No Hoppers' will continue to be a success," he said. "The opening night was the most momentous in my life."

"When the audience started to take part in the play and shout back remarks from the auditorium, I knew that it was a success."

"But when they shouted for 'Author' afterwards, I remained rooted to the spot back-stage. It was the most eerie feeling in the world."



# What men wish WOMEN wouldn't do

By ARDIS WHITMAN

- Men and women have never understood each other and never really will. We seem to be engaged in the only campaign in history that has never been won by either side, and about the one thing to be said for it is: It's a delightful war.

**P**UBLICLY, at least, men have waged war rather more enthusiastically than women, there being, from the male side of no-man's-land, a hundred words in print for every one with which woman seeks to defend her position. So it is possible to be exceedingly clear about masculine wishes. But lest there be any doubt, I have interviewed a few score of the more vocal members of the male sex, and here, it seems, is what they wish women wouldn't do.

Men wish that women wouldn't try to find out so much. In their eyes, it's astonishing how few women are content to leave a little mystery in the man they love.

Most women, they complain, harbor the misconception that when a man is silent he is waiting to be asked what he is thinking about. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Actually, most men are allergic to questions, and the woman a man can't wait to get away from is the one who will never let him have a thought without probing it.

That makes a man nervous and gloomy. When he comes home in a dark mood from a bad day at the office, he doesn't want to have to explain why he isn't happy. And when, on the other hand, he arrives full of glad tidings and affection, he doesn't want to be asked why he feels that way today and didn't yesterday.

However innocent his life may be, he doesn't like knowing that its every detail is someone else's possession; even more, he hates to be asked what he is thinking every time he sits staring peacefully into space.

He'd like you to trust his wisdom and his love for you. He'd like you to relax about why he does things; he'd like you to let his thoughts wander a bit without trying to herd them back to pasture.

Men wish in particular that women wouldn't keep asking for emotional reassurance. A man wishes his wife would realise that when he is outwardly unloving it may have nothing to do with her. He is tired, perhaps, or worried, or he simply has his mind on something else.

"Women expect too much feeling from men," said an eminent psychologist recently.

The trouble is that men are brought up to be strong and silent. Don't forget that from childhood little girls are allowed to retain and express their natural emotions while little boys are taught that it is unmanly to go around dwelling on one's feelings.

A man doesn't require such constant reassurance himself and he can't understand why a woman does. Moreover, a man is not pleased when he is made entirely responsible for a woman's happiness. It's flattering, but it's too much.

"I can't count the times my

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# What women wish MEN wouldn't do

- Women seldom leap into print to list the faults of the men in their lives. In fact, they are so outdone by men in public lamenting about their spouses that one suspects the female must make better copy than the male.

**O**NE thing is sure. Feminine silence is not due to any notion on a woman's part that the men she knows have no failings. On the contrary, some psychologists think the female side of the battlefield is less inclined to a truce than the male.

Pin a woman down late some afternoon, or catch her at the hairdresser's in the mood of telling all, and you will discover that her complaints are as long and as voluminous as those of the male. Here, in part at least, is what women wish men wouldn't do.

Women wish that men wouldn't be so maddeningly reasonable. To be sure, male logic is often full of holes, but the point is that men believe in logic and are fond of it besides.

The worst of it is that a woman can never hear a man say "Let's be reasonable about this" without an inward shudder; for what he wants to be reasonable about is certain to be something disheartening, such as "What's the sense of going out to eat when the refrigerator is full of good food?" or "I'm too old to go walking in the moonlight."

Furthermore, men are not satisfied just to be logical themselves. They must always be going out of their way to impugn the logic of women. A man, endeavoring to explain something reasonable to a woman, speaks with the careful patience normally expended on a stubborn child.

Perhaps he is right, for it frequently seems to a woman that a man's reason is pursued for its own sake, and that it often blinds him to more important things. How often, or so it seems to her, he sacrifices the tenderest human feelings for some ambitious project which won't make a bit of difference a week from now!

Women wish that men wouldn't get tired of saying "I love you." The male regards this constant need of reassurance as proof that his wife simply didn't believe him the first time. He's wrong. She did. She simply wants to know if her status today is the same as it was, say, last Monday. Besides, women get married because they feel romantic; and it is the love they started with which every woman pines for in the desolate and lonely times.

"It's just her vanity," men announce heartily when all this is called to their attention. "All she wants is to be told how wonderful she is."

But it isn't true. Love is just more important to her. She knows that she's a better, happier person when she loves and is loved; she's easier to live with; in her own eyes, she's more successful.

So she is supersensitive to any danger to love. Besides,

To page 14



And here we have the female contender wearing a sceptical grin, but really she's a romantic, eager to understand the maddeningly reasonable male.



MAX FACTOR

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*it feels so good  
to look so beautiful*



## NEW liquid make-up perfection with moisturizing skin care protection...

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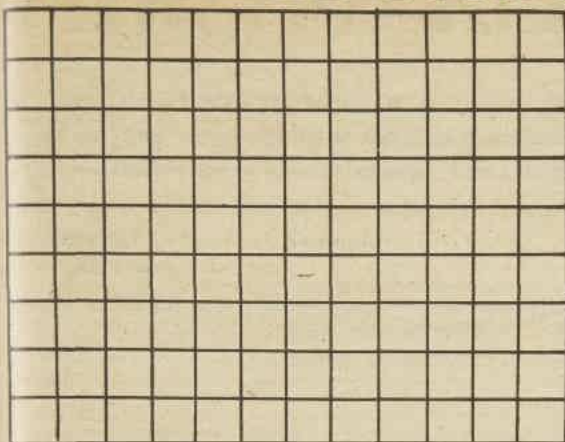
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# MAX FACTOR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 6, 1961



# CROZZLE No.10



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

**SCORING:** For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another word going down.

The prizewinning CROZZLE on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters.	3-point letters.	6-point letters.	12-point letters.
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

## Word list for Crozzle No. 10

3 LETTERS	5 LETTERS	Cobber	7 LETTERS	Jackaroo
Art	Anzac	Damper	Boronia	Kangaroo
Cow	Banjo	Darwin	Bowyang	Larrikin
Dog	Beach	Deener	Cricket	Paterson
Gin	Billy	Desert	Darling	Southern
Gum	Bluey	Digger	Drought	Squatter
Ned	Cross	Dinkum	Echidna	Sunburnt
Old	Dingo	Drover	Gilmore	Swimming
Hay	Flood	Duffer	Jumbuck	Tasmania
Roo	Kelly	Gibber	Kendall	
Sly	Koala	Goanna	Hammond	
Kip	Lubra	Gordon	Hinkler	
NSW	Melba	Hobart	Lindsay	
Vic	Moses	Hooray	Matilda	
Tas	Nulla	Hooroo	Outback	
	Perth	Lawson	Crowcater	
	Plonk	Merino	Homestead	
4 LETTERS	Sheep	Murray	Settler	
Rear	Shout	Plains	Spinner	
Blue	Snake	Ringer	Station	
Bush	Snowy	Sheila	Swagman	
Cobb	Sport	Smithy	Waratah	
Cook	Sunny	Sydney	Woomera	
Ghan	Tinny	Tasman	Backblocks	
Hume	Wills	Tennis	Kookaburra	
Joey	Aussie	Tucker	Piccaninny	
Lyre	Brumby	Turner	Rouseabout	
Mate	Bonzer	Wattle	Sutherland	
Push	Buster	Whacko		
Sand	Cattle	Wombat		
Wool	Centre	Wowser		

Another Crozzle next week

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 6, 1961

# £300 in PRIZES

● You now have more chances to win a prize in our Crozzle, which is a puzzle within a crossword. The prizes:

● £100 for top score. (In the event of a tie for top score, the £100 will be divided among the tied entrants after elimination according to condition 5.)

● £200 divided evenly among all entries with the next four highest scores and any tied entry eliminated from the top score. (Condition 5 also applies.)

## Crozzle No. 5 prizewinners

FIRST prize in Crozzle No. 5 was shared by two entrants, G. Brings, Flat 2, 40 Southey St., Elwood, Victoria, and Miss M. Creed, 78-80 Broughton Rd., Homebush, N.S.W., who amassed a grand total of 429 points—only one point ahead of the next highest score.

All the scores were very close, and the 91 entrants who shared in the £200 second prize had scores only a few points behind the winners.

Second prize winners will each receive £24/-. They are:

Mr. P. Passmore, 57 Ithaca St., Normanby, Brisbane (2 shares); Mrs. P. A. Gordon, 21 Dunbar Tce., Helmsdale, S.A. (2 shares); Mrs. Ellen Frawley, Chestnut Park, Nilma, Gippsland, Vic. (2 shares); Mrs. Bruce Roberts, 205 John St., Singleton, N.S.W. (4 shares); Mrs. B. J. Wilbow, 230 Macquarie St., Windsor, N.S.W. (3 shares); Mrs. K. Doody, 25 Miscamble St., Roma, Qld. (2 shares); Mrs. N. Doody, 25 Miscamble St., Roma, Qld. (2 shares); Miss C. L. Ramsay, 91 Mowbray Tce., East Brisbane (2 shares); Mrs. D. Cay, P.O. Bribie Island, Qld. (2 shares); Mrs. A. G. Blackburn, 25 Amarina Ave., Ashgrove, Qld. (2 shares); Patricia Masters, 26 Primrose Ave., Rydalmere, N.S.W. (17 shares); Mrs. R. J. Evans, 43 Aurum Cres., Ringwood, Vic. (2 shares); Mrs. A. Wainwright, 3 Castalia Ave., Rn. Caulfield, Vic. (2 shares); One share each: Mrs. H. Hittman, 24 Kilgryde Rd., Torrens Park, S.A.; Mr. G. Doherty, 11 Swift St., Torrens Park, Vic.; Mr. J. Cain, 154 Princes Highway, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.; Miss Angela Greenfield, Box 143, Millmont, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. Grogan, Victoria Estate, Ingham, Qld.; A. Porter, Mullumbimby, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. J. Quealy, "Tiverton," Gulgandra, N.S.W.; Mr. I. H. Nicol, 15/458 Edgely Rd., Edgely, N.S.W.; Miss Christine Nicol, 15/458 Edgely Rd., Edgely, N.S.W.; Mrs. B. W. Knight, Gaskill St., Canowindra, N.S.W.; D. M. Kelly, 4 Curtin Ave., Abbotsford, N.S.W.; F. J. Kelly, 4 Curtin Ave., Abbotsford, N.S.W.; H. B. Kelly, 4 Curtin Ave., Abbotsford, N.S.W.; Mrs. L. Helm, Lovoni St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.; Mr. J. Helm, 8 Lovoni St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. Nicol, 42 Chesterfield Rd., Epping, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. Nicol, "Warrington," Edgely Rd., Edgely, N.S.W.; Shirley Merriel, 66 Yarran Rd., Oatley, N.S.W.; Mrs. K. Whitley, Pease St., Edge Hill, Cairns, Qld.; Mrs. L. W. Ruby, c/o N.Z. Loan and M.A. Co., Richmond North, Qld.; D. Hosack, 20 Jefferies St., Murgon, Qld.; Mrs. D. Karmouche, 602 Ligar St., Ballarat, Vic.; John Korn, 58 Rowland St., Schaeffels, Vic.; Mrs. Viren Datta, 1 Hillside Ave., Warrnambool, Vic.; Mrs. J. J. Smith, Park Ridge, via Kingston, Qld.; Vera Janovsky, 15 Saville St., Portland, N.S.W.; George Janovsky, 15 Saville St., Portland, N.S.W.; Mrs. Daphne Thomas, Beach St., Albany, W.A.; Mrs. E. van der Zee, 10 Anderson Rd., Launceston, Tas.; Mr. C. A. Searle, Quorn, S.A.; Mrs. R. Searle, Quorn, S.A.; Mr. E. M. Gordon, 21 Dunbar Tce., Helmsdale, S.A.; Mrs. J. Wood, Railway Cottages, Quorn, S.A.; Mrs. J. Evans, 20 Ebury St., Geyburn, Qld.; Mrs. N. Berry, 116 Hotel St., Rosslea Est., Townsville, Qld.; Mr. P. van Slageren, P.O., Hillside, via Balmssdale, Vic.; E. F. Holtham, 8 Catherine St., Box Hill, Vic.; Mrs. Shirley P. Lamb, 4 Churchill Rd., Horsham, Vic.; Mrs. W. H. Lamb, 4 Churchill Rd., Horsham, Vic.; Mrs. S. Dean, 15 Brindley St., Mentone, Vic.; Mrs. E. D. Powles, 33 Balasclava Rd., East St. Kilda, Vic.; Miss A. Greenfield, c/o Children's Hospital, North Adelaide; D. P. Smith, 3 Carlton Pde., Port Augusta, S.A.; G. B. Clarke, Roelands, W.A.; G. Kinsman, 14 Oaklands Ave., Royston Park, S.A.; Mrs. E. Cadman, 19 Rimo St., Mentone, Vic.

Send as many entries as you like, provided each is filled in on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. So if you have sent in two or more entries which are among those sharing the prizemoney, your entries will win two or more shares. These entries can be identical.

CLOSING DATE for Crozzle No. 10 is September 20.

**HOW TO DO IT:** With each puzzle a blank crossword grid is published and a list of words relating to one subject. This week it's Australians.

Make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words in the list. Remember, you may use only the words supplied, and you may use them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword. It doesn't have to fall into any set pattern or be symmetrical. But words along the same line, whether across or down, must be separated by a black square except where their letters interlock.

(Prizewinning Crozzle at the bottom of this page is a useful guide.)

### CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 10 must be received by September 20 and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 10," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.
3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Words in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.
4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.
5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie, the entries will share the prizemoney.
6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of August 2.

### NEXT WEEK

## 40 New Hairstyles

— Change yours for spring

● Forty new spring hairstyles—the pick of the designs by the world's best hairdressers—are in an eight-page pull-out in our next issue.

Pull the pages from the paper and take the style you like to your hairdresser to copy.

Opening the section is the new Romance line by Kenneth of New York, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite hairdresser.

Other styles are by Charles of the Ritz, Alexandre of Paris, Andre Bernard of London, Elizabeth Arden of New York.

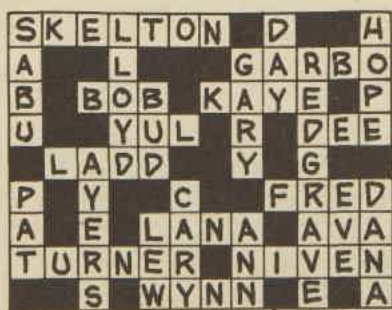
Do you think you look like Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra, Princess Grace, Jacqueline Kennedy, Princess Paola of Belgium, Henrietta Tiarks?

If so, there are styles to help you capture the look of these internationally beautiful women.

● Don't miss 40 New Hairstyles for Spring in our next issue.

## PRIZEWINNING CROZZLE

This Crozzle, entered by G. Brings, of Elwood, Victoria, has been redrawn by our artist for more satisfactory reproduction.



12 1 7 22 24 19 19 13 27 14 12

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 159  
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 270  
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 429



# STARS OF THE SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS



**BILL HUNT, Paul Willis, and Owen Clearkin, three of the 14-strong New Zealand ski team, practised tirelessly. Their efforts were rewarded. Between them the New Zealanders gained 21 New South Wales and National places.**



**ABOVE: Anne Latham, captain of the New Zealand women's team, dominated the women's skiing. She recently competed in Europe.**



**ABOVE RIGHT: Otto Steinbacher, who made a sensational comeback after 14 years. He won the Jumping with only three weeks' practice.**

**RIGHT: Billy Day, Australia's star Olympic skier, who was in fine form. He won all four Slalom Championships.**



● Nearly a hundred of Australia's and New Zealand's top skiers competed in the New South Wales and National Ski Championships organised by the Cabramurra Ski Club on the slopes above the Snowy Mountains Authority's township.

**S**TARS of the championships were the New Zealand team's nine men and five women, who gained 21 places in both championships. The star individual performer, however, was Billy Day, Australia's Olympic skier. He won all the Slalom events.

Winner of the jumping events, Otto Steinbacher, started skiing again only last year. He broke both legs 14 years ago skiing in his native Austria.

Youngest competitor was 13-year-old Kim Jaggard, who came 25th in the combined placings.



**RIGHT: Janie Tinsley, captain of the Australian Women's Ski Team, was third in N.S.W. Women's Slalom. She recently climbed the Matterhorn.**

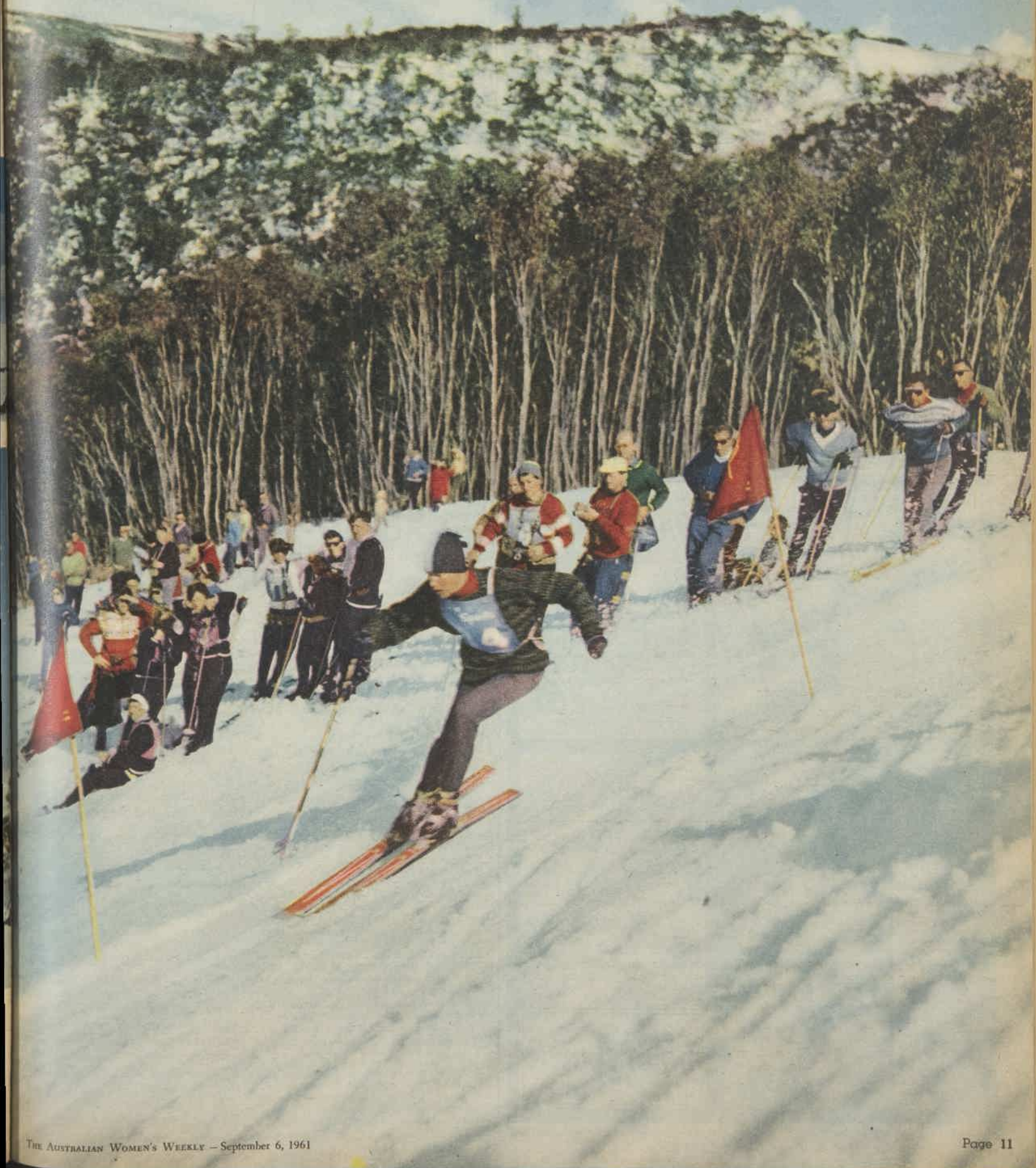


**ABOVE: Peter Quinn, a star performer of the New Zealand ski team, demonstrates his sensational jump turn, applauded by spectators at Cabramurra.**

**OPPOSITE PAGE: The excitement of the Slalom is shown in this picture of Peter Wenzel, of Victoria, in the Championships.**

—Pictures by KEITH BARLOW, staff photographer.









# it's Spring! so what else but pure Irish Linen? ?

looks so elegant . . . feels so cucumber-cool . . . stays so wrinkle-free throughout the busiest day! **Pure Irish Linen.** The fabric that tailors beautifully, washes beautifully. That comes in nearly twenty subtle colours, by the yard, or in ready-to-wear garments from your favourite maker.



Clothes by Ricki Reed.

PURE  
**Irish Linen**  
IT'S LOVELY IT LASTS



## It seems to me

**T**HERE'S a small head-land on the Queens-land coast which I can picture very clearly.

Below a cliff, to which some gnarled banksia and pandanus cling precariously, a shelf of rock juts out into the sea.

In the lee of this rock, down in the green water, a public meeting is this minute in progress.

The biggest bream (3lb.) is concluding a speech: "And so, ladies and gentlemen, it is time that we moved northward."

"Yes, yes" (to an interjector) "it's true that the damage she does is trifling. But which of us may be that trifle? And, furthermore, the boastfulness of all anglers is hard to bear, but this one writes about her catches in her column. Let's trick her and move on. All in favor say 'Aye.'"

**Y**ES, the packing's half finished and I'm off for three weeks' holiday.

First item into the case was my canvas fishing hat, 12 years old, and as good as new, if you don't count the scorch mark from the time I dropped it on a campfire.

That's the great advantage of fishing over racing. The clothes are less trouble.

I have a bright red velveteen jacket as old as the hat. Designed originally for more formal activities, it found its way into the fishing bag. Cool enough for warm weather and warm enough for cold weather, it serves also as a signal to show that I have not been washed off the rocks.

When it gets wet the lining runs, and this has spoiled a few T-shirts. But by now the jacket has acquired a sentimental status.

**A**LTHOUGH the place I go to is still quiet, there are alarming signs of progress. Now you can watch TV after fishing.

I don't know what the former baitman, old Arthur, would have said about that.

Arthur, wearing a tattered Army coat over his shorts, used to ride a rusty bicycle up the beach, carrying what is prettily known as a "stink-bag" (containing a dead fish) to attract the worms.

It was he who recommended the first house we ever rented in the locality. "A real ladies' house," Arthur said. "Mirrors everywhere."

I wish he had survived to see the TV aerials sprout.

And I would have liked to tell him about an item I saw described in a recent "New Yorker"—a "worm-dispenser," or slot-machine for bait.

His language was vigorous, and I doubt that his comment would have done for print.

**S**O you think this is the age of gadgetry?

A friend showed me an Edwardian relic the other day, a moustache-spoon.

Designed for the same purpose as the more common moustache-cup, it has a curved guard attached on the soup-drinking side.



Dorothy Drain

**A**USTRALIAN florists who are launching a campaign urging people to buy real flowers are probably stirred by the latest news from America.

The plastic-flower trade is increasing here, but it has yet reached the stage where, as in America, some people actually plant artificial flowers in their gardens.

American florists, when enough, are stocking plants as well as old-fashioned natural flowers. Some of them say that the artificial flowers have stimulated sales of the

real ones, but most are nervous of the future. It's hard to know how much they should worry. One psychologist quoted in "The Magazine" says that real flowers remind people of the impermanence of life, and therefore are depressing. Personally, I think the tommyrot. Plastic flowers, which have not been alive at all, could make you suicidal if you were given to that kind of emotion.

In many ways the ad. men of the florists' campaign have an easy and enjoyable time. "Would you give your girl fake roses?" they can ask.

And "real" in this age of synthetics is a magic word. Real pearls, real fur, real wool, and cotton—they are all more desirable than the imitations.

There it is—"imitation." That's a powerful and derisive word. If those florists' campaigns do the job properly the flowers that bloom in the spring will have little to worry about.

**N**ED KELLY and "Buffalo Bill" Cody may have been relatives, so the Australian Ambassador to the U.S., Howard Beale, told an audience in Littleton, Colorado, last week. He explained that the maiden name of the mother of Ned Kelly's father was Cody.

"This place is so like home." No high praise.

Can wandering humans on far lands bestow.

"A small world, isn't it?" another says. A thought that warms, wherever you may go.

"People are all alike," we often add. (Triumphantly, as if the thought were new).

And "Some are good, of course, and some are bad,

And that is what I always say, don't you. And thus our chat to smaller towns descends—

"We've mutual relations, so I think? How Ned would grin, and so would his friends,

To find himself a diplomatic link.



# "Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle...so mild... so good for my complexion"

*says lovely film star Sophia Loren*

*The world's most beautiful film stars  
can afford any beauty care ... but  
9 out of 10 choose Lux Toilet Soap*

Money means nothing to these lovely stars,  
but where skin care is concerned the only  
soap they *trust* is gentle, mild Lux. Its creamy  
rich lather not only beautifies—it purifies your  
skin, leaving it wonderfully smooth.

No other soap can match the perfume and  
purity of Lux. That's why it is the world's  
largest-selling toilet soap.

Follow the lead of the world's most beauti-  
ful women ... make creamy rich Lux *your*  
daily beauty care, always.

*It's the purest, most luxurious  
beauty soap of all!*



*Buy Lux Toilet Soap  
in yellow, pink, green,  
blue, or white*



SOPHIA LOREN, STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION, "IT STARTED IN NAPLES"

You'll be a little lovelier each day when you use *gentle, mild* Lux Toilet Soap



# HAVE YOU TRIED IT YET?

new improved

# MARMITE



\* In handy jars from 2oz. to 16oz.



You've known Marmite for years. But now there's a new Marmite on the market — that tastes better, spreads better, is more economical. Just spread very, very lightly on toast, bread, biscuits and savouries. No other spread in the whole wide world rewards you with such a zesty, savoury flavour. Serve new improved Marmite to your family — soon! On sale at all good grocers.

Spreads better! Tastes better! More economical!

## What men wish WOMEN wouldn't do

From page 7

wife has asked me if I love her," said a weary husband. "If she doesn't believe me yet, when will she?"

Men wish that women wouldn't constantly try to make them over. They can't understand why the very women who were so eager to marry them seem now to want somebody altogether different. Nagging is still, in every survey, the Number One complaint of men against women.

The simple fact is that a man likes himself as he is. Moreover, he is assailed by the awful thought that the woman who is trying to make him over really wants to control him, and the male unwillingness to be broken to harness is chronic and deep.

He doesn't like it, and it's a short-sighted spouse who tries for it; for once the male is properly domesticated and subdued, he becomes a source of boredom to the very woman who achieved the miracle.

Men wish that women wouldn't take a courtesy as though indeed it were no more than their due.

"Out of the last dozen women to whom I offered my seat on a bus," said a man friend recently, "I doubt if two said thank you."

Paradoxically, they regard it as just as displeasing that women don't wait for these courtesies. Women, they complain, hurry out of cars, open doors themselves.

Men wish that women would not try to be like them.

They like women because they are women. If there's one thing a man does not want when he is with a woman is the feeling that he might just as well be in the company of another man.

Granted that he's a little vague about what "feminine" means. But he's pretty articulate, and often pretty burned up, about what it isn't. It isn't making all the plans and overcoming all the obstacles; it isn't always knowing the answers to every question before anyone else has a chance at them; it isn't trying to imitate the mannerisms and aggressiveness of men.

Perhaps what most of all makes a woman feminine in a man's eyes is the fact that she is interested in him. "The average man," wrote Marlene Dietrich, "is more interested in a woman who is interested in him than in a woman with beautiful legs."

The feminine woman makes a man feel protective; he feels taller inwardly and outwardly just being with her. Perhaps it is that she gives him the feeling that here the heart can be at home. Perhaps he senses the warmth of her pleasure in him, her joy in being a woman, her gratitude to a man for just being a man, her ability to respond warmly not only to his love but to his griefs and sorrows, his enthusiasms and ambitions.

On the other hand, men wish that women wouldn't trade on their femininity.

They wish she wouldn't be a

phony feminine. The phony feminine never forgets herself. She is the centre of her little universe. She never passes a mirror without looking in it.

And it's the phony feminine who has all the faults usually attributed to women. A man can't wait to get away from the woman who worries about the small points of prestige, who recites the mean little advantages she has won, who promises what she will not give, who waltzes on an honest bargain, who tears other women to shreds behind their backs, and who reports to one man her conquests over other men.

Finally, there is something men wish women would do.

They wish women would be happy. Probably more loves have been slain by a woman's fretfulness and discontent than by any other single factor.

A happy wife who lets a man know that she is glad to be living with him gives him so much confidence that he feels he could lick the universe. A grumbling, discontented one is the death of love and hope. Perhaps the Frenchwoman was right when she gave this recipe to her granddaughter: "Remember, *petite*, to find some way to be happy. For when you are sad you grow plain; when you are plain, you grow bitter; when you are bitter, then you are very disagreeable, and a disagreeable woman has nothing—neither friends, nor love, nor contentment."

## What women wish MEN wouldn't do

From page 7

she can foresee better than a man can the desolation of a lost love.

It is not vanity but need which makes a woman plead for the minutiae of love, and how she wishes men would understand it!

Women wish that men would not try to leave them out of the firm. Oh, I know modern husbands and wives discuss the budget, the children, the house, the car. But men are reluctant to share their thoughts with a woman, especially if they suspect how eagerly she is waiting to pounce on them.

It's not merely that women are convinced men never tell them anything. They are also convinced that the "anything" they are never told is profound and wonderful. A man lost in thought doesn't realise how intriguing he looks to a woman. She just naturally thinks that a great many interesting things are going on in his mind and she suspects that she would think a lot more of him if she knew what they were.

As a matter of fact, women wish men would not find it so hard to speak. This is one of the things that women wish most of all. Men think women talk too much, but women think men talk far too little.

Every woman is fully convinced that what cannot be expressed is only half felt, and there is sound psychological

reason for believing she is right.

Among the things the best of husbands is usually unable to say is that his wife is beautiful; that the degree of his love for her is thus and thus; that the dress she is wearing does this or that for her; that the qualities he has always most loved in her are these and those.

All this is disturbing to a woman who moves to the magic of words as a compass needle turns to the north. Perhaps this is part of the answer to the old question of why women admire heels. Often the heel can talk!

Women wish that men were not always either the solid Rock-of-Gibraltar type or the mockingly attractive sort who can't be relied on for a farthing's worth. If only somebody would come along with a recipe for putting the two branches of the male species together in one triumphant whole!

Women wish that men would not be quite so polygamous. Oh, it isn't Kinsey's revelations that the average woman worries about! What she wishes is that her spouse wouldn't run into the side of a building while looking at a passing female no whit prettier than she, his wife, is.

Women wish that men would not be so inconsistent about what they want in a woman, especially about the way they want her to look.

Many homes resound to the pained laments of men who want to know why women

spend so much time trying to be beautiful. Men who are otherwise perfectly reasonable would apparently like to see their wives wear Cuban heels, no lipstick, and the straight hair God may have given them.

The truth is that, other things being equal, the pretty woman gets more out of life than her plain sister. The old saw, "The average girl would rather have beauty than brains because the average man can see better than he can think," is true.

Women wish that men would not stop being heroes. Contrary to popular opinion, women want to look up to men and respect them. They wish—and how they wish!—that men were braver and stronger and wiser than any woman ever was.

Every year women are better educated than they were the year before. Yet every year they go right on announcing that they wish men were smarter than they are. In one survey, 89 per cent. of men say they want to marry women whose intelligence is equal to their own; 58 per cent. of the women want their men to be smarter!

Men want women to be everything; women want the same. But it is a merry and delightful thing to be a woman in a world where there are men, a man in a world where there are women.

Maybe we just ought to say of each other: "Maybe they ain't all perfect, but they're the best opposite sex we've got."



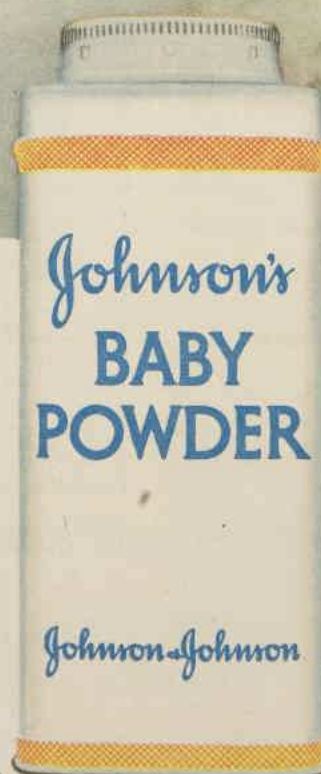
soothing  
as  
slumber...



In the tranquil face of a sleeping child . . .  
deep contentment . . . the comfort that comes *only* with  
the softest, purest powder in the world . . .

absorbent **Johnson's** BABY POWDER

**BEST FOR BABY ... BEST FOR YOU**



**SPECIALLY MILD FOR  
BABY'S TENDER SKIN**

Gently mild Johnson's  
Baby Soap is enriched  
with lanolin for that  
extra skin care.

Listen to the **QUIZ KIDS** (7.30 Sunday) for details of **EXCITING NEW £800 Johnson's BABY POWDER CONTEST**

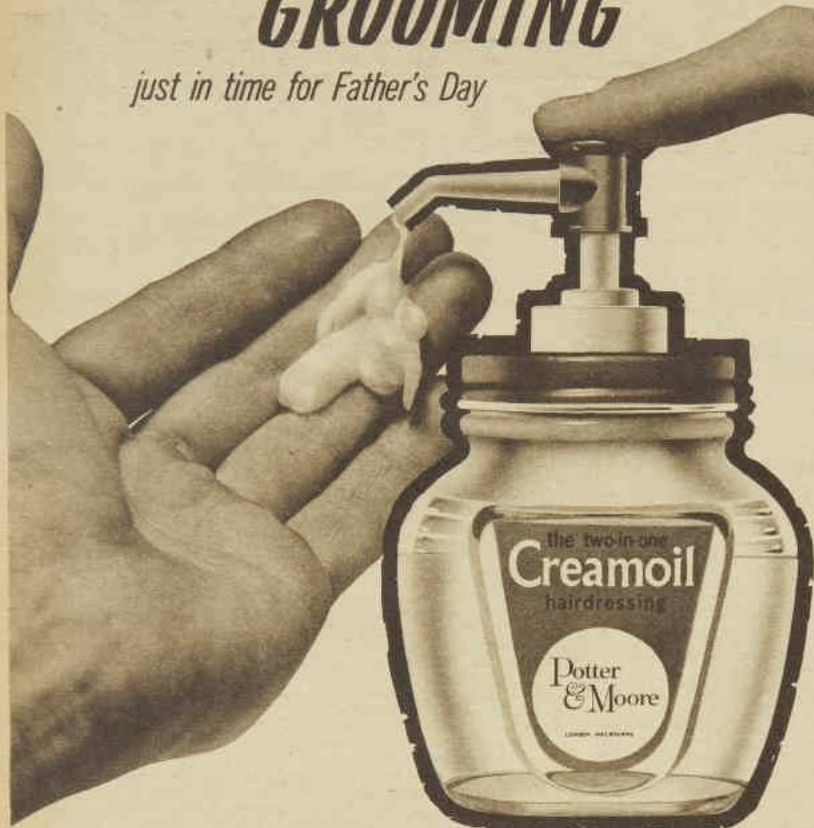


Potter  
& Moore

present

# PRESS BUTTON GROOMING

just in time for Father's Day



## Potter & Moore Creamoil

the NEW hair controller in a new handier dispenser

Delight Dad with this smart new Creamoil Dispenser.

**Looks after Dad's comfort:** No cap to unscrew! Simply press the button—and presto—out comes just the right amount of Creamoil Hair Cream.

Compact! Tucks easily into the bathroom cabinet.

No special refills needed—Creamoil Dispenser fits the new king-size Creamoil tub.

**Cares for Dad's grooming:** Creamoil, the new hair controller, keeps even unruly hair under control. Dad's hair stays in place . . . looks naturally healthy . . . because Creamoil's pure light oils work right through the hair!



Look for the Creamoil Dispenser at good stores today. It's the value-for-money gift Dad would choose for himself!

More Potter & Moore presents for popular men



An after-shave treat, too!  
Potter & Moore After-Shave Lotion has a manly fragrance! It's bracing and tingling on the skin—freshens Dad's face to face the day—and conditions the face for tomorrow.  
Regular size 3/11 Large size 6/6



A close shave for Dad!  
Shaving's a treat, not a chore, when rich-as-cream Potter & Moore Shave Cream softens the toughest beard—helps the blade shave closer! Large-size tube 3/.

PM30

# Worth Reporting

**L**EARNING to skindive this coming season, girls, would be as good an excuse as any for holding hands with the handsome Karl Neubauer—BUT for the competition.

Some 150 pupils, 14 to 58 years, "hold hands" with this quiet-mannered, dedicated principal of a Sydney diving school each summer—all in the unromantic cause of "underwater confidence."

"Humans have never really lost their natural affinity with the deep sea," says Karl, who came to Australia from West Berlin in 1951, "but it is comforting to clasp another's hand while overcoming our land-bred fears of it."

"That's why every pupil mastering the initial breathing exercises, the shallow dives, the strolls underwater has me or another instructor holding him—or her—safely by the hand."

Fans of TV's Mike Nelson who enrol for thrilling underwater feats are quickly disillusioned. A medical certificate is a must; emphasis is on safety, discipline, and hours of work in four feet of water long before the experienced pass on to the 25ft., 50ft., and 100ft. dives.

Graduation rewards? Exploring a fascinating new world—maybe weekend trips to secret cathedral-like caves down the South Coast.

A pioneer skindiver (in his Berlin teenage days he used gas tubes for snorkels), Karl says skindiving can lead to many careers—marine biology, oceanography, marine geology, and underwater photography.

And with ocean-farming around the next wave, some of his frogmen and frogwomen may even drive our first sea-ploughs and tractors.



COLLECTING specimens from the ocean floor—Gillian Phillips, science student of Darling Point, N.S.W., and instructor Karl Neubauer.

**SALVADOR DALI'S** first paintings for a commercial firm cost a U.S. cosmetics company £75,000.

Called "The Desert Flower Trilogy" and interpreting "lovers imprisoned in the mystery of limitless space," they depict a man and a woman without heads, rocks flying in mid-air, and a strange statuesque Roman figure.

"£75,000 well-spent," insisted the firm's managing-director, Geoffrey Sladden.

## Hawaii liked the fashions

**BACK** in Melbourne after her "first holiday break in 20 years" is advertising executive Betty Milne.

The "break" took her to Honolulu, San Francisco, New York, London, Lisbon, and Rome.



BETTY MILNE . . . back at work again.

The trip convinced Miss Milne that Australian fashions, far from lagging behind those overseas, are often ahead. "In New York a well-dressed woman was a rarity," she said. "Most jangled with costume jewellery and bracelets."

Some of her Australian cotton frocks were a "terrific success in Honolulu."

**STROLLING** in St. James' Park, London, recently, a friend saw an old gardener lovingly tending the flowers.

"It will be a long, fine summer," said the wise old man.

"How can you tell?" The old man contemplated the leaves swaying in the soft breeze, the sunlit water of the lake with the shrewd eyes of a countryman. "I read it," he said, "in the papers."

## They like the teenage art

**NICEST** mutual-admiration society we've met for some time—18-year-old art student Ian van Wieringen and his parents, interior decorators Mr. and Mrs. E. Kramer, of Turramurra, N.S.W.

Decorating demonstration units for Sydney's 26-storey Blue's Point Tower home units, Dutch-born Mr. and Mrs. Kramer hung some of Ian's paintings to "reduce his clutter around our house."

The "clutter"—mostly abstracts—was bought by inspecting home-unit buyers, and the teenage artist is now at work on several commissions. Said the blond Ian, who prefers to use the family's Dutch surname, van Wieringen: "My parents are wonderful. They may not agree with an abstract stroke I paint—but they encourage me to the death."

Worries Mr. Kramer: "Maybe this attention comes to my boy too soon. Yet, these youngsters of today use color with a mature confidence and decision."

Undazzled, Ian, says he has so much to learn he can't bear to waste a second without a paintbrush in his hand. He works in all mediums.

His parents, who came to Australia from Holland 10 years ago, had only two weeks in which to decorate six home units for opening inspection at Blue's Point Tower (tallest residential skyscraper in the Southern Hemisphere, with 144 units when completed early next year).

Choosing a decor for clients they'd never met, they merged modern simplicity with conservative charm—and they did it, with Ian's "clutter," in different ways.



IAN VAN WIERINGEN, busy with commissions



# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
MARY COLES

**L**OVED catching up with the latest news of the interesting CILento family when Lady Cilento spent a few days in Sydney from Brisbane last week.

Diane (now simply styled CILENTO by top theatre critics), with her adorable 3½-year-old daughter Gigi, is holidaying in Portugal, and on her return to London she will star in a series of three one-act plays by Tennessee Williams before going on to make a film in Belgrade.

She has a spacious flat (carpeted throughout with sapphire-blue, setting off palest apricot furnishings) opposite Kensington Gardens.

Her eldest sister, Margaret, who is now teaching art as well as working as an artist in England, illustrated the book "Moreton Bay Adventure," recently published by Sir Raphael and Lady Cilento's second daughter, Dr. Ruth Smout, of Brisbane.

Margaret is also going to illustrate aboriginal folklore tales by Ruth which have also been accepted by a London publisher. (Ruth, incidentally, also carried off a coveted sculpture prize at the recent Brisbane Royal Show.)

Eldest son of the family, Dr. Raff Cilento, who left Sydney about 18 months ago, has bought a house in London, where his wife, Mavis, and daughters Adrienne, Louise, and Penny are living while waiting to join him in America. He is spending some time in the United States following up his F.R.C.S. degree, doing research in neuro-surgery.

I LIKED the diamond solitaire flashed by Janice Fraser at the dinner party at the Australia Hotel at the weekend celebrating her engagement to Clayton Turner.

A MOST lovely 70-year-old lace robe was worn by four-month-old Edwina Elisabeth. Mr. and Mrs. David Aiken's second daughter, at her christening by the Rev. Roy Randall, of Collarenebri. The ceremony was in the dining-room at "Yarral-Yarral," the Aikens' home at Rowena, and the baptismal "fount" was a large cut-glass crystal bowl which Edwina's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McDonald, of "Inverkip," Quirindi, had also produced as a "fount" at the christenings of Mrs. Aiken and her twin sister, Mrs. George Richmond, of "Goodari," Collarenebri.

WITH a sapphire-and-diamond ring just slipped on the third finger of her left hand by John Peisley, Diana Mashman was really starry-eyed at the 21st birthday party given for her by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mashman, of Chatswood, at the Pickwick Club. And among birthday gifts was a cheque from her parents to spend trousseau-shopping for her wedding in December.

ADMIRING the chic chapeau (a brown wool shallow crown banded with mink) worn by Mrs. Laurence Vass, wife of the U.S. Consul-General, at an Australian-American Association luncheon at the Australia Hotel, she confided she had "whipped it up herself." The crown had been conjured from a strip of material cut from the skirt of the suit she was wearing, when it was shortened, and teamed with a narrow mink collar, which she already had in her wardrobe.

BESIDES the dance in her honor at Pymble Golf Club last week to celebrate her 21st birthday, Struan Latimer's mother, Mrs. Rolfe Latimer, of Pymble, is also giving Struan a trip abroad at the end of the year as a birthday present. She'll leave with Sue Bloore, of Killara, in the December sailing of the Oriana. On arrival in England they'll set off for the Continent to have a month's skiing at the height of the season in Austria.

DIARY date . . . 2.30 p.m., September 2, Mrs. Harold Ham will open a gala fete in the grounds of the Neringah Church of England Hospital at Warrroonga.



**SNAKE-CHARMER** Mr. Albert Byrom and Mrs. Dick Pockley, who dressed as a black cobra (in ballet tights and a black and silver snake's head mask), were among prizewinners at the gay "Autour Du Monde en 80 Jours" fancy-dress ball at Princes, arranged by the Alliance Francaise. The function was attended by the French Ambassador, M. Philippe Monod.

IN LONDON. Dr. Maxwell Carter, formerly of Grafton, and his English bride, who was Miss Kathleen Jones, before her marriage at St. Matthew's Church, Ealing Common. The bridegroom, who is the son of Mrs. V. A. M. Carter, of Roseville, and the late Mr. S. L. Carter, has been practising dental surgery abroad for several years. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. V. E. Jones, of Ealing Common, and the late Mr. C. W. Jones.



BELOW. Charming study of three-year-old Charles Edward Lloyd Jones saying "hello" to his infant brother, David Sydney, in the nursery of their home in Woollahra. They are the sons of Mrs. David Lloyd Jones and the late Mr. Lloyd Jones. David Sydney is just a month old this week.



ON THE EVE of flying off to holiday in the Far East, Mr. Justice Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell chatting with Mrs. Ellis Glover (on the left) at the cocktail party at Chevron Hilton Hotel, following the annual general meeting of the Australian-American Association. Judge and Mrs. Maxwell will be away for a month.



RECENTLY ENGAGED. Miss Dell McKerihan, of Ross Bay, and architect Mr. Cyril Roberts. Miss McKerihan is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Roberts, of Napier, N.Z.



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# Tanya—an alluring, vivacious Portia

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Drama sensation of the year in TV circles is the casting of Sydney A.B.C.-TV's personality-plus presentation officer Tanya Halesworth as Portia in Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice."

**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE** will be telecast live in Sydney on September 13 at 8.30 p.m. and will be seen later in all other capital cities. It lasts for two hours.

Tanya's Portia still has to be heard, but she certainly looks the part—alluring and beautiful as Portia—the rich heiress of Belmont (see our cover); astute and compelling as Balthasar, the lawyer who fights the Jewish money-lender Shylock in the famous pound-of-flesh court case.

Producer of the play, Alan Burke, has very definite ideas about "The Merchant of Venice" and its characters.

"I see Portia as a beautiful debutante," he told me, "the darling of the deb set of her day."

"I wanted a beautiful girl for the role, one with wit, astuteness, vivacity; but one with a little bit of edge to her tongue."

"Tanya has all these. She also has a mezzo speaking voice, which is unusual in a young girl and is most important for the court scene in 'The Merchant'."

"Before she came to the A.B.C. as a presentation officer she had a reputation as a dramatic actress with Sydney's Independent Theatre."

"When I thought of her she was playing in 'The Women' at the Independent, and I went and had a look at her."

"She played the part of a woman much older than herself, and did very well. It was

so far from herself that it was obviously an acting performance. As soon after that as I could, I got her to read for the part. I signed her up immediately."

"I feel she has the capacity for Portia. Portia's qualities suit her. As well she is im-



Owen Weingott, who will co-lead as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."

mensely attractive and has a very sound sense of words. Her first reading of the part was very penetrating."

Tanya is delighted with the role. When I first interviewed her almost two years ago I asked her what her main ambition in life was—the one

that to her was most important.

She didn't hesitate. "To act," she said.

Tanya always impresses me as a young woman who knows her own mind, and I am quite sure her ambition to act will be worked on with the same thoroughness that marks her work and other interests.

I was going to say she is lucky to get her big break in such a rewarding role, but there's not a great deal of luck in it. Hard work and talent have really won it for her.

The luck is in playing in a drama written by one of the world's best TV writers — William Shakespeare.

I was a very reluctant fan when the A.B.C. first began their Shakespearian telecasts; now I wouldn't miss one.

There's no doubt about Shakespeare. Back in the late 1500s he was so clued up as a TV writer it's hard to believe he wasn't endowed with foresight.

"The Merchant" is a wonderful blend of a pick-a-box show and Perry Mason courtroom drama, and ends in a riot of romance, with everyone getting the right girl.

It's a good story. I've been reading it again to appreciate what Tanya really has to contend with.

It starts with Portia — the rich prize for what surely must be show business' first pick-a-box contest, called by Portia "the lottery of my destiny."

Portia, an orphan, has been left a rich heiress by her father, who died leaving her his fortune, but not the right to choose her husband.

Her suitors (and anyone with the money seemed to be able to dub himself such) have to come to her home at Belmont, near Venice, to pick a box.

## Three suitors

Portia's three suitors, who get to the finals of the contest, are the Prince of Morocco (a dark gentleman), the Prince of Arragon, and Bassanio, an impoverished Roman nobleman, who is played by Ron Graham.

None other than John Unicom (lately Captain Henry Antill of "The Outcasts") plays Antonio, the merchant of Venice. He arranges the finance of Bassanio's courtship of Portia that leads to the court case with Shylock (Owen Weingott, co-lead with Tanya).

Bassanio picks the right box and gets Portia, but Antonio can't put up the security and the court case starts.

The play goes on then to a courtroom scene that's never

yet been bettered, even by Perry Mason.

Portia herself plays Perry Mason, disguised completely from her husband and friends by the simple expedient of pushing her pretty hair under a legal cap and wearing a court robe.

In the end, Shylock loses everything—the case, all his worldly goods, his beautiful teenage daughter, Jessica (Annette Andre), in marriage to a gentile; Portia and Bassanio are reunited at Belmont.

It is a wonderful play, with the light romance of one plot interwoven with the other real drama — the serious and unhappy picture of the Jew in society even in those far-off days.

I'm sure there will be a tremendous added audience of Tanya fans the nights "The Merchant of Venice" is telecast in Sydney.

There has never been a bigger gallery of fans watching when Tanya posed for staff photographer Ron Berg for the picture at right and our cover. Generally there's no one about, but on this day scene-shifters, technicians, cameramen, and every male who was free at that moment at Channel 2 seemed to be watching.

Alan Burke, directing her, turned round to ask for a bit of shush for the photograph.

"Sorry, Mr. Burke," one of them called out, "we know she's your leading lady, but she's our friend."

## NEW FILMS

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent    ★★ Above Average  
★ Average        No star—Poor

### ★★★ NEVER ON SUNDAY

Ribald wit and subtle satire pepper this fast-moving comedy.

A meek American philosopher, Jules Dassin is dedicated to tracing the point where civilisation (as perfected by ancient Greeks) went astray. His mission leads to a Greek port and Melina Mercouri, in whom he sees the tragedy of modern life.

But Melina, an uneducated trader in the oldest art, is content with her happy-go-lucky "friends." Supported by lively bit players, Melina Mercouri's performance has infectious vitality.

Director, writer, and actor Jules Dassin has come up with a small-budget masterpiece.—Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . SHARP.

### ★★★ TOBY TYLER

Walt Disney crams all the excitement of the big top into this appealing adventure of a runaway orphan.

To escape his bully uncle Kevin Corcoran joins a circus as lollies-and-choes boy. Mr. Stubbs, a mischievous chimpanzee, becomes an inseparable, trouble-making chum.

From ring outsider Kevin graduates to stunt-rider billing.

Sawdust action bustles with clowns, a big-hearted strongman, elephants. Vivid color and brass band complete the thrills.

Kevin Corcoran, an adorable youngster with tousled hair, is a winner. Mum and junior will revel in his antics.—St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIVELY.

### ★ SNOW WHITE AND THE THREE STOOGES

"Three Stooges" fans won't mind a dwarfless "Snow White." And small fry will enjoy the ice-skating and slapstick which puncture this kindergarten classic.

Wandering magicians, the Stooges champion Snow White (Carol Heiss) and Prince Charming (Edson Stroll) in their struggle against the wicked queen.

In Brothers Grimm costuming, the plot roughly follows the original.

World champ skater Carol gives the "fairest of them all" extra talent. Her wizardry on ice is shown in ballet sequences.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . PATCHY.

## Engrossing art series

I ALWAYS find it interesting to watch an expert at work whatever his subject, but it was without my general enthusiasm that I switched to Channel 2 one Sunday night recently to watch the B.B.C. series "Five Revolutionary Painters," with Sir Kenneth Clark, art expert and eminent authority, as narrator and commentator.

I have rarely been more engrossed in any TV programme.

Sir Kenneth, an Englishman of wit and humor as well as knowledge, turned Peter Brueghel's life and work into a most satisfying TV half-hour.

The die-hards, who still decry TV as a medium for nothing but junk, should have watched this half-hour, seen the close-ups of these wonderful paintings, and heard this entertaining and cultured man talking.

It was delightful.



TANYA HALESWORTH in her role of Portia makes her famous courtroom appeal to Shylock for mercy: "The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath . . ."



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## SHOW BUSINESS



TIKI TAYLOR in her new and very becoming role—mother of her first baby, Paul Robert Newman. In private life Tiki is the wife of advertising executive John Newman, whom she met and married seven years ago when they were in the musical "South Pacific."

## New role for Tiki

**G**AMIN TIKI TAYLOR, youthful show-business veteran, returned to TV recently after the arrival of her baby son. Tiki had her first role when she was six in "Blue Mountain Melody" with Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard. She retired from TV last Christmas to await the birth of her son, Paul Robert Newman, who arrived on June 1. Dark-eyed Tiki is versatile; she sings, dances, and is a competent comedienne. She is also a talented interior decorator, as shown by the nursery mural in the picture above. The mural was planned and painted by Tiki and another TV personality, Red Moore.

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How boring is non-stop chatter  
about your boy-friend? . . . a story

BY LUCILE  
VAUGHAN PAYNE

IT was all so sudden. That was part of the trouble. One minute I'd never even heard of Melvina Olsen, and the next minute I was living with her.

"Sara Gage?" Miss Walmsley asked me. She's the dorm matron at Woolcott College. She fished out my registration card and said, "Oh, yes. Sara Gage. You're in Room 365 with Melvina Olsen. Sign here."

"I thought I was signed up for a private room," I said weakly. I'm a very weak person, basically: I knew I was signed up for a private room.

"We have a new policy for freshmen, Sara," said Miss Walmsley. "Especially for our younger freshmen. You're — let's see — seventeen." She started to put the card back and then gave it another look. "Just barely seventeen." Right there her voice changed. You take people like Miss Walmsley, their voice always changes when they find out you're a couple of minutes younger than somebody else. They get sort of motherly. Is that ever depressing.

"We've found, Sara," she said, "that a young girl away from home for the first time makes a better adjustment if she has an older, more mature room-mate." She gave me this very motherly smile. "We want all our girls to be happy and well-adjusted."

"They'll adjust you if it drives you crazy, believe me. I'd sort of counted on a private room," I murmured. The bold, demanding type — that's me.

"You can always check with me later if it doesn't work out," said Miss Walmsley. "I think you'll find you really enjoy rooming with Melvina Olsen though. She's a lovely girl."

You can't fight the machine. I went up to meet Melvina Olsen.

She had this terrific pale blond hair. It was so long that it came almost to her knees. No kidding. In the daytime she wrapped it round her head in braids, and you didn't notice it so much. Or if you did notice it, it was the only thing you noticed. She was the kind of girl you just didn't notice very much, for some reason. But at night, when she had that hair all brushed out, it was really sensational.

"You have terrific hair," I said. I was trying to be nice, because I sort of hated her already. She was so refined. She had a high sweet voice and a terrifically gracious laugh — as if she were just too mature to breathe. I could see why her boy-friend made such a fuss about her hair, though.

She was engaged to Henry—Henry Brookover, who was in business in her home town — he sold insurance or something. They were going to get married in June, as soon as she finished her sophomore year. Boy, did I get an earful of Henry.

Henry didn't like her dark finger-nail polish. Henry wore a lot of brown. Henry thought most modern girls were terrible. Henry thought a girl should act like a lady. Henry wore size ten shoes. . . . I'd only known Melvina about four hours, but I became an authority on Henry.

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While Melvina brushed her long blond hair Sara gazed ahead, wishing she were miles away.

Illustrated by Maudson

# The room-mate



It was sort of interesting to listen to, for a while. Not for four hours, though. She was telling me what kind of dish-towels she was buying, for Pete's sake.

"You have nice hair, too," she said. "It looks very healthy. I always say any kind of hair is nice if it's clean and healthy. Don't you think so?" She twisted a couple of yards of her own around her hands and sort of played with it.

"Sure," I said. "I guess so."

"Short, dark hair like yours is so much easier to keep than blond hair."

"I guess it would be," I said. I wasn't too interested in talking about hair. I picked up this book. "Look Homeward, Angel," that my folks had given me. "Say," I said, "do you know anything about this writer, Thomas Wolfe?"

"No," she said. "I don't believe I've heard of him. These people

who think it's so wonderful to be a blonde, they ought to try taking care of really blond hair for a while."

"It must be a nuisance all right," I said. "You ought to read this book. It's terrific."

"I don't really care much about reading," said Melvina. "It's not just brushing. Drying it — honestly, it takes me about five times as long as most girls."

"Oh, it would," I said. I laid my book down and went to sit on my Indian blanket. I keep it on my chair.

Melvina tossed a couple of pounds of hair around. "You just don't have any idea what a nuisance this hair

## Continuing ... THE ROOM-MATE

from page 23

"I'm beginning to get a pretty good idea," I said.

"It takes me forty-five minutes to brush it. We can have a nice long talk every night. By the way, dear, would you like me to spread that blanket on your bed?"

"No," I said. "It's okay."

"Well, let me know if you want some help," she said. "The room would look so much neater, don't you think, if you took it off your chair and put it on the bed? Especially since you don't have a bedspread."

I did have a bedspread, but I hadn't unpacked it after I saw Melvina's. Mine was red velveteen. My mother

knocks herself out on stuff like that. Melvina's was a sort of washed-out cotton. It's depressing to have a nicer bedspread than your room-mate's. I told her I didn't have one.

Maybe the Indian blanket didn't look too neat on my chair, especially to a very neat person like Melvina. She didn't have anything personal around except Henry's picture, and she had a doily under that. A doily.

I didn't plan to take my Indian blanket off the chair, though.

It was my grandfather's blanket. He lived with us when I was a little kid, and he kept the blanket on the wicker chair he always sat in. He was a very sweet old guy. We really got along. You know how an old

person and a little kid will hit it off sometimes. He liked me a lot. I guess he liked me as well as I liked him.

He died when I was nine. I couldn't stand it. Gee! I went blind in fact. No kidding. I went stone-blind for about a month. My mother had to take me to a specialist. I still can't stand to think about it. I keep his blanket on my chair, just the way he did, because it makes me feel as if he's still around. Maybe that's dumb, but I don't care. I just don't feel right unless his blanket's on my chair.

I didn't tell Melvina about my grandfather, though. There are some people you just can't talk to about your grandfather.

I didn't take her hints, and pretty soon she dropped the subject. "Of course," she said, "after Henry and I are married I won't mind spending as much time on my hair. Henry just loves to watch me fooling with it. Do you know what that silly boy says? He says nothing is more beautiful than a woman brushing her hair."

"No kidding?" I said. "More beautiful than the Taj Mahal, even? How does he feel about that? C'mon, tell me. How does Henry feel about the Taj Mahal and all?"

"The what? What are you talking about?"

"I don't know. Forget it."

"If it weren't for Henry I'd have it cut. Honestly."

"Have what cut?"

"My hair, silly. What do you think?"

"Oh, that's right. Your hair." She didn't even know I was needing her. She was pretty dense. "You say you're going to have it cut."

**B**OY, she wouldn't have cut that hair for a million dollars. She gave me a pretty sharp look, as if she felt the needle just a little bit. I didn't say that. I said I might if it weren't for Henry.

"What's Henry got to do with it? It's your hair."

Henry's so crazy about it. Honestly, I don't think he could stand it if I cut it. I threatened to do it once — just kidding, of course — and he had a fit. He almost cried.

"Good grief," I said. "You mean actually? I mean a man of that age? Henry was middle-aged — twenty-seven or something."

"Oh, you know what I mean," she said.

"No, I don't. Did he really cry?"

"He got very emotional about it. Henry's that way. The least thing about his little Melvina — I mean if I just cut my finger or something, he practically goes to pieces."

"He certainly must be emotional," I said. "You really mean he cried?"

"Well, you know. He took it so personally. After all, my hair is ..."

"Yes, sure, but did he cry, really? I mean did he sob? Did he sob and throw himself around or just sort of whimper? What did he say?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, if you were engaged yourself ..."

"How do you know I'm not engaged?"

"I doubt it. I'm sorry, but I doubt that very much, little girl."

"Does he cry very often?"

"Of course not. If you were engaged yourself you'd understand."

"I don't think I'd ever understand about a man's crying over somebody's hair," I said. "I wouldn't understand it even if I were married."

"You would," she said, "if you were really sensitive. I'm terribly sensitive. Henry's very sensitive, too. Sometimes he's just like a little boy. You know what he likes to do? He likes to brush my hair. He thinks that's the biggest treat in the world."

I pulled my Indian blanket around my shoulders and wished I were a thousand miles away.

"He can't stand women who aren't really — you know — womanly. I think it worries Henry quite a lot, me being in college. College makes some girls so hard, you know. He told me, he said, 'Melvina, please come back the same unspoiled girl who went away.'"

"And I said, 'Henry, don't worry. Little Melvina's not going to change one bit.'"

"I bet you won't, either," I said.

I went downstairs to Miss Walmsley's room. When I knocked, she opened the door and said, "Yes, what is it?"

"I just thought I'd ask about that private room," I said.

"Private room? What private room? Who are you?"

"Sara Gage. You told me this morning to check back."

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A detailed illustration of a young man with dark hair, wearing a red and black plaid shirt and blue jeans, sitting cross-legged on a wooden platform high up in a tree. He is holding a green book titled 'HISTORY OF THE WORLD' and looking down at it. A small, round, blue lamp is attached to the tree trunk above him, casting a soft light. The tree has thick branches and some autumn-colored leaves. The background is a light, hazy sky.

# A clean, well-lighted treehouse

Joe thought he had  
found a refuge . . .  
an appealing story

By **MAUREEN  
DALY**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

**A**LICE said softly, "You know I don't like to worry you, but Joe is up in that treehouse again." "Since when?" Harry Hoopes asked, stepping over to hang his coat in the hall closet and put his briefcase carefully on the top shelf.

"Well, since just about right after school," his wife said. "Just like yesterday and the day before and the day before. And today he took up a loaf of bread with him. A big loaf of French bread that he must have bought in town."

Her husband took her by the shoulders and kissed her soundly on the forehead, right where the small wrinkles of worry had begun to show. "You must admit it's funny," he said. "A skinny six-foot teenager sitting up in a tree." Then he took her hand and walked into the living-room, scented and warm in the light of an apple-log fire.

On the old pine coffee table stood a pitcher of martinis, three glasses, and a bottled soft drink. "I just lit a little fire," Alice Hoopes explained. "The weather is still so warm." "You do everything very nicely, just as a new bride should," he said, sealing the compliment by kissing her again. "Everything but Joe," she murmured.

"Look, Alice," her husband argued. "I think you've got this thing exaggerated all out of proportion. So Joe likes to sit in a treehouse. He's sixteen years old, and if that's what he wants to do, it's better than running around stealing cars or beating up poor little old ladies in back alleys."

"Oh, you've been watching too much tele-

vision," his wife answered, smiling thinly. "I just think it's queer for a boy to hide himself away like that when he's got a perfectly good home to spend time in. You told me yourself that he hadn't played in that treehouse for years, until I came. And besides the bread he took up two blankets, a knife, and a big length of extension cord that he spliced together in the garage. I think he's trying to run in electricity. Maybe he plans to live up there."

Harry Hoopes poured two martinis and then held up his glass, letting the light from the fire flicker and enlarge through the clear liquid. "The whole thing is not that big, Alice," he said quietly, "but I'll talk to him."

Outside, the night was closing darkly round the house, and though other houses sat on neighboring acres, the darkness and the wind in the bushes gave a country stillness to the air. The old collie dog shuffled into the sitting-room, sniffing at chairs and investigating corners to find a place to lie down. Finally he chose the hearth rug, collapsing like an old shawl. At that moment the front door opened cautiously and a brisk breeze fluttered the fire.

"Come on in, Joe," his new mother called out brightly. "Your father and I are having a cocktail. I have your soft drink here. Do join us."

Joe stood at the doorway for a moment, mentally shuffling about to find a soft and safe place to settle. It was eight years since his mother's death left its gap in this room, yet Alice's tiny presence made it suddenly crowded. He chose the old footstool in the

corner, his bony knees pointing nearly to his chin as he sat.

"Great night outside," he said heartily. "Nice to have so many leaves on the trees right up into October."

The fire dropped a sigh of soft ashes, and in the martini pitcher the ice cubes melted and cracked. On the hearth, the old dog grumbled in his sleep. No one else in the room could think of a word to say.

In the past year Joe had shot up tall — taller than his father — and he noticed that his father always sat down now when he wanted to talk to him seriously. Right after dinner, while Alice washed up the dishes, his father sat down firmly and with purpose on the green plaid couch. That's right where he sat, just like that, thought Joe, when he told me about marrying Alice.

And now his father looked both embarrassed and moody.

"Let's get this over with, Joe," he said abruptly, whipping a packet of cigarettes out of his hip pocket like a nervous gunfighter. "What about this treehouse? Is it absolutely necessary at this stage of our lives? I mean, you just don't know how you're worrying Alice."

The surprise of the question almost made Joe smile, so he began to talk fast, working up an expression of intense earnestness to preserve his face in the proper lines of respect.

"Gee, Dad, I don't have a clue to what you're talking about. What's to worry about a treehouse? It's perfectly safe."

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# Doctor on Toast

No small fish — these Spratts  
... third part of our serial

By RICHARD GORDON

AFTER his appendix had been removed by SIR  
LANCELOT SPRATT, DR. GASTON GRIMS-  
DYKE, in a grateful mood, agrees to write his  
biography. DR. MILES GRIMSDYKE, Gaston's  
cousin, who is on the Royal Commission into  
Morality with Sir Lancelot's brother-in-law,  
CHARLES THE BISHOP OF WINCANTON, is  
pleased to have Gaston so occupied.

To keep the coffers filled, Gaston takes a tem-  
porary locum and has as a patient BASIL BEAU-  
CHAMP, an old friend from his student days. Basil  
is still a struggling actor, but introduces Gaston to  
his fiancée, OPHELIA O'BRIEN, a beautiful  
model, whom he later squires while Basil is on  
tour. When she takes a modelling job on a ship,  
Gaston is appointed ship's doctor, through Sir  
Lancelot's introduction to his brother, CAPTAIN  
GEORGE SPRATT. To his dismay he finds Basil  
also on board, as a steward.

Working on Sir Lancelot's biography in his  
spare time, Gaston does his best to keep Basil  
away from Ophelia, but when Captain Spratt holds  
a cocktail party Ophelia comes face to face with  
her fiancé.

When she ignores him, Basil creates a scene,  
and the Captain, thinking he has gone mad, orders  
Gaston to remove him. Later he goes to the Cap-  
tain to appeal on Basil's behalf, but is amazed to  
find Ophelia is the one and only honored guest  
in the Captain's cabin for dinner. NOW READ  
ON:

"Sir Lancelot Spratt?" the little man  
asked meekly as the nurse led him in.

THE situation on board now struck me as reasonably under  
control. I felt that Basil had copped it so hard from  
Ophelia he'd left me free to oil my way back into her  
affections. And though the poor fellow had made a  
first-class idiot of himself, he'd probably done no worse out  
of his eruption than taking charge of the stewards' wash-  
house. It seemed very satisfactory all round.

I was therefore rather shaken at lunch the following day  
to find the chap handing me my soup.

"How the devil did you get here?" I demanded.  
"The Chief Steward's express orders, sir," replied Basil,  
wiping his thumb.

"Chief Steward's orders? But shouldn't you be somewhere  
down among the entrails?"

"The Chief Steward considered this post would be the  
most convenient not only for me, sir, but for everyone else."

It was all that fool Shuttleworth's fault. Working every-  
thing out carefully, he'd made Basil a saloon waiter on my  
table, so I'd be nice and handy in case he ran riot again.

"Fish and chips," I told him, pretty tersely.

There seemed nothing to do but shoulder the situation.

I suppose Basil had been living, breathing, and thinking  
a waiter all morning, but either his heart wasn't in the  
part or through emotional strain he was losing his touch,  
because he gave an awful performance. He was passable  
on the "I-hear-personally-from-the-Chief-the-roast-beef-is-  
excellent-today" business, but he got into frightful trouble  
trying to serve the boiled potatoes one-handed and having  
to chase them all over the table with his fork.

Then he kept forgetting which door to the pantry was  
In or Out, the butter got stuck on the point of his knife,  
he had oranges rolling all over the deck like tennis balls,  
and on the whole it was a pretty miserable lunch.

And not only through Mr. Shuttleworth's bad casting.

A strange gloom had come over my eating mates, apart  
from their having run out of symptoms. In fact, a strange  
gloom had come over the whole ship. It was all the fault of  
Jeremy in the curly bowler and his devilish pals.

Anyone stumbling on a Capricorn Line poster through a  
London fog probably had to be physically restrained from  
selling up the home on the spot and buying a ticket for the  
next boat. And from that little brochure thing, a trip in a  
Capricorn ship made the seventh heaven of the Mohammedans  
like a walk in the park on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

But when you come down to it, all passenger ships are  
just our dear old friend the English seaside hotel, with music  
in the palm court, thick and clear for dinner, and every-  
one's favorite chair in the lounge. Except that in a seaside  
hotel you can always escape for a while, for a nice bracing  
stroll all alone to the local at the end of the prom.

And another thing. Those curly-bowler chaps had rather  
naughtily tended to stress sex in their advertisements, this  
being what people in England are most interested in, after  
a spot of sunshine, of course. Everyone came on board  
expecting to meet men like those coves in white dinner  
jackets or girls like Ophelia, and when they only saw the

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The eyes of love are completely  
blind to imperfections . . . a  
romantic short story

BY KATHRYN  
FORBES

WITH a flourish the waiter handed Mr. and Mrs. Wallace each a glass of champagne. "Compliments of the bride and the groom," he said.

"Oh, how nice of them!" Mrs. Wallace looked over to the corner of the restaurant where the small wedding party was assembled. "When they don't even know us!" She stood up and beamed at the happy couple.

"Andrew, stand up. You must toast them."

Mr. Wallace grumbled faintly, but he stood up. He held his glass high. "Cheers," he said, "cheers." Then he sat down and began to eat.

"We wish you great happiness," Mrs. Wallace called out to the radiant bride. "And romance, always!"

The bride bestowed on her a brilliant, if abstracted, smile and turned back to gaze into her groom's eyes.

"They're madly in love," Mrs. Wallace whispered. "You can tell. Such a dear young couple—to want us to share their happy day with them."

"Polite," Mr. Wallace said, "since we're the only other people here."

"Look. Now he's kissing her. Ah—"

"Marjorie, do sit down," Mr. Wallace said. "And pass the pepper, please."

Mrs. Wallace complied. Then she asked, "Aren't you going to drink your champagne?"

"At this time of the morning?" Mr. Wallace demanded. "With soft-boiled eggs? I told you it was an awkward time to stop to eat."

Comfortably Mrs. Wallace appropriated his champagne glass and began to sip from it. "Too late for breakfast, too early for a proper lunch."

Mr. Wallace looked pained. "You're the one who pointed out that this is a famous and well-recommended hotel. You're

To page 28

# EVERY BRIDE IS BEAUTIFUL



Illustrated by

Page 27



the one who wants to get to Edinburgh and find a hotel before dark. Furthermore," he concluded, with the marital logic that was usually his wife's special accomplishment, "if I hadn't stopped here you wouldn't have seen your bride and groom. Right?"

"Right," she imitated his firm enunciation. "And you never go wrong ordering soft-boiled eggs," Mr. Wallace added. Mr. Wallace almost always said that in almost any untried restaurant. "Here," he offered, "let me break those eggs for you. You always get shells."

"You do it so neatly," she said. "I've been doing it now for years and years," he reminded her. "There. Put some butter on them. And pepper."

"You're bossy," Mrs. Wallace observed gently, "bossy."

"Well, someone has to take care of you. Now eat your breakfast, Marge."

**M**R. WALLACE smiled at him dreamily. "But I don't feel hungry. I feel — oh, happy-sad inside. Because they're so beautiful."

"A nice couple," Mr. Wallace said, "but not beautiful."

"She is, Andrew, just look at her. See the way he can't take his eyes off her?"

"She's beautiful to him," Mr. Wallace conceded. "That's only logical. Or rather biological. As a matter of fact —"

"Fact," Mrs. Wallace interrupted, "and logic, pooh! It isn't any of those things. It's lovely and touching and sweet, that's what it is. He's saying to her, I chose you, above all others . . ."

"Mr. Wallace's voice rose slightly. "He's saying, in effect, I chose you, and before all the world."

"Now, now," Mr. Wallace looked around uneasily. "It's his one great moment of choice," she went on.

"You're getting fanciful," Mr. Wallace said.

"No. It's true. And if you can't see that, Andrew Wallace, you just haven't any romantic feelings."

"I haven't?" He was instantly aggrieved. Mrs. Wallace shook her head sadly.

"That's a fine thing to say," he protested. "Look here, Marjorie, don't I always remember our anniversary?"

"No."

"I do, you know."

"You forgot our third, eleventh, and fifteenth."

While Mr. Wallace went into mild masculine shock at this new proof of women's total recall, the waiter refilled the two glasses at Mrs. Wallace's place.

"Marge, those times you've been ill," he began, "and had to have the doctor, haven't I worried about you?"

"Yes, you have, Andrew."

"And every single Mother's Day haven't I bought you a 2lb. box of chocolates? Yes. Of course I have."

"But I" — Mrs. Wallace tipped champagne delicately — "am not your mother."

"At home, the minute I get up, I make the tea. And, Marge, I always bring you the first cup."

"Is that romantic?" Mrs. Wallace wanted to know.

"Well, good heavens!" He was losing patience. "What do you want at that time in the morning — flowers?"

She giggled. "Yes. One perfect rose."

"Stop joking."

"All right," Mrs. Wallace was cheerful. "Let's forget I said you weren't romantic and just drink champagne."

Unhappily he buttered his toast. While he was about it, he buttered hers, too.

## Continuing . . . EVERY BRIDE IS BEAUTIFUL

from page 27

"I bought a yellow car," he reminded his wife, "only because you wanted it. Marge, I even — he wanted to stress this — 'I even drive the car with the top down.'"

"Is that romantic?" she asked again.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't do it for myself. My hat keeps blowing off."

"Andrew, dear, that's because you insist upon wearing your homburg."

Mr. Wallace got indignant all over again. "My hats have always been homburgs; I'm not going to change now. I suppose I'd be considered romantic if I wore a beret?"

Momentarily his voice failed him. "And after that, Marjorie, do you know the next thing you'd want?"

"What?" Her words were just faintly blurred.

"Me to wear one of those jazzy American shirts and then you'd want me to get a crew-cut!"

Mrs. Wallace chuckled happily at the absurd fancy of her conventional husband so dressed. After one stern moment he had to smile back at her.

He watched the newlyweds, now posing proudly for a photographer, and winced when the flash bulbs flared.

"Public display?" Mr. Wallace asked of Mrs. Wallace. "Is that what you women want? Like that poor groom over there?"

Mrs. Wallace looked and her eyes got misty. "He's so gallant," she breathed, "and so in love."

"He's bemused," Mr. Wallace declared. "Marjorie, you can't go through life like that. What about the prosaic details of a man earning a living, keeping

two boys at school, paying off a house and now a new car, and taking his wife away for holidays and —"

"Andrew, I wasn't complaining."

He refused comfort. "Just because," he pouted, "I don't make a great big fuss. Look, Marge, things do change —"

"Before we were married," Mrs. Wallace remembered suddenly, "you used to say that if you could just pick me up in your arms and take me home with you —"

"Marjorie!"

"You did. And you said if you could just —"

"Marjorie!" His voice was stern. "What if someone should hear you talking like that?"

"I wouldn't care!" She made a lavish gesture and then a neat recovery of a falling champagne glass. "Anyway, I didn't say you weren't thoughtful, Andrew. What I meant was something — oh, something gay, reckless . . . Something devil-may-care!"

"Me?" Mr. Wallace cried out, horrified. "I?"

Mrs. Wallace just looked at him wishfully and wistfully.

"Reckless!" Mr. Wallace expostulated. "And daring? For heaven's sake, Marjorie, do you want me on a white horse, charging around the neighboring countryside?"

She entered the game happily. "Yes! Slaying dragons, one after another. Andy, slay me a dragon."

"My dear Marjorie!" He had recovered his equanimity.

"Marjorie, I promise you I will dispatch for you the very next dragon that comes through that door."

"You would, too," she agreed. "I know that — deep down. But, oh, Andrew," she added mournfully, "you'd do it so matter-of-factly — the

slaying, I mean — and wearing your homburg hat; and you'd make sure to do it quietly so that no one would notice." She hiccupped very gently.

"Marjorie!"

"I know. Musn't — not make a public display. I don't care. I feel all romantic and glowy, and —"

"That's the champagne."

An excited shout went up from the bridal table; Mrs. Wallace craned to see. "Oh, look, Andrew, they're getting ready to leave. Oh, we must see them off. And get me some rice to throw."

"But you haven't eaten a thing. Marjorie, why won't you do what I tell you?"

"The waiter can get you some rice, dear," she called back at him as she hurried after the wedding party. "I'll meet you — in front . . ."

With the flurry of drinking the last of his cold coffee, signalling to the waiter for the bill, picking up the map and his wife's forgotten gloves, then tipping the waiter again for a handful of rice, Mr. Wallace was complaining loudly by the time he caught up with Mrs. Wallace.

"You must throw some rice, too," Mrs. Wallace insisted. "It's lucky." She pulled him along toward the gaily be-decked bridal car.

When Mr. Wallace saw the blue car and what had been done to it, he groaned aloud on the groom's behalf. "They've lipstickked it! Aren't old shoes and a silly 'JUST MARRIED' sign enough these days?" he demanded of his wife.

"Need they write all over the poor chap's car with lipstick?" He shook his head. "He'll never get it off."

"Sh-sh," Mrs. Wallace soothed him. "Perhaps he's not

as fussy about cars as you are. Anyway, they're just funny sayings. Andrew. And lovely red hearts for —"

"I know," Mr. Wallace grunted. "For romance."

A few newly arrived restaurant patrons joined the semicircle; the waiter and the maitre d'hotel came out to watch.

"Look, Andrew," Mrs. Wallace's cheeks were pink. "The bride's going to toss her bouquet."

Someone shouted: "And away they go . . ."

"Oh, good luck to you!" Mrs. Wallace said, throwing her half handful of rice in their direction with gay abandon.

**I**N a blare of horns and a whine of tyres the newlyweds took off.

"Well, that's that," Mr. Wallace was brisk. "Now can we start north? We've a hundred and seventy miles to go yet, and I want to stop for petrol . . ."

Marjorie?"

"Oh, And-rew — it was so sweet."

"Look here, Marjorie, are you really crying?"

Marjorie Wallace was indeed crying; loudly, wholeheartedly. His reaction was instantaneous. "Where does it hurt?"

"Nowhere. I just — want to — to cry."

Mr. Wallace was shaken. Marjorie crying? Marjorie, who wept only at sad films?

"Why?" he demanded. "What are you crying for?"

Mrs. Wallace just looked up at him and her eyes were big with tears. While he watched helplessly, one huge tear broke loose to roll heartbreakingly down her cheek.

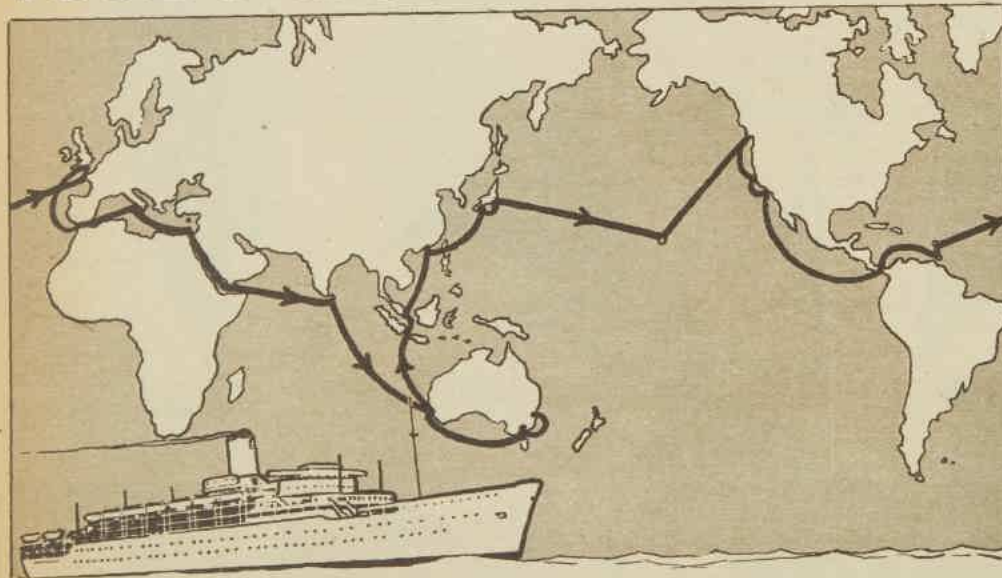
Mr. Wallace exhaled. "Be sensible, Marjorie!"

Her answer was a sob. "I'm tired of being s-sensible!"

"Really?" — Mr. Wallace tried for patience — "really, for a usually calm woman, for

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## LETTER BOX

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### False leniency

IT was recently suggested that women should act as judges in juvenile court cases, because women are more tolerant and understanding than men. Am I wrong in thinking that it is sometimes this very tolerance that makes weak offenders into criminals? If they don't get a sufficient jolt at their first offence, they don't learn the error of their ways. I feel sorry for those who go astray, but to be too lenient, I think, does not help them.

£1/1/- to "Lead Us Not Into" (name supplied), Atherton, Qld.

### Youthful smoker cured

AS a small girl I was forbidden to touch a cigarette, and used to delight in sneaking a bumper and smoking it. I'm now 21, and smoke about two large packets a day, costing £2/5/- a week. Not long ago I found my 13-year-old sister sneaking one of my cigarettes, and, as punishment, I made her do the drawback and finish it. The result was a very sick little girl. She occasionally requested another cigarette, and each time she was allowed to have it on the same conditions, with the same result. My young sister is now fully cured of the smoking habit.

£1/1/- to "Up In Smoke" (name supplied), Maroubira, N.S.W.

### They really took the air

THE usual 8 a.m. bus to the city carried the usual crowd, partly hidden in newspapers or quietly knitting. Suddenly this early-morning idyll changed as two elderly ladies—both strangers and one wearing a hearing-aid—climbed aboard. The peace was broken by their loud conversation. When they alighted and solitude was restored, a voice chirped, "Will all relay stations please resume their own programmes?"

£1/1/- to Mr. H. de Marigny, St. Kilda, Vic.

### Battlefield coincidence

HOWS this for a World War I coincidence? Just before sailing with reinforcements for the 17th Battalion, A.I.F., overseas, I dropped into the office of a Sydney solicitor who drafted wills, free of charge, for members of the forces. The lawyer called in a young man to act as a witness. Later, on the battlefields in France, I met P.A., an Australian soldier, who became a firm friend. We agreed we'd met before, but couldn't remember where. P.A. was fatally injured. When sorting through my papers 19 years after the armistice I came across my old will. Beneath my signature was the signature of witness—P.A.!

£1/1/- to T. A. U. Clunie, Suva, Fiji.

### She's a TV fanette

MY baby daughter—at only four and a half months—is intensely interested in TV. She insists on watching it when in the same room, and screams when taken away. Has any other reader this baby-viewer problem?

£1/1/- to "Perturbed" (name supplied), Castle Hill, N.S.W.

### Preach—but don't practise

IN a city shop window there is a very attractive sign which reads, "Buy Australian and Your Money Comes Back to You." Across the sign is the Australian flag. But on looking closely at this flag its label reads—"Made in Japan."

£1/1/- to "Practise-What-You-Preach" (name supplied), Ryde, N.S.W.

## Wage secrets

"CURIOUS KATE" (Vic.), who asks is a woman entitled to know her husband's earnings—a knowledge she has always shared—is lucky. I've never known my husband's exact income. Before handing over my share for household expenses, he takes out what he requires for "drinks with the boys" and lottery investments—and the amount is ominously vague.

£1/1/- to "Another Sucker" (name supplied), Eltham, Vic.

ALTHOUGH I do not know how much my husband earns, I can gauge his financial position by his attitude—which ranges from sarcastic arrogance when he is cashed up to kindly solicitude when he is broke.

£1/1/- to "Getting To Know You" (name supplied), Mt. Morgan, Qld.

MY husband gives me an allowance. What is left is his affair. What I save from my allowance is my affair.

£1/1/- to "Mutual Understanding" (name supplied), East Brighton, Vic.

I'M one of the many women who do not know what their husbands earn. Asking what was in the pay packet caused so many arguments I decided—for the good of our home—to be more tolerant and just insist on my standard wage.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. D. Nicolls, Reservoir, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

THE football season is on its last legs, and before it finishes I would like to submit a brief report on the bottle-collecting side of the sport.

The boys who gather empty soft-drink bottles to get the refund money were very active at most grounds this year. A tightening of pocket-money is believed to have stimulated their efforts.

Bottles were slightly less plentiful than usual, and the trend in collecting was toward more keenly competitive methods.

Gone are the easy days when a boy could stroll around at the end of a match picking up the bottles left behind. Today's collector has to be on his toes almost from the opening whistle.

The usual tactics are to weave about at the back of the crowd. As well as sighting empties, a boy must note the position of spectators who are drinking out of a bottle but have not finished it yet.

Experienced collectors like Snowy Dimbleby, of North Sydney, adopt a crouching attitude, which renders them less conspicuous when they dart out after a bottle.

### BUSINESS PICKING UP

Snowy makes some of his most profitable sorties during exciting periods of play. When a passing movement brings the crowd to its feet, he will rush forward and snap up a lemonade or Fizzakola bottle—sometimes two.



Concentration is essential to successful collecting. If a boy lets himself be distracted by the game and starts shouting "Go, go!" or "Lolly-legs!" he will miss opportunities.

Some collectors have been going up to spectators and asking frankly: "Can I have the bottle, please, mister?"

The appeal often succeeds. A man looks a bit mean if he replies: "No,

son. I want the money on it myself."

But the smart operator avoids a group with children. Children believe, and rightly, that they have first claim on the family bottles.

This season the more determined collectors have adopted a new practice of doubtful ethics. If you are drinking out of a bottle, they will come and watch while you finish it. Some will even sit down beside you to wait.

Nobbo Wilkins, a leading collector, did this to me at the South Sydney ground, and it took a lot of the pleasure out of my orangeade. He stared at me with a look that seemed to mean "Hurry up."

When I didn't finish the bottle, Nobbo went away. But he came back with his little sister, and I had to give in. Several astute collectors use little sisters to soften up donor-resistance.

On the whole the bottle collectors have shown enterprise in meeting the challenge of more difficult times. But they should not make a welter of it, or they may drive more people to bringing vacuum flasks of tea to the football. And if there is one thing a bottle collector doesn't like, it is a vacuum flask.





A short short story

# The Proposal

BY  
BARBARA  
BEAUCHAMP

AS the car turned left on to the by-pass and began to gather speed, Vanessa knew that tonight Richard would again ask her to marry him. And what would her answer be?

She pushed back a strand of ash-blond hair which had blown across her cheek. After the stifling air of London it was good to feel the cool breeze against her face.

"Where are we going, Richard?"

"Wait and see. It's about twenty-five miles from here. Have a snooze — I won't disturb you."

Her lips parted in a smile as she closed her eyes.

Ever since she'd known him she felt at ease with Richard. He possessed the qualities she admired most: integrity, imagination, and resourcefulness.

She had come to believe that she was in love with him — until this evening, when some sixth sense had warned her that she must finally make up her mind.

And now how did she feel? This wasn't how she had been with Tony.

Her thoughts slid back six years to those wild, ecstatic months when she and Tony had toured the provinces together as a song-and-dance act.

She was twenty at the time and Tony barely a year older. They had a kind of joyous zest for life and it kept them buoyant even when they were out of work.

She had never wanted to go into variety — her heart was in straight acting — but Tony had talked her into the partnership. "This way we can be together," he had said.

When they weren't working they would escape from dreary Midland towns into the green countryside beyond. In golden sunshine they would trace again, step by step, the bright path to the future.

That had been love — the dizzy, overpowering feeling that sent your heart soaring up to a star-studded sky, or drove you down to the depths so that even your soul felt drenched with tears.

Then a chance encounter with a film star produced for Tony an introduction to a recording company. The fact that the film star was feminine did not worry Vanessa unduly, so sure was she of Tony's love.

Besides, he had always pandered to celebrities. "It could pay dividends," he said.

That time it did. He went to London and almost overnight Tony Lorenzo, singing "First in My Heart," had leapt into the Top Ten. It had been their special song — hers and Tony's.

"This is going to put paid to our act," he wrote, "because I'm signing a contract. But as soon as I get settled here you must join me. I'll let you know."

Only he never had.

She had gone back to Rep. and after a while Tony no longer even bothered to write.

Vanessa concentrated on her first love: the theatre. And success found her, too — three years later, in a play by Richard Strode.

It was her first West End part and overnight she achieved stardom. The play had come off a week ago. But there

was a film contract ahead — and two new plays to read from a London management.

She opened her eyes. The car had left the main road and Richard pulled up in front of a white building.

"Oh, no — not here!" she thought wildly. The Horizon, where Tony was appearing for the season.

Her stage training stood her in good stead. She talked and laughed quite naturally throughout the meal.

Then Richard raised his glass to her and put it down slowly. "Vanessa, darling," he said quietly. "You know how much I love you — isn't it about time you agreed to marry me?"

The dance band crashed in with a blare of trumpets and a roll of drums as a master of ceremonies stepped forward and announced Tony Lorenzo!

He had been sitting at a table with a fair-haired girl. He seemed scarcely to have changed at all. Perhaps he was a little broader in the shoulders.

Tony began to sing and Vanessa could sense the impact of his voice upon the diners, everyone listened, absorbed.

Then halfway through his song he saw her — there was no question of the sudden recognition in his eyes.

He ended amid a burst of clapping and almost immediately leaned forward and whispered to the bandleader.

The next moment he was singing again. . . "First in My Heart."

Now he sang straight at her, quite deliberately, so that heads started to turn in her direction. Vanessa saw the puzzled expression on Richard's face.

The applause was deafening as he stepped from the dais and came across to Vanessa. "Why, Van — of everything that's wonderful! Darling, you look terrific!"

She noticed now that there was a slight thickening beneath his chin which had not been visible when he sang.

He took her hand in both of his and said: "So you're a star now, too, Van? Didn't we always know we'd both make it?"

He was interrupted by the fair girl who had been at his table. "Tony, I'm sorry — but the car's waiting. . ."

"Well, go and get your things then — I'll follow," he replied with undisguised irritation.

As she turned away there was a hurt expression in the girl's eyes which reminded Vanessa of a ghost — the ghost of herself six years ago.

Tony was still holding her hand. "Only a midnight matinee — there's plenty of time. Van, darling, when am I going to see you again? Tomorrow?"

His smile was eager — almost boyish. But all she heard was a mocking voice from the past: "Celebrities pay dividends you know, Van. . ."

She withdrew her hand and slid it under Richard's. And at this contact an extraordinary feeling of elation sped through her.

She said, "Tony, I don't think you know Richard Strode, my fiance. . ."

And, as she felt Richard's hand tighten over hers, she knew suddenly that love was not just a blind dizzy ecstasy — it was something sweet and true and strong that grew out of understanding and . . . complete trust.

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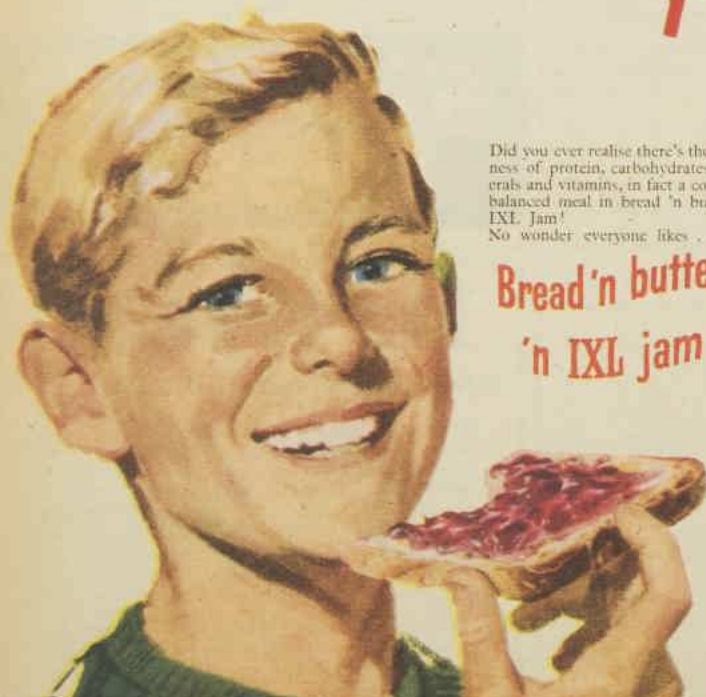


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# HOW IS YOUR KITCHEN RUN?

● *Do you exhaust yourself with unnecessary walking, stretching, and bending because the layout of your kitchen is not all it could be? If you do, this quiz will help you to reorganise your kitchen efficiently so you can work without strain and frustration.*

*The ideal kitchen doesn't have to be an impressive, modern laboratory, but you can cut down on time and energy when preparing meals and cleaning up if everything you require in your kitchen is efficiently placed.*

*Answer the questions below with a "yes" or "no," and then see our scoreboard at the bottom of the page to check how well planned your kitchen is. If the score is low you can correct many faults in a matter of minutes.*

	YES	NO		YES	NO		YES	NO
Is there a small counter next to your oven where you can put down hot dishes and casseroles instead of walking about with them in your hands to find a vacant spot?	_____	_____	Is a large wastepaper-basket within arm's reach when you unwrap your groceries?	_____	_____	Is your sink or dishwasher easy to get to when you bring dishes out from the dining-room?	_____	_____
Have you enough room next to the sink to stack dishes on the counter and put them away in their respective cupboards in groups rather than one by one as you dry them?	_____	_____	Have you a special place for storing empty bottles and tins?	_____	_____	Are your dishes, glassware, and cutlery stored in the dining-area or very near it?	_____	_____
Is the towel rack near the sink and within your reach?	_____	_____	Can you see easily the labels on every tin, package, and bottle when you open the cupboard doors?	_____	_____	Do you keep a large box of tissues above or in a drawer near the stove as well as the sink to wipe up anything you spill or let boil over?	_____	_____
Have you a good supply of hot water?	_____	_____	Does the refrigerator door open away from the counter so you can take articles out or put them in without having to take a step or stretch too far?	_____	_____	Have you a garbage-disposal tin with a lid near or under the sink?	_____	_____
Is the door to your kitchen a swinging or sliding one so you can enter with your hands full and not have to stop and put things down to open it?	_____	_____	Is the refrigerator reasonably near the door so you don't have to walk too far when you come in laden with packages?	_____	_____	Do you have clean hand-towels in a drawer next to the sink so you don't have to run across the floor with dripping hands?	_____	_____
Are all pots, pans, casseroles, etc., kept as close to the stove as possible?	_____	_____	Have you enough storage space for tinned, bottled, and packaged foods, and, if so, are the cupboards next to each other?	_____	_____	Have you avoided eyestrain by installing strip-lighting over the sink, stove, and working-benches instead of relying on one centre light?	_____	_____
Have you a set of spices, as well as salt and pepper, on or near the stove to add to dishes while cooking?	_____	_____	Is there a power point right next to the place where you store your electric equipment such as mixer, toaster, jug?	_____	_____	Do you keep all your barbecue and picnic equipment together on top of or in one special cupboard?	_____	_____
Is there a ventilator or small fan over the stove to disperse cooking fumes?	_____	_____	Do you keep your coffee percolator, kettle, or electric jug near the sink so you don't have to walk to fill it with water?	_____	_____	Is there a stool or chair for you to sit on while peeling vegetables or preparing other foods?	_____	_____
Have you an extra set of stirring spoons and forks next to the stove?	_____	_____	Have you a special slotted fixture for storing trays that keeps them upright and unscratched?	_____	_____	Have you utilised the inside doors of your kitchen cupboards by hanging egg-slides, forks, soup-ladles, etc., on them on hooks?	_____	_____
Is your stove in a position that allows you to clean it easily and thoroughly?	_____	_____	Do you have a servery or traymobile to save trips to and from the kitchen and the lifting of heavy trays?	_____	_____	Are your drawers so well organised that you can put your finger on the right utensil almost without looking?	_____	_____
Can you open the door of the cupboard in which you keep your brooms and mops without their falling out on top of you?	_____	_____	Is your dish drainer within reaching distance of the sink?	_____	_____	Do you keep vegetables and fruits near the sink so they can be washed or peeled quickly for cooking?	_____	_____
Have you enough counter space next to the refrigerator to enable you to put down all your parcels when you come home after shopping?	_____	_____	Do you keep your ready-to-serve foods such as cereals, jams, biscuits, etc., in a cabinet near the dining-room rather than with the other packaged foods?	_____	_____			

## Check your score

If you have answered yes to all the 35 questions, your kitchen is perfect and you are saving many precious minutes and steps during the course of your day. A score of 30 yes answers means you are very close to your goal, and probably a few jars or utensils moved will give you perfection.

If you have only 20 or less yes answers, the arrangement of your kitchen leaves a lot to be desired. Now is the time to start planning for improvement, and if this involves any real expense it may be a good idea to put aside a few shillings each week to reorganise everything as you want it.



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# THE HEMLINE BY NIGHT

● Evening hemlines have seldom been so varied. Some are floor-length, some tip the knees, other show only the instep. A fluid silhouette has reappeared, with Paris designers using chiffon for the airborne look.

SHORT and fanciful dance-dress (left) is typical of the by-passed waists and frothy, knee-tipping flutter of skirts in the Ricci collection. The flare is now in highest fashion favor. For spring, fuchsia-pink was prominent in the color spectrum of a season that was noticeably the least black for many years.

LONG, slender crepe dress (right) shows the new straight but not tight skirt, often topped with an eased or even slouched bodice. This example is high-necked and softly tied at a slightly lowered waist. All the Paris designers used clear pink, raspberry, and tonings of fuchsia colors.

Overleaf:  
Fabrics,  
Silhouettes





Continuing  
THE HEMLINE  
BY NIGHT

# FABRICS, SILHOUETTES

● These four elegant dresses are from a season that hasn't made up its mind what is THE line for evening.

Fabrics are as varied as lengths and silhouettes. Those most often seen are crepe romaine, crepe georgette, organza, chiffon, matelasse, and cloque. Lanvin had an enormous boa of lace, and Ricci used a flutter of ostrich plumes at the knee.



WHITE SATIN formal gown (above) is almost in the romantic Edwardian tradition. Floor-length, it has a moulded bodice, and the intricate billowing skirt is caught into dramatic folds over one hip.



HEAVY LACE (above) used by Dior over a stiffened mounting. The front length just reveals the instep.

CHIFFON dance dress (right) is given an airborne look by a "wing" falling from one shoulder. It is ultra-short.



BANDS OF FINE EMBROIDERY in pink and white (right) cover the bodice and edge the petal-like overskirt of this back-swept Creole-style dress by Carven, "Governor's Ball."



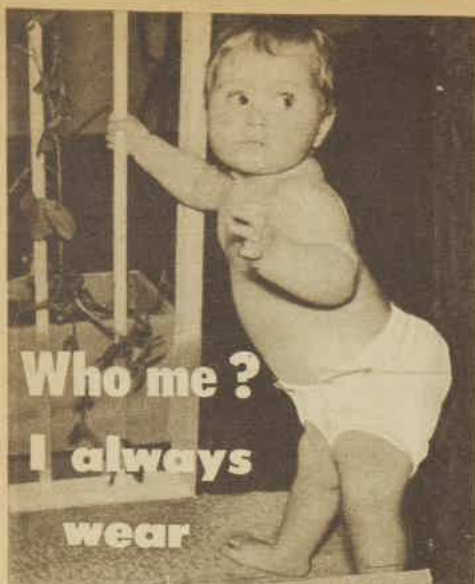
# SPRING FASHIONS



... from the shops

*Continued overleaf*





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I always  
wear

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## Spring Fashions



**DARK**, delightfully airy Ameri-  
can dacron-and-cotton sheer,  
adapted from a French original.  
Wear it for day with a change  
of accessories. J. J. Hilton,  
14 gns. (Farmers.)

**CARDIN'S** short evening coat,  
below, of white pure silk shan-  
tung. Typical Cardin touches  
are the graceful flared back and  
stand-away collar that ties on one  
side. E. Lucas, 50 gns. (Rondels,  
Farmers, Mark Foy's.)



# ELEGANCE AFTER FIVE

● The elegant and beautiful after-five fashions  
have a completely at-ease look. The dresses  
available in the shops range from the quite  
inexpensive to imported models that every  
woman, if unable to buy, will want to copy.

*Continued overleaf*



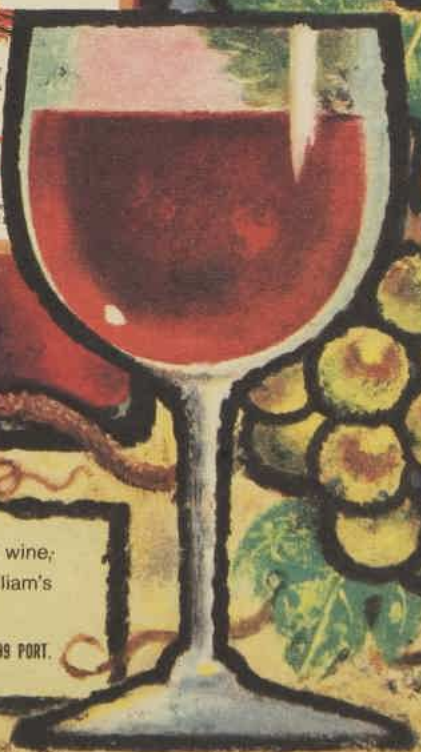
**IMPORTED MODELS** in white silk. The sleek gown, left, by  
Marcola of Switzerland, is silk shantung with embroidery and  
beading, £95. At right, the Givenchy look in a wonderful  
jacket-dress with a blouson effect in green-printed chiffon,  
£125. (Models from Farmers spring-summer collection.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 6, 1961



# McWILLIAM'S

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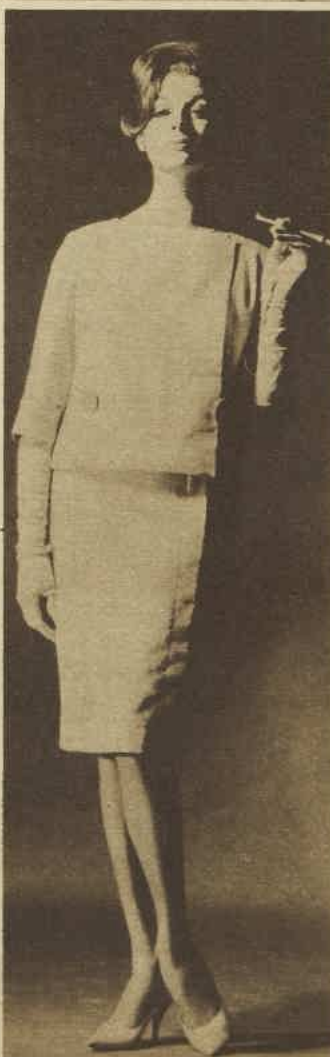


● Silk dress and jacket in white strewn with black coinspots (left). Unsleeved sheath is square at neck, blouses at back. The jacket is easy. Sharene. £18/18/-. (David Jones.)



● Black and white spots on dacron batiste (above) with narrow black patent-leather belt. J. J. Hilton. £13/13/-. (Mark Foys.)

● Couture suit (right) in apricot Italian silk-linen with slim welted skirt and stand-away jacket. E. Lucas. 49 gns. (Rondels, Mark Foys, David Jones.)



● Cute little dress for the slim and young in blue-and-white coinspot dacron. Newport. £13/6/-. (Freckles Sportswear, Bettina, Double Bay.)



# SHAPED FOR EVERY DAY

● Here is a collection of new-season suits, dresses, and dresses-and-jackets that are chic and full of fashion detail. It includes Australian-made styles and model gowns from famous couture houses. Worthy of special note is the variety of shape and the freedom of movement that appear in everyday clothes.

Fabrics are both glamorous and practical.

● Bone linen skimmer suit (far left) with gently flared skirt. £49/10/-. Check Dior design (left) with sleeve and neck interest. £65. (Farmers.)

● Sleeveless blouson style with pleated skirt and waist tie (right) is silk and fully lined. Newport. £15. (Freckles, Grace Bros., Broadway, Rose Mellick, Bondi Junction.)



● Tops in couture elegance is the pink linen suit (right) with self-rose tucked in belt. £65. Sophisticated black silk blouson style (far right) has a rolled white organdie collar plunging down the back. £79/10/-. (Farmers.)

● Dress and jacket outfit in pure silk (left) is Cardin-designed. The sleeveless sheath has a dropped waist; the jacket a curved hem and side-wrap closing. E. Lucas. 48 gns. (Rondels, Courtneys, Double Bay.)







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# Spectacular Sweets

● In this four-page feature are simple desserts transformed into special-occasion masterpieces by taking a little extra care in making and serving as individual dishes in your prettiest containers.

WHEN a spectacular dessert is served, ordinary meals can become a delight and special dinner parties be given a gala air. Often a beautiful dessert is ruined in appearance when it has to be cut up and served, but if individual servings are made then each can be prettied up and presented intact at the table.

And if a dessert can be given a pretty name, it will help to add a delightful touch to the meal-table conversation.

All spoon measurements in these recipes are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce measuring cup is used. Quantities are sufficient to serve 4 to 6 people.

## LUSCIOUS DESSERT

One box strawberries or 1 pkt. frozen strawberries (thawed), 1 small tin peach slices (drained), 1 small tin pineapple chunks (drained), 2 tablespoons brandy, iced champagne.

Hull and chop strawberries in halves, combine with peach slices, pineapple chunks, and brandy. Cover, marinate in refrigerator at least 1 hour, turning occasionally. Spoon into four tall glasses and pour over a little iced champagne.

## BANANA SHERBET

Two cups mashed bananas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup kirsch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup golden syrup, 2 cups milk, 2 egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.

Combine in basin the mashed bananas, kirsch, golden syrup, and milk. Beat egg-whites in separate basin until stiff, gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar dissolves. Fold into banana mixture, pour into freezer trays, freeze until firm. Turn into chilled basin, beat until smooth but not melted, return to trays and freeze until firm enough to serve. Spoon into four tall sweets glasses, serve at once.

## FROZEN ORANGE CREME

Three-quarter cup pure orange juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon curacao, 2 cups cream, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Combine orange juice, sugar, lemon juice, and curacao, stir until sugar is dissolved. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until just setting round outside of trays. Remove, beat in chilled bowl until smooth. Beat cream until thick, fold into orange mixture, add half the walnuts. Return to trays and freeze until firm. Spoon into serving-dishes, sprinkle over the remaining nuts.

## BERRY FAN-TAN

Two cups berries (such as strawberries, blackberries, mulberries, or raspberries), 1 tablespoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 4 slices white bread, 2oz. butter (softened), 1 cup thick sour cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar.

Combine the well-washed and hulled berries with lemon juice, sugar, and water in saucepan. Bring slowly to boil and simmer a few minutes until soft but not broken up. Trim crusts from bread, spread with butter, cut into small pieces, and arrange in four sweets dishes. Pour over the berries and allow to cool. Chill. Just before serving, spread the sour cream over top of each sweet and sprinkle with brown sugar.

## HAWAIIAN DREAM

Three-quarter cup crushed macaroons or other biscuit crumbs, 1 small tin pineapple pieces, syrup from pineapple made up to 2 cups with water, 1oz. gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, mint.

Soften gelatine in cold water, stir in pineapple syrup and water which have been heated. Stir until gelatine dissolves, add lemon juice and rind. Chill until it begins to thicken. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat well. Fold into gelatine mixture, add macaroon crumbs and three-quarters of pineapple pieces. Fill into four sweets dishes, top each with remaining pineapple and sprig of mint. Chill well before serving.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD,

OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

## SHERRY MACAROON CREAM

Two dozen macaroons,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sweet sherry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint whipped sweetened cream, 1 cup grated chocolate.

Crush macaroons roughly and place in bowl, pour over sherry and mix lightly. Cover and chill several hours. Just before serving, place layers of macaroon mixture, whipped cream, and grated chocolate in four sweets dishes, finishing with a macaroon layer. Top with cream and a sprinkling of macaroon and serve.



## CREAMY CHOCO-RICE

Quarter pound rice, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups boiling milk, 1 small piece orange or lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated chocolate, 2 eggs, whipped cream and grated chocolate.

Place rice and water into saucepan and bring slowly to the boil. Drain immediately. Replace rice in saucepan, add milk, lemon or orange rind, sugar, and chocolate. Cover over very low heat, stirring constantly until rice is soft. Fold in egg-yolks and stiffly beaten egg-whites and allow mixture to cool. Pile into four sweets dishes, top with whipped cream and grated chocolate. Serve chilled.

## ROMAN COFFEE CREAM

Two cups cream or cottage cheese, 1 tablespoon instant coffee powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 tablespoon brandy.

Cream the cheese until smooth, beat in instant coffee powder, add cream, sugar, and brandy gradually; beat until smooth. Chill 1 or 2 hours. Spoon into four sweets dishes and serve.

## SHERRY CLOUD

Four eggs (separated), pinch salt, 4 dessertspoons castor sugar, 4 dessertspoons sweet sherry, nutmeg.

Place egg-yolks and salt in top half of double boiler, beat lightly. Beat in sherry and sugar, place over simmering water. Cook, beating constantly, until mixture is thick and light. Beat egg-whites in clean dry bowl until thick but not dry, fold egg-yolk mixture slowly into egg-whites. Pour into four sweets dishes and chill. Sprinkle with nutmeg before serving.

## LUSCIOUS LEMON SPONGE

One ounce gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water, 1 cup hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, mint, grapes.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add hot water, stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt, lemon juice and rind, chill until syrupy. Beat until light and fluffy, fold in egg-whites which have been beaten stiffly. Pour into oiled or wetted mould, chill a few hours until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with mint leaves and black sugared grapes.

## RHUBARB FANTASY

Half cup sugar, scant  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1lb. rhubarb,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup shredded coconut, food coloring, 3 oranges, 1 or 2 bananas, lemon juice.

Bring sugar and water to boil in saucepan, add orange rind. Pour over rhubarb (cut into 1in. lengths), and place in ovenware dish. Cover and bake in moderate oven until just tender but not broken. Allow to cool, chill. Spoon into individual sweets dishes. Color coconut by placing in screw-top jar with few drops of food coloring and shaking until all coconut is evenly colored. Peel oranges and bananas, drenching bananas with lemon juice to preserve color. Arrange sliced orange round edge of each dish, fill centre with rhubarb and banana, decorate with coconut. Serve rhubarb syrup separately.

Continued overleaf





# SERVE THEM IN PRETTY

## SUNSHINE AMBROSIA

One cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 small tin peach slices (drained), 3 oranges, 1 cup chopped marshmallows (bought or home made),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded coconut.

Place the sugar and water in saucepan, stir over heat until syrup boils and all sugar is dissolved. Simmer without stirring until light golden color. Remove from heat, pour into tin, allow to stand until set. Crush into small pieces, stand aside. Peel oranges, removing all white pith, and cut into segments. Combine with peaches, marshmallows, coconut, and toffee; mix lightly. Spoon into 4 sweets dishes, serve at once.

## FROSTED CITRUS PLEASER

Eight ounces cream cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sweetened condensed milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup cream (whipped), shredded coconut, lemon or lime wedges.

Turn freezer to coldest point. Beat together the cream cheese, condensed milk, water, salt, and vanilla essence. Pour into refrigerator tray, freeze until nearly firm. Remove from trays and beat well, fold in whipped cream, turn into trays and freeze again until nearly firm. Beat again until smooth but not melted. Quickly return to trays and freeze until firm enough to spoon out. Scoop or spoon into chilled sweets dishes, sprinkle generously with coconut, and decorate with lemon or lime wedges. Serve at once.

## RUBY PEAR DELIGHT

Four pears, 1 cup water, 1-3rd cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup burgundy, red food coloring, small piece lemon rind, whipped sweetened cream, salted water.

Peel pears with stainless steel knife, stand in salted water while preparing syrup. Combine water, sugar, and burgundy in saucepan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Color, add lemon rind. Arrange pears in greased casserole dish, pour over syrup. Cover, bake in moderate oven until tender but still a good shape. Spoon syrup over pears while cooking to ensure even color. Remove from oven, cool, then chill well. Place one pear and little syrup in each of 4 tall goblets, pipe topping of whipped cream over each, serve well chilled.

## PRINCESSE FOAM

One small tin apricot halves (drained), 6oz. roughly chopped chocolate or chocolate pieces, 3 eggs (separated), 6 tablespoons sugar,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, scraping of vanilla bean, pinch mace, extra 1-3rd cup sugar.

Arrange apricot halves and chocolate in 4 sweets dishes; chill. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar and beat until all sugar has dissolved. Meanwhile beat milk, vanilla, and mace in shallow frying-pan. Spoon meringue on to simmering milk, poach about 1 minute. Carefully remove, drain. Strain milk into top half of double saucepan, add egg-yolks and extra sugar, stir over simmering water until custard thickens. Cool. Place alternate layers of meringue and custard on top of sweets. Chill before serving.

## COOL SUMMER PARFAITS

One pint fresh milk, 1 cup powdered milk, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine (dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 cups fruit salad (made up of peaches, bananas, cherries, pineapple, passionfruit, and lemon juice),  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint fresh cream (whipped and sweetened), mint springs and cherries to decorate.

Beat powdered milk and sugar into fresh milk which has been warmed to blood heat. Add dissolved gelatine, beat 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until just firm. Return to basin, add vanilla, and beat again. Pour back into trays, freeze until firm. Spoon prepared chilled fruit salad and ice-cream into 4 tall parfait glasses in alternate layers. Top with whipped cream, cherry, and mint.

## BUTTERSCOTCH DE LUXE

One cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk (scalded), 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, whipped cream, and sponge fingers.

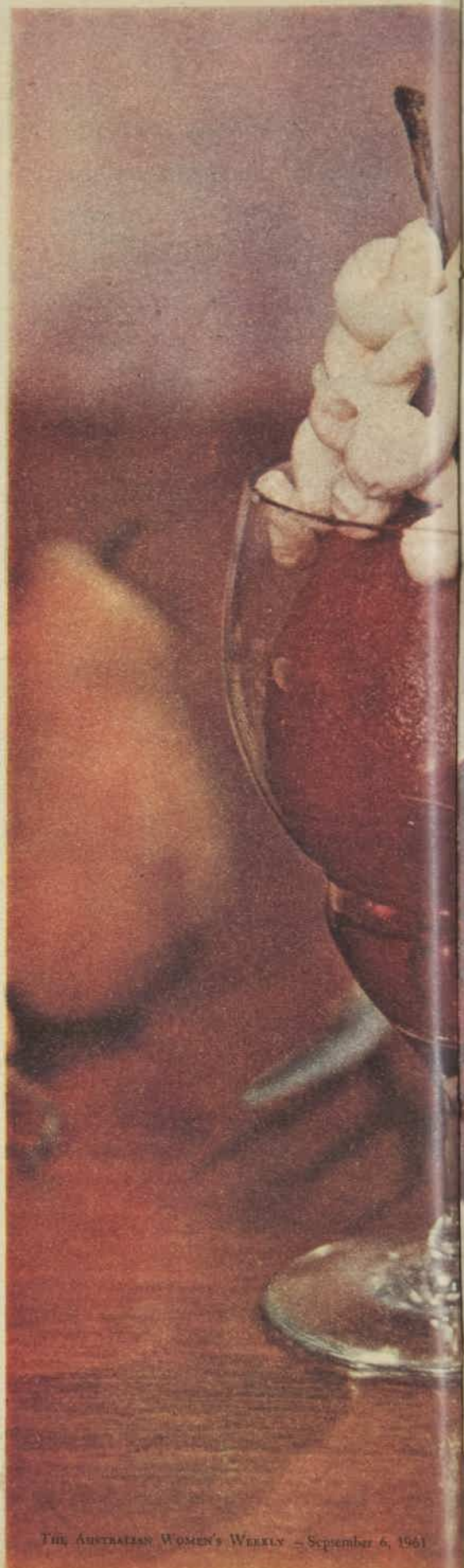
Combine sugar, butter, and water in top half of double boiler, cook over direct heat until boiling, stirring to dissolve all sugar grains. Continue cooking without stirring until mixture reaches hard ball stage (250 deg. F. on a sweets thermometer). Stand aside 10 minutes, then gradually stir in scalded milk. In small bowl beat eggs until light and fluffy, blend in flour and salt, stir into milk mixture. Cook, stirring constantly over simmering water, 10 minutes or until mixture is thick and smooth. Cool. Pour into 4 sweets dishes, top with whipped cream. Serve with sponge fingers or wafer biscuits.



**FROSTED CITRUS PLEASER**  
(above): Ice-cream topped with shredded coconut and decorated with lemon or lime wedges.



**SUNSHINE AMBROSIA:** Crisp toffee pieces, combined with peach and orange slices and marshmallows, will bring sunshine into summer desserts.

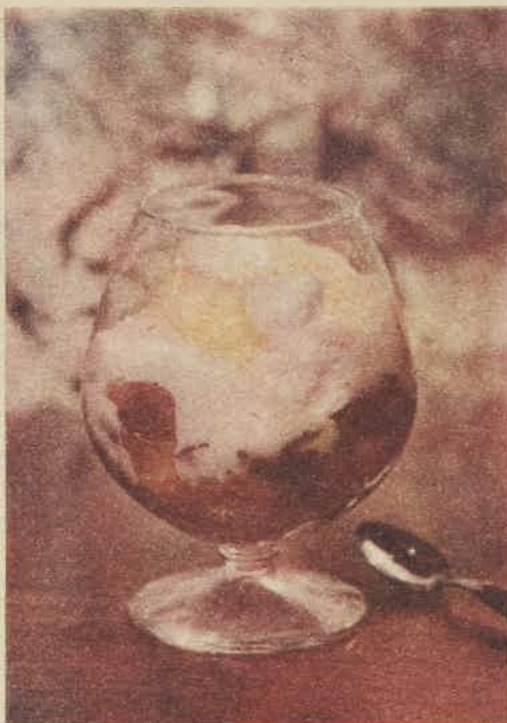




# GLASSES

**RUBY PEAR DELIGHT:**  
The rich burgundy color and flavor of the unusual dessert below make it ideal for special dinner parties.

**FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS**  
the sweet below is formed of apricot halves, chocolate pieces, rich custard, and meringue.



## CHOC-MALLOW SATIN CREAM

Four ounces marshmallows, 1 cup milk, 1½ oz. chocolate, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup cream (whipped), chocolate sauce.

Cut marshmallows into small pieces, combine with milk, chocolate, and salt in top half of double saucepan. Stir over hot water until marshmallows are melted and chocolate mixed in; cool until syrupy. Fold in vanilla and whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze, stirring once or twice, about 1 hour or until almost firm. Turn into chilled bowl, stir with fork until smooth but not melted (do not beat). Return to refrigerator trays, freeze until firm. Serve with chocolate sauce.

## PINE-CHERRY CRUSH

One cup pitted dark cherries, 1 cup fresh pineapple chunks, ½ cup icing sugar, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, mint sprigs.

Combine cherries, pineapple, and sugar in medium-size bowl; add mint. Chill several hours to blend flavors. Serve in 4 sweets dishes, decorate with mint sprigs.

## STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN

One ounce gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 pkt. frozen strawberries (thawed and sieved) or 1 cup fresh strawberries (washed, sieved, and sweetened with ½ cup icing-sugar), 1 cup cream, extra ½ cup icing-sugar.

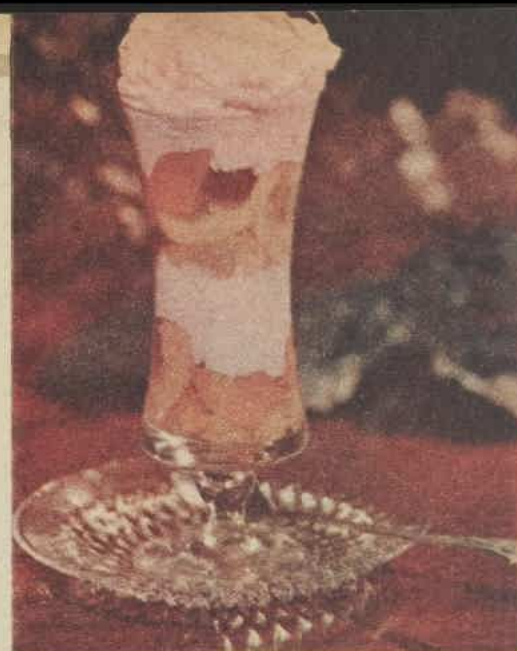
Soften gelatine in cold water in small basin, place in saucepan of hot water and stir until dissolved, add lemon juice. Fold gelatine into thawed strawberries. Whip cream until stiff, fold in extra sugar and strawberry mixture. Pile into four tall sweets dishes, chill until firm. Serve plain or with extra whipped cream if desired.

## VIENNESE COFFEE PARFAIT

Half cup strong coffee, ½ cup sugar, vanilla essence, 2 eggs (separated), pinch salt, 2 cups whipped cream, chocolate wafers.

Combine coffee and sugar, boil until mixture reaches thread stage (234 deg. F.). Beat egg-yolks until thick, and gradually add syrup, beating constantly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, allow mixture to cool. Chill until thickened slightly, fold in vanilla, salt, whipped cream. Pour into freezing trays, freeze until just firm. Spoon into four tall glasses, and serve with chocolate wafers.

**COOL SUMMER PARFAIT**  
(right): An ever-popular sweet with both young and old is this tall and colorful fruit parfait.



## STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

One small tin chilled evaporated milk, 1 egg-white, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup strawberries (roughly chopped), ½ cup orange juice, pinch salt, extra whole strawberries to decorate.

Beat chilled evaporated milk until thick, fold in sugar, strawberries, orange juice, and salt. Beat egg-white until stiff and add to mixture. Pour into freezer trays and freeze, stirring occasionally so fruit will not sink to the bottom until set. Spoon into four sweets dishes and decorate with strawberries.

## FROSTED APRICOT TREAT

Three cups apricot nectar, 1½ cups water, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, mint sprigs.

Combine all ingredients in bowl, stir until all sugar grains have dissolved. Pour into freezer trays and freeze, stirring occasionally. Crush up roughly and place in glasses. Serve decorated with fresh mint sprigs.

## FRUITY WHIP

Two tins strained prunes (baby pack), 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch salt, 2 egg-whites, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Combine in bowl the prunes, sugar, lemon juice, and salt. Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar until stiff but not dry, fold into fruit mixture. Pile into 4 sweets dishes and serve.

Note: Strained apricots, peaches, pears, or pineapple could replace the prunes in this recipe.

## SHIMMERING DREAMS

One cup sweet sherry, 1½ oz. gelatine, 1½ cups orange juice (fresh or tinned), ½ cup sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup fruit salad, whipped cream, 1 cup hot water.

Soften gelatine in ½ cup of the orange juice, add hot water and sugar, stir until dissolved. Add sherry, remaining orange juice, and lemon juice; stir well. Pour into 4 sweets dishes, chill 1 hour or until firm. Just before serving spoon a little fruit salad on top of each sweet, top each with whipped cream.

## TROPICAL PARADISE

One small papaw, 1 small pineapple, ½ cup lemon juice, pulp 4 passionfruit, ½ cup icing-sugar, ½ cup sweet sherry, mint.

Peel papaw, remove seeds, cut into small dice with stainless steel knife. Place in bowl, sprinkle with lemon juice. Cut pineapple into small pieces (firstly removing skin), add to papaw. Fold in passionfruit pulp, icing-sugar, and sherry, mix lightly through. Cover, chill until just before serving. Then spoon into 4 sweets dishes, top with mint sprig.

## FANTASIA

One ounce gelatine, ½ cup water, 1 cup crushed strawberries, ½ cup ginger ale, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ½ cup ice water, ½ cup non-fat dry powdered milk, extra strawberries to decorate.

Soften gelatine in cold water, stir over saucepan of hot water until gelatine dissolves. Combine in separate basin the crushed strawberries, ginger ale, sugar, and lemon rind, stir in gelatine; chill about 30 minutes or until mixture is syrupy. Combine lemon juice and ice water in bowl, sprinkle over the non-fat powdered milk, beat with rotary beater until stiff, fold into strawberry mixture. Spoon into 4 sweets dishes, chill at least 1 hour. Serve topped with whole strawberries.

Continued overleaf





the  
magic  
of being  
a woman...



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## Concluding SPECTACULAR SWEETS

# Cool and tempting

### APRICOT MALLOBET

Quarter pound dried apricots, 2 cups water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. marshmallows (bought or home made), 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Wash apricots, soak in water overnight. Simmer until tender in same water, drain and press through strainer (there should be about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup pulp and 1 cup juice). Mix apricot juice with orange juice, add marshmallows, cook over hot water until marshmallows are half melted, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, continue stirring until smooth, add apricot puree. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add sugar and beat until meringue consistency, fold into marshmallow mixture. Pour into freezing-trays, freeze until firm. Spoon into serving-dishes.

### HONEY NUT CREAM

One cup chilled unsweetened evaporated milk, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1 cup boiling water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts, extra honey and nuts for serving.

Pour milk into freezing-tray, freeze until crystals form round edges. Meanwhile, beat egg-yolks with salt, gradually stir in the boiling water. Pour into top half of double saucepan, stir over simmering water until thickened. Cool, add honey. Whip milk until very thick and doubled in bulk, fold in cold custard and nuts, freeze in refrigerator-trays until firm. Spoon into six sweets dishes, top with spoonful of honey and sprinkling of chopped nuts.

### BANANA DAINTY

Six bananas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 teaspoon sweet sherry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup crushed macaroon crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups strawberries or other berries.

Whip cream thickly in chilled bowl, fold in sugar, sherry, macaroon crumbs, and berries which have been washed, drained, and crushed lightly; chill. Just before serving time, place banana slices in base of six sweets dishes, cover with layer of cream mixture, serve. If desired, decorate sweets dishes with few whole berries.

### RIBBONED BERRY PARFAIT

Half cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, good pinch cream of tartar, 2 eggs (separated),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream (beaten stiffly), 2 cups berries (such as strawberries, blackberries, or raspberries), extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.

Combine in saucepan the sugar, water, cream of tartar. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Increase heat, bring mixture to the boil. Boil 5 minutes. Beat egg-yolks in basin until thick and lemon colored. Gradually pour on the hot syrup, beating constantly. Pour mixture into top half of double saucepan, stir over simmering water until thick and smooth. Cool over ice, beating constantly until cold. Add vanilla. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture. Add whipped cream, mix lightly through, pour into refrigerator-trays, freeze until firm. Wash and hull berries, saving a few for decoration. Mix with extra sugar, chill. Shortly before serving, spoon layers of ice-cream mixture and berries into tall glasses, beginning and ending with ice-cream. Top with reserved berries, serve at once.

### SNOW FRUIT

Half cup sliced maraschino cherries, 1 cup diced, tinned pineapple, 1 cup orange segments, 1 cup sliced banana, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water, 2 tablespoons honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint whipped cream.

Combine in bowl the cherries, pineapple, orange segments, banana, and lemon juice; chill. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over saucepan in hot water. Stir in honey, chill until beginning to thicken. Fold in chilled fruit and whipped cream, allow to become firm before serving in individual sweets dishes.

### SLIM JANE SHERBET

One tablespoon gelatine (dissolved in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water), extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups grape juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 20 sweetening tablets, 2 egg-whites, grapes, cream topping.

Combine in basin the water, grape juice, lemon juice, lemon rind, and sweetening tablets. Stir in dissolved gelatine, pour mixture into refrigerator freezing-trays. Freeze until crystals form round edge, stirring once or twice. Beat egg-whites in chilled bowl until stiff. Remove grape mixture from trays, beat until smooth but not melted. Fold in egg-whites. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Serve spooned into tall glasses topped with cream topping (see below) and a few fresh black or white grapes.

**Cream Topping:** Quarter cup iced water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup non-fat milk powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, few drops vanilla essence.

Pour water and lemon juice into chilled bowl, sprinkle over non-fat milk powder. Beat with chilled beater until mixture stands in soft peaks. Add sugar and vanilla, mix in lightly. Use at once or place in refrigerator.

### FRUITY CREAM CLOUD

Four egg-whites, 1 cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, pulp 3 passionfruit, 2 sliced bananas, 1 peeled and chopped orange, 1 cup hulled and chopped strawberries, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved. Beat cream until thick, fold into meringue. Add passionfruit pulp, sliced bananas, orange, strawberries, and lemon juice. Spoon into sweets dishes, chill well before serving.

### MOCHA COFFEE PLEASER

One tablespoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup strong black coffee, 1 cup skim milk (made from skim milk powder and water), 1oz. chocolate, 2 egg-yolks, 16 sweetening tablets (or 2-3rds cup sugar),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chilled water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup non-fat powdered milk, extra 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, chopped slivered almonds.

Soften gelatine in the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, stir over hot water until dissolved. Place coffee, skim milk, chocolate, and egg-yolks in top half of double boiler. Stir over simmering water until mixture thickens to custard consistency. Remove from heat, cool slightly, and stir in the gelatine, sweetening tablets, or sugar. Cool until mixture begins to thicken. Meanwhile, combine the cold water with lemon juice, sprinkle over the powdered milk. Beat until mixture is thick, add extra sugar, place in refrigerator. Beat egg-whites until thick in separate basin. When gelatine mixture has reached desired consistency, fold in whipped egg-whites and whipped milk mixture. Flavor with vanilla. Chill in refrigerator until set. Spoon into sweets dishes, top with slivered almonds.

### MARSHMALLOW ORANGE CUPS

Four large oranges,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. marshmallows, chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, shredded or desiccated coconut.

Cut thick slice from the top of each orange. Use these pieces to obtain the grated orange rind. Scoop centres from oranges, using small sharp-pointed knife. Chop into pieces, place in bowl with chopped marshmallows, walnuts, rind. Mix well, pile back into orange cases, sprinkle with coconut. Place under grill, toast lightly until coconut is browned (about 1 minute). Serve on individual dishes.

### ORANGE WINE SNOW

One packet orange jelly crystals,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sherry, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, vanilla.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. Cool slightly, add sherry and lemon juice. Cool until beginning to thicken, then whip with rotary beater until fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into individual serving-dishes, chill until firm. Beat egg-yolks with milk, sugar, and salt. Stir over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Allow to become cold, add vanilla, then chill. Pour a little of this sauce over each serving.

### GINGER FIG SUNDAY

Quantity home-made ice-cream, 3 tablespoons finely chopped ginger in syrup, preserved figs, ginger syrup, small ginger biscuits.

When ice-cream is beaten for second time, fold in ginger and about the same quantity of chopped preserved figs. Fill back into refrigerator-trays, freeze until firm. Spoon into individual sweets dishes for serving. Top each with crushed preserved fig, arrange small ginger biscuits round edge, spoon ginger syrup over.

### CHOCOLATE MANITAU

Half cup chopped raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup rum, 1 pint fresh milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 junket tablet, 1 dessertspoon cold water, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, 1 extra dessertspoon fresh milk, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 chocolate layer cake, chopped nuts.

Combine raisins and rum, cover, stand overnight. Warm milk and sugar, add junket tablet crushed and dissolved in cold water. Stand aside to set, beat in powdered milk. Warm the extra fresh milk, dissolve golden syrup in it, add to junket mixture. Pour into refrigerator-trays. Freeze until firm round edges. Remove from trays, beat until mixture doubles in quantity. Stir in raisin mixture, freeze until firm. Place block of cake in each sweets dish, top with scoop of ice-cream, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

### PINEAPPLE CELESTIAL

One large pineapple, 1 packet strawberry jelly, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup sweet sherry, whipped cream, cherries, mint leaves.

Peel pineapple, cut into four lengthwise. Remove core, slice into triangles. Place in saucepan with sugar, water, and sherry. Bring to boil, cook 15 minutes. Remove from heat, arrange pineapple pieces in individual sweets dishes. Add jelly crystals to syrup, stir until dissolved. Pour over pineapple, chill until set. Decorate with whipped cream, cherries, mint leaves.

**NEXT WEEK: Three pages of Italian cookery**



# TOUCH OF THE ORIENT



*HAND-PAINTED JAPANESE screen for the fireplace is practical for the summer months. Muted beiges, coffee colors, and gold predominate here. Fawn-and-gold wallpaper is Japanese silk on rice paper. Lamp is Chinese.*

● China, Japan, and Hongkong are all reflected in the furnishings of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCall Power's house at Double Bay, Sydney. Some of the furniture was made specially for them during a tour of the Orient and it has been combined with elegant European antiques.



*BEAUTIFUL 17th-century Italian mirror and side table with marble top are features in dining-room. The table and chairs are English.*



*MURAL was painted specially for Mr. and Mrs. McCall Power in Japan. It has been worked on silver metallic paper and is a perfect background for the Japanese side table.*



# RENOWNED GAS COMPANY COOKS AGREE...

WHATEVER RECIPE YOU USE

## BUTTER MAKES IT BETTER

It's no accident that good cooks — and good recipes — depend on butter. Nothing else can give such delicate flavour, such melting tenderness, such complete nutrition — for butter is Nature's own health food. No matter what recipe you follow, it stands to reason that your cooking will only be as good as the ingredients you use. Butter — like all dairy foods — guards your family's health and makes *you* a better cook.



**"A LITTLE BUTTER ADDS A LOT OF FLAVOUR,"** says Mrs. Gene Austin, Home Service Supervisor, Brisbane Gas Company. "I would hate to have to cook with anything else. In fact, I regard butter as the secret of really successful cooking."



**"BUTTER—OF COURSE!"** says Mrs. Jean Forward, Home Service Superintendent, Gas and Fuel Corporation, Victoria. "I would never think of using anything else, either for my demonstrations or when I'm cooking for my family. The small difference in cost seems unimportant when you consider the big difference in results."



**"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BUTTER,"** says Mrs. Lilian Newman, Home Service Supervisor, South Australian Gas Company. "I know I can depend on butter so I use nothing else. It's false economy to use cheap ingredients if your cooking is not going to taste as good or to keep as well."

**GOOD COOKING BEGINS WITH BUTTER**  
Enjoy the natural goodness of Butter





# Snoring can often be cured now

By WILLIAM COLE

● If you snore, there is help for you (and your suffering spouse). In many cases the cause is a breathing problem for which simple surgery or other treatment may be the answer. Men aren't the only villains — many women are bad snorers.

● "Anti-snore" microphone in mouth amplifies snores, pipes carry sound to ears, the snorer wakes. Hearing himself (they say) cures him.

MANY jokes have been made about snoring. ("Laugh and the world laughs with you; snore and you sleep alone.")

But as anyone knows who has been cruelly subjected to snoring—or socially or romantically ostracised because of it—it is a far-from-funny matter.

Both snorer and listener suffer—often from mere anticipation of the racket.

A plane traveller, extremely fatigued, fights to keep from dozing off for fear he will snore and make a public nuisance of himself. A wife lies tensely awake, every nerve on end, waiting for her husband (a chronic snorer) to begin his nightly rendition.

In the complex of marital relations there are few areas more sensitive than that surrounding the implication or accusation: "You snore!"

For this indelicate art is by no means confined to men.

## Snoring bride

Fleeing the conjugal bed, the husband of a beautiful young bride said:

"I could forgive her anything—her tantrums, her extravagance, her selfishness—but I couldn't bear tossing around night after night listening to her sawing wood."

"Well, what can be done about snoring?" physicians are often asked.

"We've tried the anti-snore remedies—ear-stoppers and those gadgets that make it uncomfortable to lie on your back—and none really helps."

"Please, doctor—it may seem like a small thing, but it isn't."

"Isn't there something medically that can be done?"

But by and large the doctors pay snoring little heed. Many still regard snoring as primarily an acoustic problem.

"Your husband snores? Just give him a little nudge—that's what I do with my wife—to turn him over on his side."

Is there no hope, then, for curing a snorer? Yes—happily—there is. Plenty of hope.

Among those taking this positive stand is Dr. Albert P. Seltzer, rhinologist (nose specialist), of Philadelphia.

He declares that snoring in many cases is a real medical disorder and that it can often be cured.

"Snoring should be treated medically, not humorously," Dr. Seltzer says.

"Snoring is frequently a sign of some abnormality that can be corrected or in some degree relieved."

## Vibrations

What, in the views of Dr. Seltzer and other authorities, are the various snore-producing conditions that can be completely cured or helped?

The commonest condition is that of a correctable obstruction

among prize-fighters and others with bent or damaged noses, but may also be congenital.

Persons who have snored for years and then have had their deviated septum corrected for reducing the number and effects of colds often find that their snoring disappears.

A deviated septum is corrected by a simple operation (usually requiring hospitalisation) to widen and clear the air passages and make breathing easier.

Nasal polyps—projecting masses of swollen tissue—may also cause snoring and can be easily excised.

The uvula, the fleshy lobe of

oversize and its possessor is weary of having his spouse poke him a dozen times a night and admonish him to roll over on his side, he can go to a throat doctor and in many cases hush his snoring by having the uvula pared.

No need to wince at the thought, "Takes just a few minutes at the doctor's surgery," Dr. Seltzer said. But the doctor should be a specialist in this operation.

When it is a growth—on the uvula or anywhere in the mouth or throat—that is causing the snoring, the disturbance may well be a blessing. It may prompt the person to consult a doctor.

For sometimes snoring is the indication of a more serious medical disorder; eliminating the disorder will eliminate the symptom.

## Child cases

Heavy drinkers are often champion snorers. Many have enlarged uvulas, for excessive use of alcohol (also tobacco and spicy foods) can irritate and thicken the soft palate and the delicate membranes of the throat.

Anyone who becomes intoxicated, numbed to the point of loss of muscle control, may snore.

For those who over-indulge the prescription is obvious: Moderation.

Enlarged tonsils and adenoids commonly cause snoring, especially in children.

Snoring children should always be medically examined.

In treating these stertorous toddlers Dr. Seltzer has removed not only tonsils, adenoids, and other troublesome tissue but also various and sundry foreign objects embedded in the nose—pencil leads, beans, peas, and even a marble.

In most cases children's snoring stops when normal breathing is restored.

Another frequent but largely unsuspected source of snoring is secretion from the sinuses, called postnasal drip.

These secretions gather on the soft palate and base of the throat, dry there, and harden into crusts, which produce sound when air passes over them.

Gargling gently before going to bed will remove these crusts and help prevent snoring. (For lasting prevention as well as for better health, the sinus



● One can almost SEE that he snores.

condition should be medically treated.)

Swollen or irritated membranes from colds, bronchitis, and allergies such as hay-fever, asthma, and other respiratory disturbances cause a considerable amount of snoring, but such snoring is usually temporary and ceases with the end of the ailment.

Anyone may occasionally snore—someone whose vocal cords are strained (some of the world's finest singers are among its mightiest snorers); one who is extremely tired or extremely tense when going to bed; or one who has troubled dreams.

When throat and mouth muscles that are exhausted or tense let go rapidly in sudden sleep they may vibrate. Gradual relaxation can help prevent this.

If you're afraid you will snore, don't just fling yourself down and collapse completely. A warm bath before retiring or a warm glass of milk will help unwind you gradually.

Strong sleeping potions that "knock you out" should be avoided.

But all snoring admittedly cannot be prevented or cured. When there is loss of muscle tonicity, as in older persons, little can be done.

Fortunately, however, the problem diminishes with old age.

## Exercises

Sometimes—as muscle behaviour is patterned by the nervous system—the causes of snoring may be congenital.

Exercises to firm slack jaw and throat muscles have been devised by members of the British Medical Association. When the association recently published a questionnaire on snoring habits, it was deluged with requests for help.

The exercises, to be practised for several minutes just before sleep, are these:

● Grip a pencil between the teeth to strengthen the jaw muscles that hold the mouth closed.

● Press the jaw involuntarily back with fingers while pressing tongue against lower teeth. This fortifies muscles that hold the lower jaw and tongue forward.

● Shape the expression "Ah-h-h!" over and over in the soft palate, going through the motions without making the sound. This tightens throat muscles and lessens the prospects of snoring.

These exercises won't aid nasal snoring or snoring arising from a medical disorder or from senile tissue.

They have, however, met with some success in about half of the cases where they were tried.

Reports are still too scattered to point to definite conclusions.

Reports on snoring from other countries show, if nothing else, that snoring is universally prevalent and unwelcome.

## Shaky marriage

Dr. Takenosuke Ikematsu, a Tokio counterpart of Dr. Seltzer, has for many years studied ibiki (Japanese for "snoring") all over the world, and he estimates that more than 40 per cent. of women snore.

Like Dr. Seltzer, whose estimate for all persons is 30 per cent. to 40 per cent., Dr. Ikematsu has, through minor nose and throat operations, saved numerous shaky marriages.

But in snoring, psychological factors also are acute.

Few subjects in family life are touchier. Most persons won't even admit they snore. ("No one else ever told me that. Only you—who like to pick!")

One desperate woman, in order to give her husband a sample of what she listened to nightly, bought a recorder and taped his thunderous performance during sleep.

Playing back the tape the next day, he was so appalled that he went to a doctor, who relieved his snoring—and also his frequent sore throats—by removing his tonsils.

Dr. Seltzer gives the same advice to snoring patients: See your family doctor or a nose-and-throat specialist.

Maybe you can't be helped. But then again perhaps you are one of the millions—yes, millions—who can be.

(From "Everywoman's Family Circle")



● The noise is awful—but he doesn't know.

tion (of which the victim is usually not even aware) in the nose, mouth, or throat.

Snoring occurs only during sleep, when breathing is heavy, and is caused in all cases by the passing of the current of air in the upper respiratory tract over some slack flesh or tissue, making it vibrate and produce sound—rather like sound in a wind instrument.

Anything that blocks the air passages or is loose enough to vibrate can cause snoring.

A bit of cartilage (easily removable) in the nose may, for example, cause snoring. So can a deviated septum—crookedness or abnormality in the partition that divides the nose.

This condition is prevalent

the soft palate at the back of the mouth guarding the entrance to the throat, is another unmelodic vibrator—especially when, as often happens, it is enlarged.

Hanging down like a plane's landing flap, the uvula trills in the jetstream of air when the sleeper lies on his back; when the position is changed to the side the uvula swings over, out of the main stream, and the snoring stops.

## "Few minutes"

Some uvulas are simply too long for silent sleep; some develop growths; some are affected and expand because of foods we eat.

If the uvula is just naturally





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*It's hard when your children say . . .*

# "You can't even speak English"

● How very often, in Australia, have I been asked: "Do you speak English at home?" My answer is invariably: "No, we don't speak English at home."

It is indeed hard for an Australian to understand that "at home" any language other than English could be spoken.

But language is a real problem for New Australian mothers. It is part of the larger problem of remoulding a life brutally uprooted by war and emigration.

When I came to this country 11 years ago I could speak hardly any English.

And I smiled when friends with school-age children said: "You wait and see. Once your child goes to school, your own language is out, finished—she won't want to speak it any more—and soon you will have to use a dictionary to talk to your own children."

There and then I made up my mind that this was not going to happen to us, in our home.

The years went by with

hard work and the initial struggles all of us newcomers have to go through. The baby I had brought out in arms grew up.

At home we spoke our own language, for this was the factor that had made our small cubicle in the migrant camp, the rented rooms, and finally our first modest "own" house into a "home."

Our baby daughter spoke our own baby-language—what else could she have learned?

But now the time had come when I felt that she must learn English. I enrolled her in the local kindergarten.

The first day her screams and cries accompanied me along the street as I hurried away. They nearly broke my heart.

Sure enough, she had a miserable time.

She could not make herself understood, did not know what the teacher said, and nobody knew how to attend to her little everyday needs.

Her first days were filled with tears and frustration, and I often felt that I was too hard on such a small child.

Only too well did I remember my first days at work, with nobody to help, and people laughing behind my back.

By  
**ALEXANDRA  
ZELY,**  
Croydon, N.S.W.

But in two weeks' time she proudly sang some little nursery rhymes to us. In a month, she spoke English fluently and a trail of newly found little friends swarmed over my place.

In three months, she started mixing English words with her native language.

I started to watch out. And sure enough it was not long after that that she came home and addressed me in English.

I did not reply at all. This was the crucial point. If I gave in, English would become the language of our home.

Her first year at school started well; she quickly found friends and loved her "big" school. After a week or so she timidly asked me whether she could not come home on her own.

"You see, Mama," she said, "I don't like the children to hear you talk English, they say that your English is awful."

I felt crestfallen. Had I not made every effort to learn the language of this country?

I proudly remembered that often strangers commented on my "good English" — but apparently it was not good enough for these little tots.

I started to explain. But just how much could a six-year-old absorb about war, misery, and the difficulties we faced in a strange land?

I played my last card: "I speak five languages, you know, fluently."

But she stared at me with great blue eyes: "But, Mama, you can't even say 'brother' properly. I can."

And she was right. Even now, many years later, I still can't say "brother" — and I often think that not in a 100 years will I be able to say "brother" as my child does.

Regularly, however, our child tried again and again to introduce English at home; not a planned or calculated action, no, just naturally she addressed us in English.

But she never got a reply.

The result of this upbringing is that now, when my daughter attends her first year in high school, she speaks three languages fluently. Her English is perfect with no trace of an accent.

And this is in short my answer to those who like to criticise New Australians for NOT speaking English at home. I feel that the knowledge of an additional language is an asset.

This was my way of solving the problem of the language in my home. Others did not do likewise. They lost their own language as they gave in to the children.

It is a strange, slow procedure: first the child addresses the parents in English, then the parent replies in English.

**A migrant  
mother's story  
... her accent  
embarrassed  
her own  
daughter,  
says this  
£20 prize-  
winning  
article**

lish. From this day on it will not take long, and English is the general language at home. Parents struggle with dictionaries to make themselves understood by their own children — and children laugh at their parents and feel superior to them because they "can't even speak English."

I would like, however, to mention that I think all of us New Australians should make the utmost effort to learn the language of this country — but not from our children.

They will only laugh at us, whereas polite Australians will mention our "charming accent" and be willing to help at any time.

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# AT HOME *with*

## Margaret Sydney

● It's odd to think that this country, which is home to most of us, must seem the loneliest place on the face of the earth to some. Our Greek-born gardener is one of them.

I SAY "our gardener" grandly, but he's ours for only one day in every month, which means that all the dirty jobs like pruning hedges and digging the invading bits of lawn out of the flowerbeds are saved up for him.

Tony came out from Greece eight years ago with the highest hopes in the world.

I'd guess he was about 22 years old then. Of his own country he says: "Greece is of the world the most beautiful country, but too much hungry."

In the first few years all Tony's hopes seemed to be being fulfilled. He got work (a factory job which he still holds), in the weekends he did odd jobs as gardener and laborer, and he was building up a good bank balance.

Tony doesn't talk much (and we don't always understand each other, which produces some odd results in the garden from time to time), but now and again he is overwhelmed with loneliness, and has to talk to someone.

Then it all comes gushing out in a babble of Greek and accented English decorated with despairing gestures:

"To me, no one belongs," poor Tony says. "One person is no good—one person is not a life. I have been here so long already, and I have not started my new life."

This would be sad and bad enough if it was just Tony's story, but "Many, too many, everyone, all my mates," Tony says.

He came here with the idea of working hard and saving so that he could get married.

He didn't want to marry a Greek girl. Tony's ambition was to "be an Australian," and I think he thought marrying an Australian girl might be a short cut.

He used to go to the dances and the social evenings arranged for migrants, but it was always the same story—three or four times as many men there as there were women.

Tony is bashful—not the pushing type—and it was a red-letter occasion for him if he managed to get even one dance.

After he'd been here a few years he made some friends, and he did go out briefly with one or two Australian girls.

"For Greek men they have the wrong mentality," he says. "They are not serious, not for marriage, not want to save, put away money, build up for future years, oh no, just let us go to the pictures, to the beach, to the dance, all the time spend money, spend money."

### lilted for shipboard romance

I DON'T know what sort of girls Tony met or whether he's being quite fair to them. "Too right he is," Hugh says. "He could be describing the three women in my life." But after a while Tony changed his mind about marrying an Australian and turned his thoughts back to his own village, and in particular to a girl called Ilona.

Ilona had been 13 when Tony left. Now she would be of marriageable age.

Letters flew back and forth—first between Tony and his mother, then between Tony and Ilona's mother, and at last between Tony and Ilona herself.

He redoubled his efforts to find weekend jobs (it was at this stage that he first came to us), because now he had to save enough for Ilona's fare to Australia, as well as enough to set up a home and furnish it.

Eighteen months went by, then at last she was on the water.

Tony was in the seventh heaven.

He was on the wharf, of course, when Ilona's ship berthed, and she came ashore wearing an engagement ring.

Ilona hadn't seen Tony for eight years, and she'd been a child when he left.

On the way out she'd met an attractive Greek migrant lad of her own age, the long voyage had given them time to get to know each other and to fall in love, and our poor Tony was the mug, as he put it.

Tony got drunk that night, and from what he told Hugh I gather he got drunk the next night, and the next, and next.

Now he's working hard, and my guess is that he's saving to go home.

Tony, like thousands of others, is up against statistics.

They left poor countries, where there were enough women to go round, to come to a prosperous country where there were more men than women.

I don't know what I can do about it, I don't know what anyone can do, but I think Tony's cry that "One person is not a life" is one of the saddest things I've ever heard.

### Herbs flavor the gravy

MY housekeeping seems to get chaotic in the holidays, when the children are either at home all day or else in and out at odd times demanding meals.

On Saturday evening I was late getting the dinner into the oven, and only when the veal was sizzling away merrily did I remember that I had been going to stuff it.

It was too late then to do anything about it, and since my family always thinks it's been cheated if it has veal without the authentic herby flavor of stuffing, I thought of a short-cut that's worth remembering for emergencies.

When I was making the gravy I put a small teaspoon of mixed herbs into it, and let it boil for a minute or two.

Result — dinner had the familiar stuffed shoulder of veal flavor, and apparently nobody noticed that actually there was no stuffing there at all.

### School exam. was tactless

THE news of restricted university entry from next year on had impressed Diana so much that she'd been promising herself all last term that she would do three solid hours' work every day in the holidays.

Now that the holidays are here Diana tells us that she really feels it will "do her more good in the long run to have a complete break, so that she starts next term fresh."

Her school is to blame for this.

It was tactless of them to give the girls their trial Intermediate results just before the holidays began.

Di, to her own and everyone else's astonishment, passed everything, though two of her passes were skin-of-the-teeth jobs.

But on the whole I agree with Di for once — the holidays OUGHT to be holidays — though I can't believe that her methods of work will ever put her into any real danger of developing brain fog.

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## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Readers' questions about their pieces of antique china are answered by expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.



I have a vase which stands 12½ in. high, is a dark blue in color, and has gold markings and flowers on each side. The base and top are of metal. It has now been converted

For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

into a reading-lamp. Could you give me some information about it, please?—Mrs. O. P. Oats, Kapunda, S.A.

Your vase (shown at left) is mid-19th century and was made between 1855 and 1865. It is of French origin, probably Limoges.

A china rum barrel in my possession is thought to be about 200 years old. It has a small x marking and is in excellent condition. Could

I have your opinion about its age, please?—Mrs. E. Hourigan, Yagoona, N.S.W.

Your rum barrel (shown at right) is a very good example of 19th-century work. It is probably Davenport and was made about 1855. This type of barrel was not made until the 19th century. The natural manner in which the fruit is painted in a reverse panel and gilt with apple-green bands displays the sentiments of the Victorian era.



I have a bust of the Duke of Wellington which stands 9 in. high, unscrews at the base, and appears to be made of white marble or a heavy china. It has no markings that I can see. Could you give me some information about it, please?—Mrs. J. van der Bijl, Cumberboole, Qld.

The bust is Parian porcelain, Parian ware, which resembles marble with a matt surface, was first made by Copelands (Spode) in England about 1840. Your fine example was probably made by them about 1855 or a little earlier. The Duke of Wellington died in 1853 and many ornaments were made in remembrance of him.

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THE rabbit takes on a new and interesting flavor with the addition of chicken soup, onion, tomato, and herbs.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a hearty beef casserole dish. Spoon measurements are level.

### SPANISH RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 pkt. chicken noodle soup, water, salt, 6 rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 chopped onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1oz. butter.

Prepare chicken noodle soup, omitting 1 cup of the water. Strain, put noodles aside. Soak rabbit in warm salted water ½ hour. Cut into sections, steam 1 hour. Remove and wrap each section in bacon. Grease ovenproof dish, sprinkle with noodles and breadcrumbs. Arrange rabbit in dish, add onion, chopped tomato, parsley, salt, pepper, and herbs. Sprinkle with remaining herbs and breadcrumbs, dot with butter, pour over the strained soup. Cover, cook in moderate oven until rabbit is tender (about 1 hour). Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Miss P. Zacharzewski, 80 Government Road, Croydon, S.A.

### PAPRIKA GOULASH

One and a half pounds chuck or blade steak, 2 tablespoons fat, ½ lb. onions, 1 tablespoon paprika (more or less according to taste), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon tomato puree, ½ pint stock, bouquet garni or ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 clove garlic, salt, pepper, 1 red pepper (sliced thinly), 2 large tomatoes (peeled and sliced), 1 tablespoon sour cream or yoghurt, cooked noodles or potatoes.

Cut meat into large squares, brown quickly in hot fat, remove. Lower heat, put in sliced onions and paprika. Cook slowly a few minutes. Add flour, tomato puree, and stock. Stir until boiling. Replace meat, add herbs, crushed garlic, seasonings. Cover, cook on top of stove or in oven until meat is tender (about 1½ to 2 hours). About 5 minutes before end of cooking time add sliced pepper, tomatoes. Just before serving, stir in sour cream or yoghurt. Serve with cooked noodles or potatoes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Robertson, 48 Gordon Street, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.



# HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Hints sent in by readers win £1/1/- for each one published. If you have a useful idea you would like to pass on to readers send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

FOR a glossy finish and easy-to-iron surface on shirts and linen, etc., add a teaspoon of methylated spirit or mineral turpentine to the starch mixture. — Mrs. J. McKinnon, 66 Fourth Street, Boolaroo 2N., N.S.W.

When cutting hot bread, use a thin, sharp knife that has been dipped in boiling water, wipe it dry, and cut the bread at once. This will prevent the slices becoming heavy. Rich cake if cut with a hot knife will not crumble. — Mrs. D. Lloyd, c/o P.O., Marian, via Mackay, Nth. Qld.

Where it is unsafe to use poisonous insecticides because of small children in the house, frequent applications of boiling water on ant holes and trails soon disposes of these pests. — Mrs. J. Bill, First Street, Wonthella, W.A.

After washing hairbrushes, immerse bristles while still damp in fresh milk, then shake and stand on heads to dry. This method will effectively harden bristles. If ebony-backed brushes are dampened, rub backs with a little olive oil when dry. — Miss Noel McLean, Cygnet, Tas.

When making a baked custard, beat ½ cup desiccated coconut with the milk, sugar, and eggs. It gives a nice flavor when cooked. — Mrs. W. Supple, P.O. Box 127, Armidale, N.S.W.

When icing a cake for a children's party, press an animal biscuit-cutter into the icing and then fill in the outline with tinted icing, or simply cover with nonpareils or colored coconut. Press pieces of jujube into face portion to form eyes and mouth. — Mrs. M. Kenny, Murton Avenue, Holland Park, Qld.

Try this cool storage hint when camping. Sink a wooden box into the ground to its full depth and fill with clean water. When the water has disappeared the "cellar" will keep anything put in it as cool as ice. Choose a cool spot and keep a wet bag on top of the lid. — Mrs. R. Frakes, 57 Kleins Road, Northmead, N.S.W.

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When peeling onions, cut from the top and leave the last slice attached to the root. It is the substance in the root which causes weeping. — Mrs. M. Lenehan, 122 Francis Street, Bondi, N.S.W.

If the housewife wears glasses and is troubled by steam clouding the lenses, she should mix a tablespoon of glycerine with five tablespoons of

methylated spirit. Put in a bottle and shake. Apply a little to the glasses, then rub dry and clean. This will prevent clouding and the effect will last a day. — Amy L. Gale, 9 Coventry Street, Newtown, Maryborough, Qld.

To help keep the color in baby's colored bunny rugs, after washing hang rug double over the line with

right side of rug facing inside. — Mrs. T. Shorter, "Brentfield," Westonia, W.A.

When taking the family to the seaside for a picnic, take a cake of white cleanser in the car, spread it over the car windows, and you have a private dressing-room. After you've rubbed it off the car windows will shine like new. — Mrs. F. O'Brien, 45 Derwent Park Rd., Moonah, Tas.

LEATHER-BOUND books need a little attention. Rub with neutral shoe cream.



Just minutes away...the goodness of

# HEINZ

NEW PROCESS TOMATO SOUP

# YOU KNOW IT NOW!

\* Simply double the quantity with water or milk

It is the best you've ever tasted!



# Cookery Course

## BATTERS

—measuring, mixing, frying.

**B**ATTER mixtures are an important part of home-style and gourmet cookery. Many interesting and unusual dishes can be prepared from them.

Batters are a mixture of flour, egg, liquid (milk, water, or both), and flavoring beaten to a smooth, creamy consistency. Melted shortening or oil can be added to thick batters for pikelets and fritters.

### CONSISTENCIES

The consistency of a batter depends on how it is to be used.

**Thick Batter:** A pouring mixture the consistency of thick cream which spreads slowly when dropped from spoon. Used for coating meat, fish, or fruit, for frying; for pikelets, doughnuts, drop scones.

**Thin Batter:** A pouring mixture the consistency of thin cream which spreads quickly to a thin layer when poured from jug. Used for pancakes, Yorkshire pudding, waffles (cooked in special iron), cannellons (rolled pancakes with savory or sweet fillings), rosettes or timbales (made on special timbale irons).

### RAISING AGENTS

Fritter or pancake batter made with fresh eggs and thoroughly beaten does not require baking-powder. Beating introduces cold air, which expands on heating and lightens mixture.

Batter without baking-powder should be allowed to stand half to one hour after preparation and before using.

Baking-powder or other raising agents such as bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar or sour milk is necessary to lighten thick batter used for pikelets, doughnuts, and waffles.

### RULES FOR SUCCESS

Measure ingredients carefully. The following proportions are necessary:

#### PROPORTIONS

**Thick Batter:** 4oz. plain flour, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint liquid, flavoring.

**Thin Batter:** 4oz. plain flour, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint liquid, flavoring.

#### MIXING

1. Sift dry ingredients thoroughly, make well in centre.
2. Add egg and liquid slowly, gradually work in flour from sides, keeping mixture smooth, free from lumps.
3. Beat thoroughly until bubbles rise to surface.

## SWEET AND SAVORY RECIPES

### PANCAKES

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk.

Sift flour and salt, make well in centre. Add whole egg, work flour in from sides, add milk little at a time. When half milk is used, all flour must be moistened. Beat well until bubbles rise to surface. Stand 1 hour. Heat pan, grease slightly. From small jug pour 2 or 3 tablespoons batter into pan, cook slowly, loosening edges with knife until set and lightly browned underneath. Turn or turn, brown other side. Lift on to kitchen paper, sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar. Roll up and serve.

**Variations:** Savory Cannelons: Spread cooked savory meat mixture down centre of cooked pancakes. Roll up, pack pancakes together in ovenproof dish, top with grated cheese. Bake until cheese is melted and browned.

**Crepes Suzette:** Spread cooked pancakes with Suzette sauce, fold into 4, sprinkle with sugar. Place in hot oven until sugar melts.

**Suzette Sauce:** Cream 2oz. butter with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, add 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

### PIKELETS

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour milk (or fresh milk soured with 1 teaspoon vinegar), 1 dessertspoon melted shortening.

Sift dry ingredients, add sugar. Mix to smooth batter with egg and milk, add melted

face. If making fritter batter, mix with egg-yolk and warm water, lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white.

4. Allow to stand half to one hour.

5. If this is not possible, use 2oz. plain flour and 2oz. self-raising flour instead of 4oz. plain flour in ingredients listed.

### METHODS OF COOKING

**Deep Frying:** In hot fat or oil in deep open pan. Used for savory or sweet fritters, doughnuts, rosettes, or timbales. Heat fat or oil to 375deg. F. in controlled-heat deep-fryer, or in deep, open pan until light blue flame rises; or heat oil until it turns  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. cube of dry bread golden-brown in 30 seconds. Coat food with batter, one piece at a time, drain off excess batter. Drop into hot fat or oil, fry golden-brown on both sides, turning once. Lift with tongs or slotted spoon on to kitchen paper to drain. Serve at once.

**On greased hotplate, griddle iron, in greased heat-controlled pan, heavy frying-pan, waffle-iron:** Used for pikelets, pancakes, waffles, drop scones. Evenly heat hotplate, griddle iron, or heavy pan. Grease with melted shortening when required temperature is reached. Drop prepared mixture from spoon on to hot, greased cooking surface. Cook until bubbles appear on top, underside is lightly browned. Turn with flexible knife or spatula, brown other side. Cool on rack. Further greasing of cooking surface is not necessary if mixture contains melted shortening. Follow manufacturer's directions for cooking waffles.

**In moderate oven:** Bake prepared batter in small quantity hot fat in shallow baking-dish, e.g.: Yorkshire pudding; or pour over sausages (boiled 2 or 3 minutes, skinned, halved lengthwise, then crosswise), bake 25 to 30 minutes.

### TIMBALE IRONS

These are special irons of various shapes which are coated with batter, which is then fried to produce containers of patty-case type, to be filled with sweet or savory mixtures. Obtainable from the larger kitchenware departments in city stores.

1. Heat fat or oil to 375 deg. F., hold rosette or timbale iron in hot fat 2 or 3 minutes to heat thoroughly.
2. Drain on paper, dip iron into batter until coated to within  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. of top. If batter does not stick, iron is too hot or not hot enough.
3. Immerse batter-coated iron in hot fat, fry golden-brown  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 minute. Hold over fat to drain.
4. Ease rosette or timbale off iron with knife, drain on paper.
5. Reheat iron, repeat process.
6. Fill timbales or top rosettes with savory or sweet mixtures.

shortening. Heat and grease pan, drop in 1 dessertspoon of batter at a time, cook until bubbly on top, light brown underneath. Turn, cook other side. Cool on rack.

### YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 2oz. beef fat.

Sift dry ingredients, make well in centre, add egg. Work flour in from sides. Add milk little at a time. All flour should be moistened when half milk is used. Beat until smooth, gradually adding remainder of milk. Leave 1 hour. Heat fat in baking-dish, add batter. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares, serve hot with roast beef.

### FRITTER BATTER

Half cup plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm milk or water.

Sift dry ingredients, make well in centre. Add egg-yolk beaten with warm milk or water. Work in flour from sides, beat until smooth. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Use as a coating batter.

**Variations:** Pineapple Fritters: Cut fresh pineapple into  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. slices, remove centre core (or use tinned pineapple slices). Dip in batter until well coated, fry in deep hot fat or oil until golden-brown. Drain, dust with sugar, serve with lemon wedges.

**Oyster Fritters:** Add good squeeze lemon juice and 1 dessertspoon melted shortening to fritter batter. Dip bearded oysters into batter, drop into hot fat or oil. Cook until golden-brown, drain. Serve with lemon, parsley.

Cut out and keep these

## EGGS-TRAVAGANZA RECIPES

They're all quick and easy to make—  
and most economical!

### MOCHA RAISIN TORTE



**Filling:**  
8 oz. cream cheese  
2 oz. castor sugar  
1 cup chopped raisins  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Apricot jam  
Coffee butter cream  
Blanched almonds  
Extra raisins

Beat eggs until stiff, add sugar gradually and beat until mixture holds figure eight when trailed from beater. Sift flour, fold into mixture in three additions, fold in melted butter and water. Pour into three greased 8" tins. Bake 350° 25 minutes. Turn out and cool. Sprinkle cakes with orange juice. Cream cheese and sugar, add raisins, cinnamon and vanilla. Spread over top of 2 cakes, sandwich together. Glaze with apricot jam. Ice top with coffee butter cream and decorate with almonds and raisins. Serves 8-10.

### ARABIAN DELIGHT



4 egg yolks  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk  
3 teaspoons cocoa

2 oz. castor sugar  
1 teaspoon almond essence  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup ground almonds or marzipan meal  
3 dessertspoons gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
4 egg whites  
2 oz. castor sugar  
Cream  
1 oz. chocolate

Blend cocoa and a little milk to smooth paste. Add rest of milk, sugar, egg yolks. Beat until blended. Cook over low heat, stirring until it will coat a metal spoon. Cool slightly, add almond essence, ground almonds, soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Add gelatine to custard, chill until it begins to set. Beat egg whites stiffly, gradually add rest of sugar, beating until sugar dissolves. Fold into custard, pour into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, serve on a bed of whipped cream, decorate with blanched almonds, chocolate chips or swirls of melted chocolate. Serves 8.

### HEAVENLY PIE



4 egg whites  
1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cream of tartar  
2 tablespoons desiccated coconut

4 egg yolks  
3 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 tablespoon lemon rind  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
1 jar cream  
Few cherries or strawberries  
Extra cream

Beat egg whites and cream of tartar until stiff. Slowly add sugar, beating well between additions until sugar dissolves and mixture forms glossy peaks. Spread this meringue over bottom and sides of well-greased 9" pie plate. Sprinkle coconut on top edge. Bake in cool oven (275°)  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until golden crisp. In the top of a double boiler beat egg yolks, lemon juice, rind, sugar. Cook over pan of boiling water. Stir until thick—cool. Whip cream, fold lemon mixture in. Decorate with sliced berries or cherries and cream. Serves 8.

### MONT BLANC



**Sponge Cake:**  
2 eggs  
3 oz. castor sugar  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz. S.R. flour  
1 teaspoon butter  
1 tablespoon hot water  
2 tablespoons orange juice

**Walnut Purée:**  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated walnuts  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup icing sugar  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
Chocolate icing  
**Filling:**  
3 egg whites  
3 oz. castor sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream  
Grated chocolate

Beat eggs until light, add sugar, beating between each addition. Beat until it holds figure eight when trailed from beater. Sift flour, fold into egg mixture. Melt butter in hot water, fold in. Pour mixture into greased 8" recess tin, bake moderate oven 350° 23 minutes. Cool, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons orange juice, combine walnuts, sugar, lemon juice to smooth paste, spread on top of cake. Ice sides with chocolate icing. Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating between each addition to soft meringue. Beat cream, fold into meringue. Pile on cake, decorate with grated chocolate. Chill until served. Serves 8.

### BOMBE TROPICAL



1 large pineapple  
1 large brick of banana ice cream  
4 egg whites  
8 oz. castor sugar  
Shredded coconut  
Brandy

Halve pineapple lengthwise, remove fruit, chop coarsely. Replace fruit in shells, beat egg whites stiff, gradually beat in sugar to a stiff meringue. Place banana ice on top of pineapple, smoothing to edge. Frost top with meringue, leaving no air holes and extending over edge of pineapple. Sprinkle with shredded coconut. Bake in hot oven 400° 5 minutes or until golden. Remove, sprinkle with brandy. Light. Serve at once. Serves 6-8.

### PRUNE WHIRLS



24 sponge fingers (made from two-egg sponge mixture)  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. prunes  
1 tablespoon gelatine

2 tablespoons cold water  
2 egg yolks  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 cup prune juice  
Juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon  
2 egg whites  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated milk  
Cream  
Extra prunes or nuts

Arrange four sponge fingers around sides of six lightly greased parfait glasses. Cook prunes, reserve liquid. Soak gelatine in water, beat together egg yolks, sugar, prune and lemon juices. Cook over low heat until thickened, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Roughly chop prunes, add to mixture, chill until syrupy. Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating to soft meringue. Beat evaporated milk stiff, fold three mixtures together. Pile into glasses. Chill until set. Decorate with whipped cream and prunes or nuts. Serves 6.

FB631/61

# SUNRISE Eggs

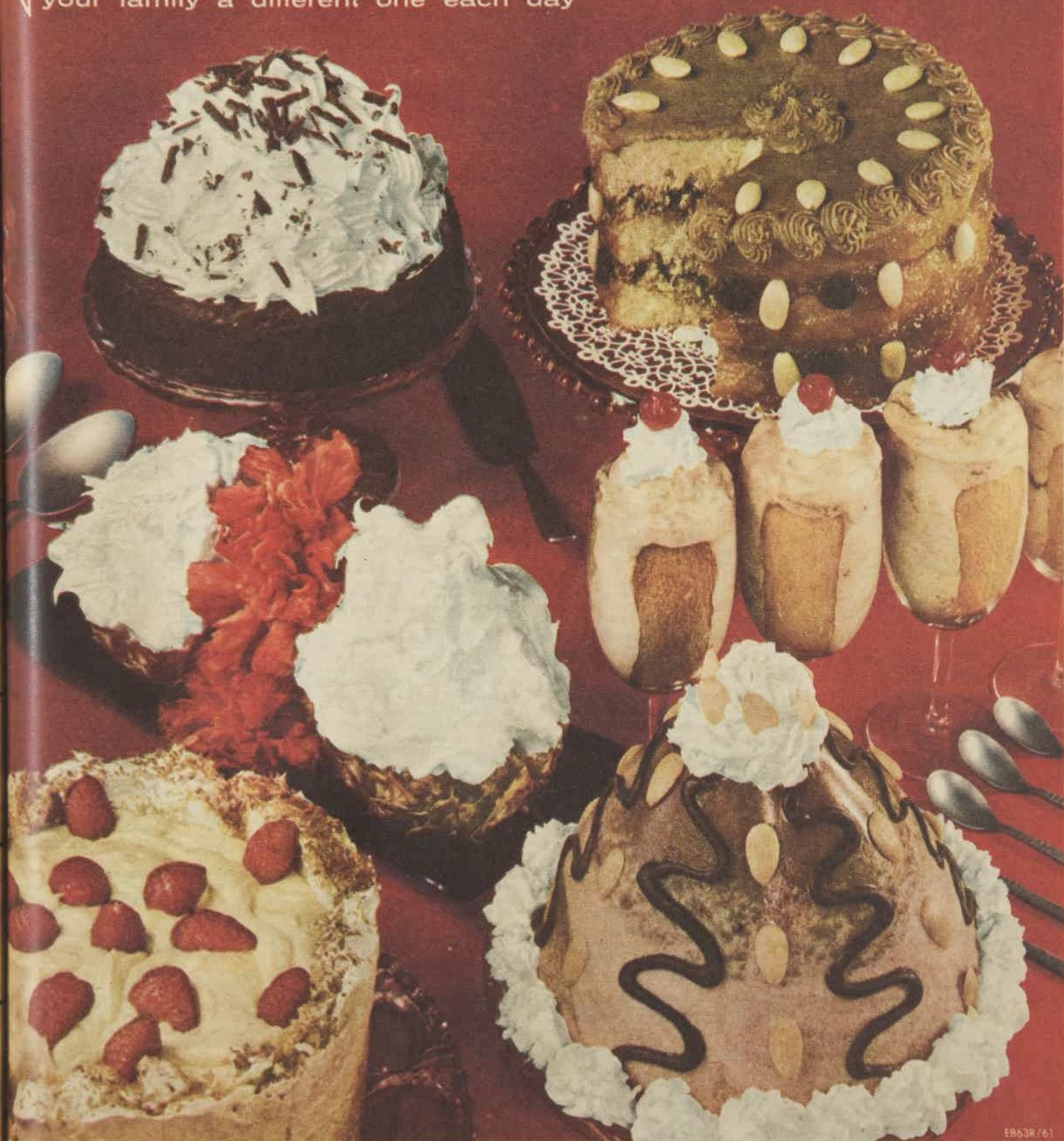


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# EGGS-TRAVAGANZA!

Six great dessert ideas—all egg-rich, egg-citing and best of all, very egg-onomical! Plan to serve your family a different one each day



EB63R/61



# NEW! Plush

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**Just  
apply  
-let it  
dry!**

**NO HARD RUBBING!**

**NO RINSING!**

**NO SOAKING!**

**A QUICKER, EASIER WAY TO  
MAKE YOUR CARPETS CLEAN AS NEW**

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**PROVED BY THOUSANDS OF HOUSEWIVES**

Plush comes from England, where it has been proved by thousands of housewives as the world's greatest, safest and best carpet shampoo. Keep your carpets looking better longer. Use Plush. One-action foaming Plush is so economical too! One plastic container cleans the average lounge room wall-to-wall carpet for only 8/3.



**Plush  
FLOATS DIRT OUT!**

Plush does all the hard work for you. The cap is a measure — mix five measures to a pint of warm water. Rub it on. The Plush lather is gently active — specially mild — floats up all the embedded dirt. Better than any soap, any detergent, any general purpose cleaner. Use only Plush for carpets.

**Plush  
GETS CARPETS  
BRAND-NEW CLEAN**



## When should you eat?

● Does it make any difference if a person skips a meal, takes a snack before bedtime, or eats only one meal a day? Experts say our eating habits may be harming us, and their answers to 15 important questions are below.

**WHEN should a person eat?**

—Your stomach is empty about four hours, on the average, after a meal. Thus the interval between meals should be no more than five hours. If you breakfast at 8 a.m., lunch should come at 12.30 or so, and dinner at about 6 p.m. Stomachs empty for long periods are more prone to damage and disease.

**Why do we eat three meals a day?**

—To get the maximum value out of our food, to prevent or assuage hunger, and to keep the body machinery operating at peak efficiency. Without regular food intake you may get stomach contractions that can be extremely uncomfortable.

**Can we get enough nutrition in one big meal a day?**

—It's tough to answer that in precise scientific terms. This much can be said, however. One big meal is likely to make you feel food-logged, drowsy, and distressed. Between that big meal and the next you may be inviting unnecessary stress.

**What can happen if we fail to eat regularly?**

—Studies indicate that protein may not be used efficiently. Your body has a "protein bank" in reserve. When you go without food for excessively long periods, the bank becomes depleted and you need that protein to help build immunity, to maintain antibody levels, and to keep up muscle tone. Also, long periods of no-eating may make the liver prone to infection, and may make you tired, jumpy, and irritable.

**Does the stomach really shrink when we eat little?**

—No. Think of the stomach as a balloon. When you eat a full meal your stomach expands to receive the food. Then it contracts to its previous size.

**How big a breakfast should be eaten?**

—Size is less important than balance. You should eat a well-rounded breakfast (selecting from egg, cereal, fruit, milk, meat groups) without stuffing yourself.

**Why do so many town people skip breakfast?**

—There are several reasons. One is that many wives fail to get up in the morning and prepare breakfast for their husbands. Also travelling early discourages breakfast. People

**By Robert Goldman**

who go a long way to work often get up so early to catch their trains that they do not want to "impose" on their wives. But neglect of breakfast at all age-levels is serious.

**Is "brunch" a good idea?**

—Not if it means that you will have only two meals that day. If you awaken at 10.30 a.m. and have brunch, you will probably be hungry by about 3.30. You should eat then and again at about 7.30.

**What's the best time for a tea or coffee break?**

—If you've had an early breakfast, a break at around 10.30 may placate you. Many people take one at 4 p.m. or 4.30. Late afternoon tea and coffee breaks are welcomed most by people who have lunch at noon and dine at 7 p.m.

**If doing heavy exercise, how long should you wait after eating?**

—At least two hours. It takes that long before the digestive process gets well along.

**How soon after dinner should you go to sleep?**

—Two or three hours should elapse between the end of dinner and bedtime for easy sleep and good digestion.

**Is it good to eat a snack before going to bed?**

—It's all right if the snack is low in calories. Fruit before bed is far more advisable than a sandwich.

**What if you wake up during the night and feel hungry?**

—If you must eat, try fruit or vegetable juice.

**Do we need more food in winter than in summer?**

—No, but our appetites are likely to be better in cold weather than in warm. In summer we move about less and appetite decreases. In winter even shivering can help increase appetite.

**When should an overweight person—who is trying to lose weight—eat?**

—People with too much weight can benefit from eating often: five, six, or even seven times a day—IF they concentrate on low-calorie foods on each occasion. Many obese people have a need to keep putting food into their mouths all day. It's far better that they eat non-fattening foods.

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on your  
SELF CONSCIOUS days!**



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Smooth, sleek and tailored with accident-proof protection shield, built-in belt, fabric lined for perfect comfort. You can wear "Anticipation" Sani-Panties with or without a pad. In washable cotton, nylon or swami, in white or pastels, SSW-OS, from 12/6.



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"Relief" Sani-Panties for complete protection. Accident-proof protection shield and half-back fabric lined for comfort. Designed to fit smoothly. Has built-in sanitary belt. Cotton, nylon or swami, white or pastels. SSW-OS, from 11/9.

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# Home Plans Service

• HOME PLANS • SPECIFICATIONS • ALTERATIONS • ADDITIONS •



**TILED, GABLED** roof, extended to cover the garage, gives a pleasant exterior look to Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Thomas' home. Their house is a modified version of Plan No. 813 and is built in brick veneer.

● Houses designed by our Home Plans Service, and all recently built, are being specially photographed to help you choose a design for your own home. The first of these appears on this page.

THE house above is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Thomas, of North Sydney.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were enthusiastic about the advice and help given them through The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Service.

"We chose a plan from The Weekly and went to the Home Planning Centre at Ansony Horderns to talk to them about it," said Mr. Thomas.

There were several things we wanted to change. For instance, the plan had to be re-designed to fit on the land, and we wanted a larger kitchen than the one in the original plan.

The architect suggested that we move the laundry; this gave us the extra space we needed.

There was no garage shown on the plan, so the architect included this on our design, and the laundry directly behind it and the house roof extended over.

There were a few other alterations. But

the plan and all the changes we made cost us only £14/14/-."

Their lovely three-bedroomed home was built in brick veneer.

"We didn't think we could build anything nearly as nice for its cost," said Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas said that his wife was very happy with the decorating scheme the Centre had suggested.

## Kitchen has color

"The kitchen is really a showplace," he said. "We have a drop-sided table there—wonderfully convenient and a great space-saver."

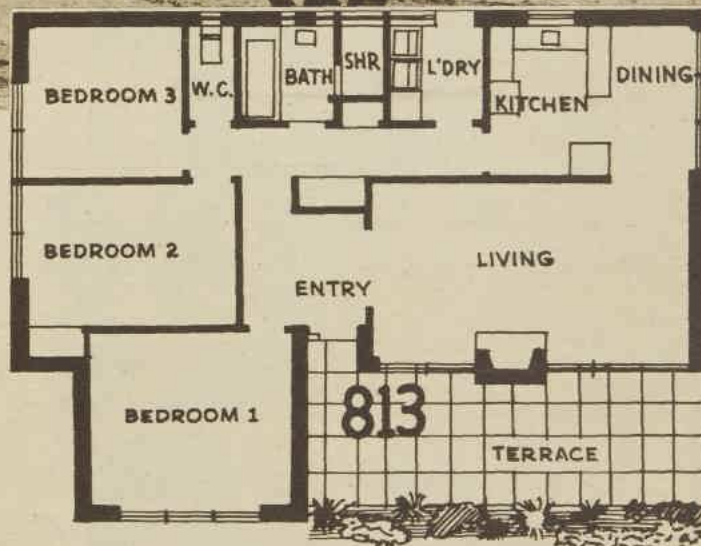
"Our cupboards are tangerine with black handles and a black kickboard, part of the walls are white-tiled, and the floor is covered with linoleum in green and gold with strips of black."

The Thomas' have a teak dining-room suite, so the Centre worked out a color scheme in the living-room area that would show it off to full advantage.

Ceiling is white, cornices picked out in a soft blue, walls are blue-grey.

One of the most attractive features about Plan 813—the original plan—and the modified design worked out by the Thomas' is its compactness.

The bathroom and separate toilet are close to all three bedrooms. In the original plan, shown above, the laundry has direct access to the back garden, while in the Thomas' home there is a door from the kitchen leading outside.



**ORIGINAL FLOOR PLAN** shows compact design. A patio makes an attractive entrance to the house.

In the living-dining area the meals section is out of sight of most of the lounge-room and opens directly into the kitchen.

Costs of building the original plan to cover 10.4 squares in timber and 11.3 squares in brick (without the garage) are, in timber, £3400; in brick, £3800.

Mr. Thomas' home cost more because, as the site was a sloping one, a lot of extra brickwork was needed to build up the patio, and there was extra for the large garage.

The building costs we publish are approximate, and do not include the price of the land.

## An accurate quote

Your local Home Planning Centre (addresses below) will give you a quote for building a home on your own land.

Plans for each house cost £10/10/- a full set—five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications.

If you order your plans by mail, remember to state the number of the design, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewered, whether the plan is required as drawn, or in mirror reverse position.

Enclose a cheque, postal notes, or money order for £10/10/-.

**MODIFICATIONS:** These can be made to any plan, but if drafting and printing are

involved in the alterations an extra charge is made. All plans are available in mirror reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site. Generally they can be built on stilts or on the side of a steep hill.

Windows, window areas or positions can be altered. Often a kitchen is shown on the plan opening directly into the living area, but it can be made into a separate room if required.

Fireplaces can be substituted by oil, electric, or gas heating. Cooling systems can also be incorporated.

**GARAGES:** Carports and garages are not always shown on the plans, but they can be included in the design. Add approximately £175-£250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for a single-brick garage.

**INSPECTIONS:** For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your site, and advise as to the house most suited to your budget and your family's requirements.

**ADELAIDE:** Master Builders' Assn., 47 South Terrace.  
**BRISBANE:** McWhirters (50121).  
**GEELONG:** Myers (X6111).  
**TOOWOOMBA:** Pigotts (7733).  
**SYDNEY:** Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney), B0951, ext. 220.  
**MELBOURNE:** Myers (32044).  
**HOBART:** FitzGerald (27221).

## COUPON

Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

NAME .....

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Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)

Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)



# PUT A NEW COMPLEXION ON HOUSEHOLD CHORES

If you belong to the legion of dispirited women who start their day in a dingy, inconvenient kitchen and work on with drooping tread to clean up the morning duck-puddle in some old-fashioned dirt trap of a bathroom, take heart. Modern hardboard can give you a new outlook on life.

Two members of the hardboard family, Lustrile and Lustreboard, offer a quick, easy, and cheap way of transforming those rooms where women spend most of their working day... the kitchen, bathroom, laundry, and dining-room.

Whether you are building a new house, or coping with an old one, these two hardboards have a lot to offer.

Their widespread use throughout Australia, both in town and country dwellings, has proved conclusively that they are the best low-cost material for walls, and other sur-

faces, wherever water or steam is the problem, or wherever an easy-to-clean panelling is required.

Lustreboard and Lustrile are made by putting Tempered Presdwood through a special process, in which melamine resin enamel is baked on to the hardboard.



This gives a long-lasting, glossy surface like the finish on your refrigerator or washing machine, but

without the brittleness that leads to chipping. This Marlite finish can be scrubbed hard for years on end without showing any dimming or fading of the original color.

It resists abrasion, chips, and scratches, and because the resin enamel has a plastic buffer action, also stands up to hard knocks and blows.

The finish has a high degree of resistance to acids and alkalis in everyday domestic use, as well as to alcohol and detergents.

Put all this in terms of one pair of hands and a turbulent tribe of healthy children clamoring for food... baths... clean blouses... or just somewhere to glue an aeroplane together... and Lustreboard's value in the home is easy to see.

For building-in ugly baths, sinks, or basins, or for turning hard-to-get-at corners into tidy, useful cupboard space in service rooms, Lustreboard is ideal.

For nurseries, where scrupulous cleanliness is all-important to guard the health of the smallest member

of the family, the glossy, quickly-washed surface of this hardboard is an added protection against germs. In children's bedrooms and play-rooms, too, where tramped in dirt and sticky fingers are part of the fun of play-time, Lustreboard will save a lot of wear-and-tear on mothers.

In kitchens where cooking steam and stove fumes are an inevitable part of meal preparation, Lustreboard comes into its easily-washable own, as a ceiling material.

Lustrile, which has all the easy-care advantages of Lustreboard, has a pressed-in pattern of 4in. squares which makes it very useful wherever expensive ceramic tiles don't fit in with your plans.

The tile pattern is pressed in to the hardboard in manufacture, not cut in afterwards as in some other products.

This means there is no break in the surface fibres to let moisture into the board and cause deterioration.

As a further safeguard, Lustrile is first given a coat of Marlite armour, and then the smart white lines are

No. 5 in a special series

on the  
uses of  
hardboard  
in the  
home...  
by



**MICK MARSHALL**  
Building Trades Adviser

added to emphasize the tile pattern. Because there is no break in the protective Marlite base, Lustrile gives you maximum wear and long-lasting good looks under kitchen or bathroom conditions.

Marlited hardboards appeal particularly to the home handyman because they are easy to work.



Like basic hardboard, they can be sawn, planed, touched up after fixing, and do not shatter, split, or crack.

Recently, two new developments have added to their do-it-yourself appeal.

These are the appearance of the contact adhesives, and of a wide range of slip-in metal mouldings which give amateur fixing a truly professional appearance.

Contact adhesives were dealt with in the August 16 article of this series. Their special value in fixing Lustreboard and Lustrile lies in the fact that they do away with the need for ornamental screws on the face of the board, giving a neat, smooth surface for heavy-duty cleaning.

Also, where moderately smooth brick walls are to be covered, there is no need to put up timber framing. The hardboards can be stuck straight on to the existing wall.

This is a particularly valuable short-cut and economy when re-modelling old bathrooms in brick houses.

The transformation of an ugly, dark bathroom with walls that look dirty, even after half a day's scrubbing, into an easily cleaned, colorful room to be proud of is quickly done with Lustreboard and Lustrile.

Even when faced with almost-impossible P.C. items which you can't afford to replace (or don't wish to replace in a rented house) a clean, modern appearance can be achieved by boxing in bath and basin with these water-resistant, baked-enamel finished hardboards.

It is most important to use a caulking compound (see my August 16 article) in this kind of job.

I hope to tell you more about ways to remodel your bathroom with hardboards later on.

In the meantime, I'd like to introduce someone who will be very happy to help and advise you on the use of hardboard to make your home a place of better, happier family living.

He is your local Masonite dealer, a man you will like who is backed by the full technical resources of the Masonite Corporation.

Call up and see him sometime soon.

[ADVERTISEMENT]



Seadrift seen here in Silver Birch

## Now, MASONITE brings you the new elegance of SEADRIFT walls

You can actually feel the beautifully grained texture of a Seadrift wall. This hard-wearing, easy-to-clean panelling from America is now made in Australia in seven natural wood tones... at a low cost that will surprise and delight you! Seadrift walls are smarter than paint. Colour samples give indication only of beautiful Seadrift shades... at timber merchants and selected hardware stores throughout Australia.



SEND THIS COUPON for free handy hints leaflet.

MASONITE CORPORATION, Box 75, P.O., Rosebery, N.S.W.  
Please send me leaflet "25 Hints on Fixing Seadrift".

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*Seadrift*

BY MASONITE

DARK MAHOGANY

YELLOW PINE

LINED OAK

PINK CEDAR

BRONZE WATTLE

LIGHT MAHOGANY



## "Hardboard in the Home" Contest

# WHAT COULD YOU DO WITH £1000?

● The first prize in our "Hardboard in the Home Contest" is the handsome sum of £1000. What could you do with this? Maybe you could turn the ideas which won it for you into reality by decorating your own home, or making renovations.

TOTAL prizes being offered in this unusual contest, which is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly with the Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., amount to £2000.

There are four sections in the contest.

This week we announce the first 20 progress prize winners of £5 each taken from all sections.

Entries received so far in all sections have exceeded our expectations for skill, originality, and imagination, particularly in Section 1—House Interior.

The judges have been most impressed, too, with entries in the Special Section—Toys and Small Household Items.

The contest closes on October 2 and you may enter any one or all of the sections listed below.

You can send as many entries as you wish, but, remember, THE COUPON (on this page) MUST BE ATTACHED TO EACH ENTRY.

### SECTION 1—HOUSE INTERIOR

On this page are a roof-off drawing and a floor plan of a six-room house.

### The Prizes

#### GRAND CHAMPION

Chosen from any of Sections 1, 2, 3. £1000

Section 1—First Prize £100

Second Prize £50

Section 2—First Prize £100

Second Prize £50

Section 3—First Prize £100

Second Prize £50

Three prizes of £5 each in Sections 1, 2, 3.

#### SPECIAL SECTION

First Prize £80

Second Prize £25

Each week for four weeks a total of 20 progress prizes of £5 each in any or all of the four sections.

For this section you must choose four of the six rooms and plan a decorating scheme for each of the four—choosing hardboard for the ceiling, walls, and any built-in furniture shown in the house plan. Use hardboard in the various textures available.

These textured hardboards can supply your color scheme or you can choose colors in paint on the plain hardboard.

When you set out your entry, follow the numbers on the walls shown on the floor plan. (See details of house, which is Plan No. 301 in our Home Plan Service, in August 9 issue.) When you have decided on colors and textures, make up a list, numbering each wall of each of the four rooms as shown on the floor plan, then adding the ceiling color or texture. For this section send a written entry or use the special entry guide.

Two special guides are available at all hardware stores that stock Masonite and from all our Home Planning Centres (addresses on page 45). One guide shows samples of Masonite colors and textures.

The other guide shows "exploded" views of each room, enabling you to experiment with various colors and gain a clear picture of the completed room.

### SECTION 2—BUILT-IN AND MOVABLE FURNITURE

Cupboards, bookshelves, small tables, wardrobes, vanity tables, or screens can be made from hardboard—textured or plain.

Your entry should contain a drawing or photograph of the piece of furniture, and, if possible, drawings of the separate pieces used, with measurements marked and brief instructions for making. Make sure all drawings are clear.

### SECTION 3—HOUSE RENOVATIONS AND REPAIRS

Perhaps you have already made alterations to your house, using hardboard, that you could describe for this section.

You may have used panels of hardboard to surface walls which were too badly damaged to be repaired or perhaps you used hardboard sheets to build in a verandah or add a new room to the home.

A photograph or rough but clear drawing should be sent with description of the repair.

### SPECIAL SECTION—TOYS OR SMALL HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Hardboard can be used for dolls' furniture, a doll's house, toy motor-cars or trains, and small items like table-mats or trays. Once again, send drawings or photographs with measurements and instructions for making.

(Do not send in the actual article.)

### How to enter

Entries, addressed to "Hardboard in the Home" Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, must be delivered by 5 p.m., Monday, October 2. Add the number of the section and your name and address to every page.

Conditions of the contest were published in our August 9 issue.

### TWENTY PROGRESS PRIZE WINNERS

#### £5 each to—

Mrs. G. J. Arnold, 395 Wellington Street, Launceston, Tas.

Mrs. J. Blake, 1 Wattle Grove, Springvale Nth., Vic.

Miss P. A. Bligh, 16 Esplanade, Somerset, Tas.

Miss Jean Bowden, 40 Sixth Avenue, Loftus, N.S.W.

Mr. Geoff Delforce, 138 Hill Street, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Mrs. J. A. French, Ormsby Street, Wivenhoe, Burnie, Tas.

Mrs. J. Hall, 22 Violet Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

Mrs. V. Harvey, Lerderberg Street, Bacchus Marsh, Vic.

Mrs. Johanna Kelly, 81 Loftus Street, Deagon, N.E.1, Brisbane.

Mr. G. E. Krigers, 65 Holborow Street, Croydon, N.S.W.

Mrs. R. B. Newton, 5 Conyngnam Street, Broadview Gardens, S.A.

Mrs. H. Nicholls, 405 Beach Road, Beaumaris, Vic.

E. O. Radami, Loxton, S.A.

Mrs. M. Shearman, 86 Hooke Street, Dungog, N.S.W.

Mr. W. H. Solomon, 1/52 Empire Street, Haberfield, N.S.W.

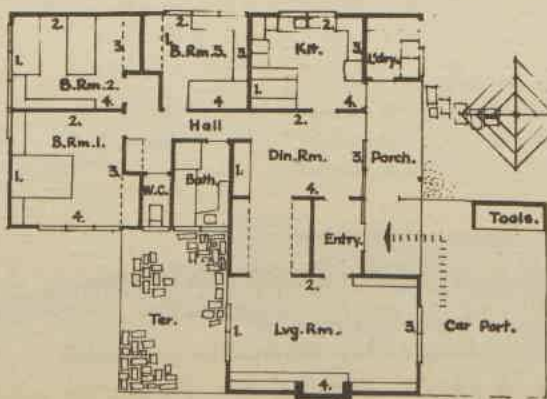
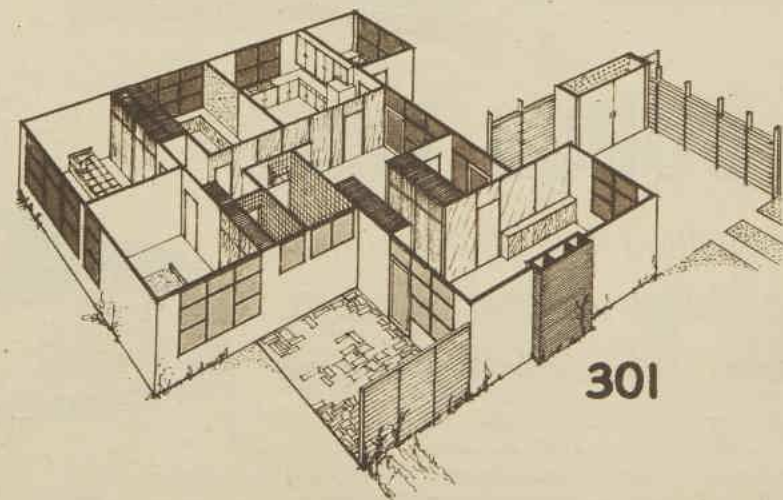
J. R. Strubs-Mills, 137 Lord Street, East Perth, W.A.

Mrs. R. H. Tilgner, 177 Tone Road, Wangaratta, Vic.

Mrs. B. Whelan, 12 Oliver Avenue, Stawell, Vic.

Miss Joy Williams, 463 Lane Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Miss M. A. Wilmot, 3 Katta Court, Ashwood, S.E.11, Vic.



ROOF-OFF view of the contest house which was described in detail in our issue of August 9.

FLOOR PLAN shows numbered walls in the rooms, four of which must be decorated for entry in Section 1. Ceilings must also be included in scheme.

# ELASTOPLAST



THE NEW INVISIBLE ANTISEPTIC FIRST AID DRESSING

It's just that. Invisible. Even 'neath the sheerest nylons. It hides as it heals. "Invisible" Elastoplast is very modern, very effective, antiseptic, very sensibly priced, very very handy. Every dressing individually sterilized and wrapped.



Another fine S&N product Smith & Nephew

Available at Chemists, Stores and Chain Stores.

CORNS never trouble me now



No more corn pain, not even a twinge, since I tried Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads. They lift shoe pressure, stop friction, remove corns so easily, so safely. They're wonderful! 3/3 pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS

Staisweet Stay as sweet as you are with Staisweet The deodorant you can trust Staisweet

**COUPON**  
**HARDBOARD IN THE HOME CONTEST**  
"The Australian Women's Weekly,"  
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney

Name .....  
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# WHAT **YOU** GET BESIDES THE STOVE WHEN YOU BUY THE **ALL NEW CARMICHAEL** **GOLDEN** **LINE 430**

**FREE**

set of glamour saucepans



**FREE**

hot water throughout your home



**FREE**

special detailed manual



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your way with Carmichael. Add all three to the feature-laden Carmichael and you have the best quality household buy of the year. Check up on this strictly limited offer with your Carmichael dealer without delay . . . compare the stove, the quality, the value . . . and begin living with Carmichael.

- Australia's glamour range
- Built to the rigid Golden Line quality standard
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- Separate warming oven
- White or cream porcelain enamel with gold trims.

**SEE YOUR AUTHORISED DEALER NOW  
FOR THIS STRICTLY LIMITED BONUS OFFER!**

**CARMICHAEL GOLDEN LINE 430**



C38-FP

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 6, 1961





## Continuing . . . EVERY BRIDE IS BEAUTIFUL

from page 28

someone who is supposed to be grown up—"

"What's so good," Mrs. Wallace wailed, "about being grown up?"

Mr. Wallace was truly shocked, even unstrung. Because Mrs. Wallace was always the one at home who read the psychological bits out of the magazines. Aloud. Like: "How to be well adjusted." And: "Facing reality." And: "Learn how to be mature."

"Will you stop bawling, Marjorie, and try to tell me what you want?"

"Young again," Marjorie Wallace sobbed, "lovely—and cherished."

Gruffly he said, "Don't be difficult." But he took his handkerchief and dabbed awkwardly at her face. "Take a big breath," he directed her. "Blow your nose."

She obeyed, and just as quickly as it had blown up the emotional storm subsided. Mrs. Wallace sniffed shakily and said, "I must look a sight. Here, Andrew, hold my bag while I find my compact. Now, where has it gone?"

Patiently he held the bag while she rummaged.

His worried eyes stayed on her still-tearful face.

"Perhaps I left my compact in the hotel," she said. "I'll go back for it while you bring the car round."

Mr. Wallace watched his wife go up the steps and his heart was heavy.

He knew what had to be done to save the situation and stop his wife's tears.

He reached into the bag that he still clutched and brought out Mrs. Wallace's bright lipstick. He uncapped it and shuddered and then strode manfully toward the back of his car.

Now Mr. Wallace was not an impulsive man. His success had been due, to a large extent, to his faculty for foreseeing and evaluating circumstances. He knew what he was letting himself in for.

And as he marched along, the unsheathed lipstick held like a sword in his hand, it was no wonder he looked Sydney Cartonish; had he but known the proper quotation, he might even have mumbled to himself, "It is a far, far better thing that I do . . ."

M-A-R-R-I-E-D he printed on the smooth, low back of his car—and winced at the flamboyance of glowing scarlet against yellow. He stood back and looked at it, then he bent to his task again. Underneath the letters he drew a plump heart and filled it in redly with neat and careful strokes.

When Mrs. Wallace returned he was standing by the car door ready to help her in. He still held her bag. She tucked the compact in it, searched for her lipstick, and said companionably: "That was a good cry. I feel wonderful."

"No," Mr. Wallace brooded, "you can't fool me, Marjorie. You're not happy."

"Why, what a thing to say!" she protested, and looked more closely at him. "Andrew, did you have an argument with the attendant in the car park?"

He shook his head. "I did not."

"Are you about to deliver an ultimatum, Andrew?"

"No!"

"Well, I see you are wearing your do-or-die look. I know it well."

"Marjorie," he said again, "you're not happy."

"I am." She sifted through the contents of her bag. "I'm the happiest woman I know."

"If you were happy," Mr. Wallace used logic, "you wouldn't have cried just now."

"For goodness' sake, Andrew, those weren't real tears. Only sad tears are real ones," she told him with feminine logic.

He was outraged. "You cried—hard. And you said—"

Mrs. Wallace giggled. "That was probably the champagne talking. I only drink champagne," she added, "because it makes me feel thin. Pounds lighter."

At this Mr. Wallace made a strangled sound in his throat. She looked up and smiled at him.

"Do you want to know something? You have that effect on me, too. Whenever you dare to go into a shop and buy me a fancy slip or nightie, you always get everything a beautiful two sizes too small." She thought for a moment. "I think that's very sweet, Andrew. And it's romantic."

He stared at her in unbelief. "Romantic?" he said.

"Certainly. You're very romantic. Well, look here"—she held out her hand—"there's rice even in my bag. That's what I should have wished this morning for my little new bride."

"Rice?"

"No, silly! That her groom—years from now—will buy her lingerie two sizes too small. Oh, and tap her soft-boiled eggs for her without complaining, and always take her hand whenever they cross a busy street, as you—"

Mr. Wallace groaned.

"Where did I put my lipstick? Oh, you're holding it."

Mrs. Wallace stopped talking and looked at him with full and serious attention. Wifely intuition took over immediately. "Now, Andrew Wallace, what have you been up to?"

With a keen look at her husband Mrs. Wallace walked round to the back of their car. She regarded the blazoned MARRIED with surprised delight. But she did not laugh.

Mr. Wallace turned his head away as if he couldn't bear to look, but his voice was defiant and loud. "I still choose you," he said, "before the whole world."

"You did this," Marjorie Wallace breathed, "for me?"

"Not," Mr. Wallace continued stiffly, "that it's any of the world's business. But if it's something that makes you happy—"

"Yes, it does. But had you thought," she asked gently, "of the cars that would pass us, on the way to Scotland? Just think what people would do."

Mr. Wallace nodded, with his lips set tight.

"They'd honk, probably. They might even think that we were just married."

There was anguish in his reply. "I—I thought of that."

"And stopping for petrol. And driving through the towns"—her voice had awe in it—"and then the—the hotel! Just think of going into a hotel with that on the car. My goodness, Andrew, what a brave man you are!"

With final stubbornness Mr. Wallace made his point: "Every bride is beautiful," he said sentimentally, "to her groom."

"You're a romantic," Mrs. Wallace beamed at him. "A real incurable romantic."

"I told you I was."

"Yes, love." She linked her arm in his. "There are tissues in the car. I'll help you wipe the lipstick off and you can get your polishing cloth. After all, dear, it's always the thought that counts."

And Mr. Wallace leaned over and kissed his wife soundly. Right in front of the world.

(Copyright)



Diver Dan Lewis takes time out from wharf construction work to relax and unwind with a cool pint of milk.

# Let's crack a bottle!

Underwater work can give you that "fathoms-under" feeling. But crack a bottle of milk and snap—you dive back to the job relaxed and refreshed. Milk's great. In a jiff it tops up lost energy, puts a swing in your step, a smile on your face. Tastes smooth and super. There's just nothing around that beats milk for a refreshing lift.

Milk supplies bone-building calcium, body-building protein. It gives you energising sugars and all the vitamins that keep you fit. You never outgrow your need for milk. Next time you need a quick refresher, crack a bottle of milk!

TO KEEP MILK AT ITS CREAMY BEST, KEEP IT OUT OF SUNLIGHT.

## MILK...makes you look good, feel good!



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Page 63



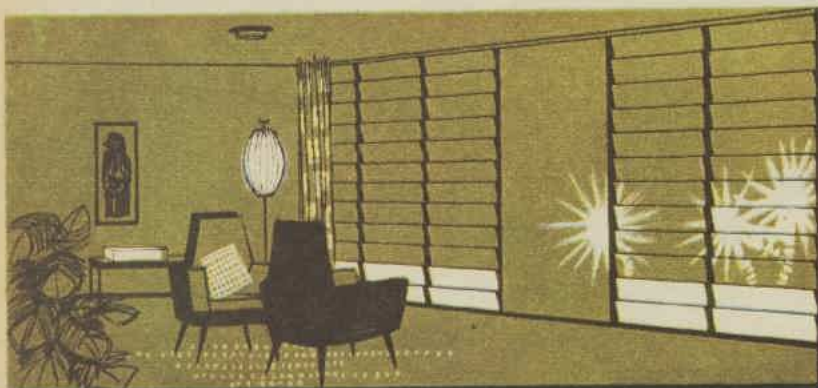
# ideas!

## NACO LOUVRES OFFER BRAND-NEW NOTIONS FOR MODERN, MORE COMFORTABLE LIVING!

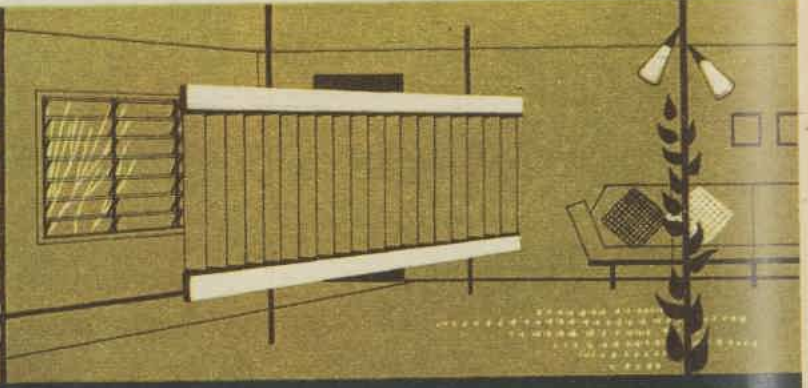
Here they are! . . . use them now! . . . fresh, original, wonderfully workable ideas for the kind of living you've always wanted. NACO Louvre Windows, with their slim, trim lines and sure comfort-control do so much for the way you live. Precision manufacture guarantees smooth, silent operation, permanent efficiency. Proven, exclusive design affords complete weather protection every day, all year round. Attractive styling blends easily, naturally, with the newest trends in

home design. Use glass or colourful metal blades in 4 in., 6 in., 6½ in., or 9 in. clip sizes, horizontally or vertically. Choose plated steel or aluminium in the following finishes: aluminium lacquer, baked enamel, plain, anodised. Marketed in 104 countries, NACO Louvres are the World's Largest Selling Louvre Windows. Have them for *your* house, too! At all leading hardware and department stores, or mail the coupon for fully illustrated brochure and price list.

## NACO LOUVRE WINDOWS



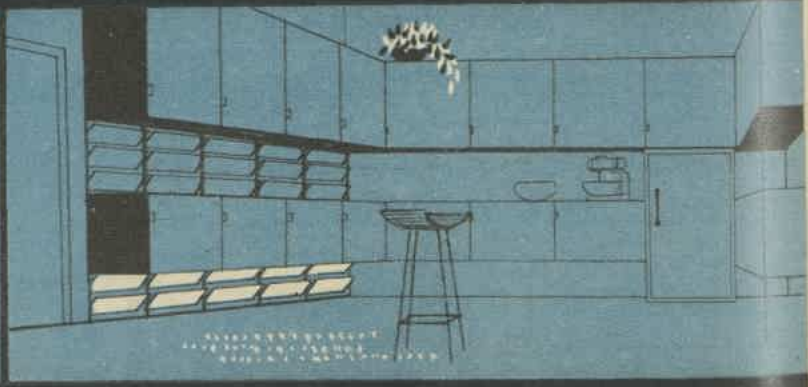
Note how well a combination of glass and metal blades appears with a large fixed glazing in this modern lounge room treatment.



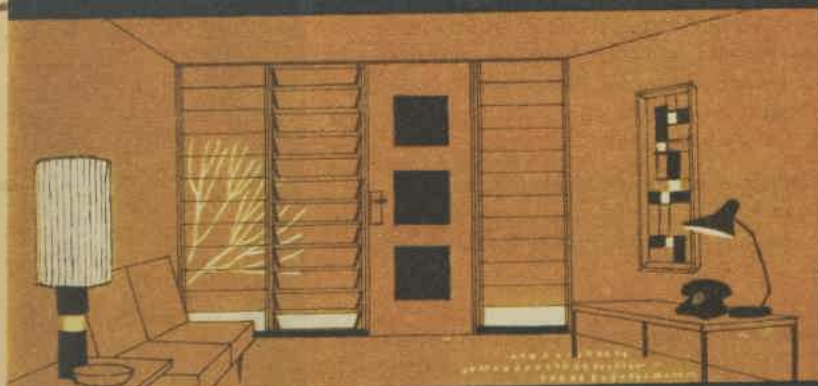
An attractive, functional room-divider is achieved at low cost with these vertically framed NACO Louvre Windows.



A pleasant outlook is enhanced by the cool, comfortable conditions induced by a full depth installation of glass and metal blades.



Maximum air circulation for Kitchen cupboards results from this unusual application of NACO glass and metal Louvre blades.



The more generous light admission of NACO Louvre Windows highlights the bright, fresh appeal of this main entrance.



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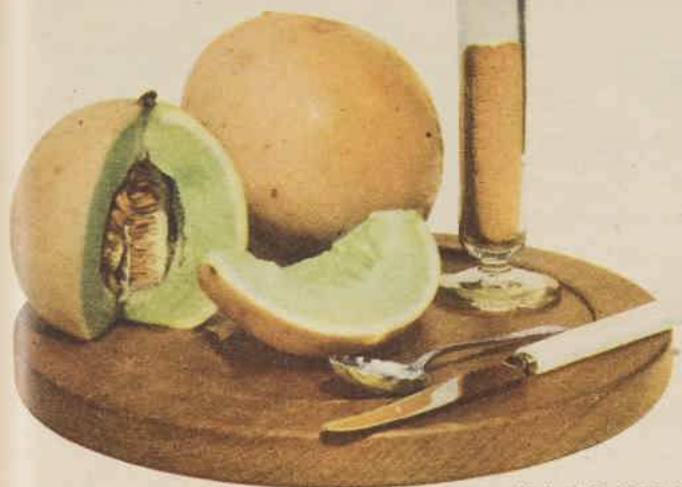
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# Fruit for everybody



## Home-grown, it tastes sweeter

● Nothing tastes so luscious or gives the home gardener such satisfaction as freshly picked fruit from his own plot.

FROM Tasmania to North Queensland, Australia's weather range is so great that every fruit can be grown.

Shown here are several varieties of table fruits. Choose the kinds that suit your locality.

If you can grow cucumbers and pumpkins you can grow melons. They're the same family. Sow seeds outdoors from September to October. Plant melons in mounds of well-manured soil about two feet across. Pinch

lateral growths back to encourage spreading. No more than six or seven fruits should be allowed to develop on one rockmelon vine, fewer in the case of watermelons. The vines need plenty of water while ripening, but good drainage. Melons are best picked before fully ripe and allowed to mature in good ventilation.

Grapes can be planted during winter or in early spring before they bud. When transplanting vines bury them as deep as they were in the nursery rows, for if any part of the stem previously underground is exposed the vines will perish. Prune to one spur with two buds.

—Pictures by Sterling Macoboy.

**HONEYDEW** melons (above) are less familiar than the watermelon and rockmelon varieties. Grown like other melons, they are delicious when ripe, served with a light sprinkling of powdered ginger.

**GRAPES** (above) flourish when given plenty of sun and water, but do not like high humidity. Train them on wires or trellises so that all the fruit gets its sun. Two good varieties are Waltham Cross and Cornichon.

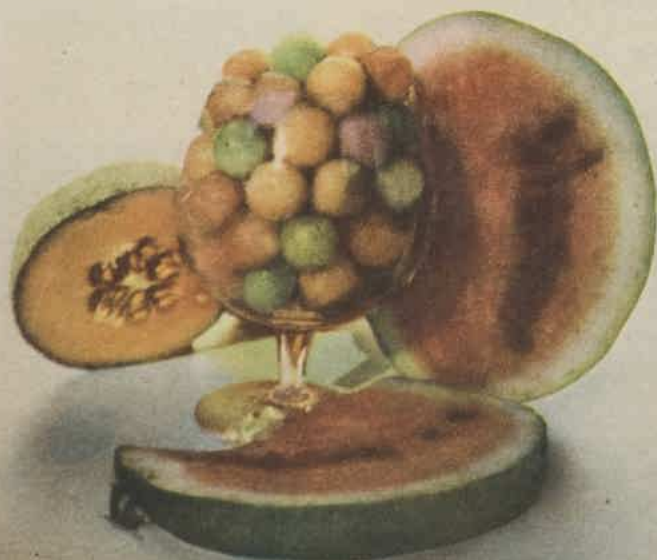
**MULBERRIES** (below) bear well everywhere. Black English and Hick's are two well-known varieties. Plant them up to the end of September. Mulberries grow fast from cuttings—to a height of 30ft.—and bear after two years. Fruit makes juicy pies.



**STRAWBERRIES** (above) do well in any moderate climate and can be planted out in spring. They need a reasonably heavy soil with good drainage, plenty of water, and a heavy mulch around the roots. They're best planted on a slope or in a raised bed set out in rows several feet apart.



**RASPBERRIES** (below) are even tastier than strawberries when eaten fresh, but they grow well only in cooler districts with plenty of rain. Plant in rows 4ft. apart, placing the canes 2ft. 6in. apart. Good drainage is necessary for their growth.



A MIXTURE of melons (left)—rockmelon, watermelon, and honeydew—makes a decorative and refreshing summer dessert. Scoop out with a melon baller and serve chilled in clear glasses.





"It's true!  
these new 2 ply sheers  
last 50% longer  
and they're so *fine*"



Why do such fine sheers wear so long?

**BECAUSE** . . . these seamless sheers are different from any you've ever worn. The unique 2-ply knit is an exclusive Holeproof development — never before possible in such fine stockings. Two gossamer-sheer threads are woven together in an entirely new technique that's been proven in thousands of actual wear tests to give a genuine 50% longer wear.

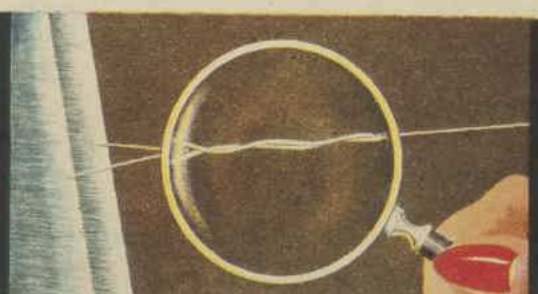
**HOLEPROOF**

new 2-ply  
super sheers

*Seamless*



**2-PLY KNIT ON FINEST 474-NEEDLE MACHINES MAKES HOSIERY FINER, RESISTANT TO STRAIN**  
Now you can stretch, climb, bend, without stocking strain. 474-needle construction gives more stitches, more 'give' to the stocking. Holeproof 2-ply Seamless cling to your legs in perfect fit, flatter them as never before. You'll love them.



**LOVELY HOLEPROOF UNIQUE 2-PLY CONSTRUCTION GIVES BEAUTIFUL SHEER LOOK — 50% MORE WEAR**  
Exhaustive wear tests prove that new 2-ply construction gives you 50% more wear. Twin-thread construction is actually more beautiful, too, imparting a lovely sheer dull finish. . . . . Here at last is a super sheer that really wears.



**CHOOSE YOUR NEW 2-PLY SEAMLESS SHEERS IN 'NINON' Micromesh . . . OR 'FIBS' Plainknit**  
Holeproof are first with this new seamless hosiery. If supply is short it is only because demand is so great. See the full range of colours, including the sensational new shades 'Rave', 'Mink', 'Smoke Haze'.

**12/11**





● Pictured in profusion above and in close-up at right is a Tasmanian heath, *Richea scoparia*, common on mountain peaks. Its prickly leaves are a nuisance to bushwalkers. The flowers of the different *Richea* species vary from white to cream, yellow, orange, or red colorings.



Close-up of *Richea scoparia* by Rev. G. Rees, West Ryde, N.S.W. Other pictures by Mr. N. R. Harvey, Launceston, Tas.

## AUSTRALIAN

# NATURE

THESE are Tasmanian wild-flowers, and all belong to the cold mountain regions of the island. Tasmania has nine species of *Richea* (one is pictured above), all of them conspicuous at high elevations in the dwarf forests and sphagnum bogs. There is a tenth species occurring on the mainland, but all the flowers pictured are confined to Tasmania.

A coupon on which our picture book "Australian Nature" can be ordered is on page 69.



● Tasmanian Waratah (*Telopea truncata*) is the best known of this State's wildflowers. It abounds in high forest and woodland, and some isolated stands occur above 1000 ft. altitude.

● Mountain Rocket (*Bellendenkamea montana*) is fairly common on high plateaus. It flowers in January and bears dark red seed pods in the autumn. It belongs to the Proteaceae family.



BE KITTEN-CUTE

PLAY SOPHISTICATED



The *Angel Face* girl  
can be everything she  
wants to be

—because nothing shines through  
but her personality

Go on, you can get away with anything — when you know you look the way you want to look. With *Angel Face* all-in-one make-up you're poised, you're confident because your complexion is right. No streaking, no darkening. *Angel Face* is the original powder and foundation in one — a creamy-smooth combination that puffs on in seconds... lasts hours. You'll love to choose from the colour range (see below) of lovely *Angel Face* shades.



*Angel Face*

BY POND'S

Six "personality" shades: Natural, Blushing, Honey, Tawny, Golden, Bronze. "Blue Angel" case, 5/9; Glamorous Pink Compact, 9/11.

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

THE ALL-IN-ONE COMPACT MAKE-UP





*2 hours after this  
(believe it or not) . . .*

*they are on your table —  
the juiciest, tenderest beans  
you've ever buttered . . .*



Why do cooks rely on Hy-Peak vegetables being as luscious as they look every time? Like these beans . . . green and tender as when they hid between the leaves and white blossoms! Hy-Peak has the secret. They pamper special bean-vines till the beans are just ready. Then not a minute's lost getting them to the Hy-Peak centre, still snapping-crisp from the garden-farms. Straight away they're sized, sliced and quick-frozen — all within 2 hours of being picked. Hy-Peak quick-freezing stops the clock right there . . . seals in all their fresh juices and vitamins till they reach you! Hy-Peak 2-hour freshness means all the flavour and food-value for you.



*Hints for Hy-Peak cooks . . .*

Take Hy-Peak purchases home as quickly as possible. Store in coldest section of refrigerator, to avoid thawing and retain all fresh qualities. Hy-Peak vegetables keep perfectly in your refrigerator: up to 12 months if you have a "freezer" compartment; up to 3 months in the ice-cube section. To enjoy full flavour, colour and food-value, never re-freeze after thawing. Use promptly.

**taste the home-grown freshness in Hy-Peak**



# Make your own HANDBAGS



**BLACK MESH** and bag itself (above) are both crocheted in macrame twine in an effective color scheme for spring outfits.

**ANOTHER MESH BAG** (below) looks smart in black-and-white macrame twine. Like the bag above it is an American design.



**CLUSTER** or cluny stitch is used in the design of this crochet bag. The handles are buttoned on, detach for washing.

● Add glamor to your spring wardrobe by making one or more of the four smart handbags shown in this special feature. Three of the bags are in crochet, and the other is made of strawcloth. Directions and approximate costs are given overleaf.



**STRAWCLOTH BAG** above is cut out and sewn. The deep fringe at each side and the centre pleat give it a new and distinctive appearance for spring.



## BLACK-AND-WHITE MESH BAG

(Approximate cost £1/8/6)

**Materials:** 5 balls black, 1 ball white Strutt's macrame thread; 2 14-in. pieces of 1/4-in. plastic tubing; 2 pieces wood 2in. x 9in. and 1in. thick; 1 No. 00 steel crochet hook; 1 press-stud; stiff cardboard 2in. x 9in.; cotton lining 13in. x 18in.

**Tension:** 5 rows to the inch. Crochet 70 chain.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. to turn, 1 d.c. in each st.

Rep. last row until work measures 8in.

At beg. of next and following row sl-st. 5 sts; on the rem. 60 d.c. into back of sts. (this forms a line to attach the lattice).

Work 10 rows of d.c. on these 60 sts. for the base.

Cast on 5 ch. at the beg. of each of the next two rows.

Rep. patt. to correspond with other side of bag.

Stitch side seams of bag and across the base at both ends.

Attach white macrame on the line of sts. at the base of the bag. Sl-st. into 1st st., ch. 8, sl-st. into 4th d.c. Cont. in rounds until 36 loops have been completed, and 16 rows in all to cover the bag.

Sl-st. 1st and last sts. together in each row.

Work 1 d.c. round top of bag, catching each of the loops in. The loops are caught down in every 4th row and every 4th d.c.

Handle casing worked in tr. over 14 loops each side, leaving 4 loops each end for the gussets.

Work 6 rows of tr. for handle casing on each side of bag.

Sew wood into each casing.

### HANDLES

Cut 2 14-in. pieces of tubing, and using bodkin thread through with strands of macrame until firm. Attach handles securely to the top of the bag, stitching over the wood in the casing.

Attach large press-stud on inside in centre of top casing.

### LINING

Cut lining 18in. by 13in., fold widthwise. Cut corners at fold, cut lin. up and lin. from side seams. Stitch up side seams. Join seams across base (1/2 in. seams).

Cut piece of stiff cardboard 2in. by 9in., place into base of bag. Stitch lining securely at base of top casing inside the bag.

## CLUSTER BAG

(Approximate cost £1/4/9)

**Materials:** 6oz. Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 4; 1/4 yd. lining; 1 pair round cane handles (8in.); 12 buttons, size 36; crochet hook No. 11.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet.

**Tension** (work loosely throughout): 2 rows to lin. and 5 tr. to lin.

**Note:** To get correct size, it is essential to crochet a small piece and check tension; if work is tighter, use a larger hook; if looser, use smaller hook.

### TO MAKE

Commence with 43 ch., turn, and make 1 tr. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each ch. to end, 3 ch. and turn.

**Next Row:** 1 tr. into each tr., 3 ch. and turn. Rep. this row 3 times.

**Next Row:** \* 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into first tr., miss 1 tr.; 1 cluster, 2 ch., 1 cluster into next, miss 1 tr.; rep. from \* to end (10 cluster groups), 3 ch. and turn.

**Next Row:** 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into centre of tr. groups, and cluster group into centre of cluster groups, 3 ch. and turn. Rep. this row twice.

**Next Row:** 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. into centre of tr. groups, and cluster group into centre of cluster groups, 3 ch. and turn.

**Next Row:** 3 tr. group into centre tr. of the tr. groups, and cluster group into centre of cluster groups, 3 ch. and turn. Rep. this row 10 times (16 rows of patt. in all). End off.

### BUTTONHOLES

Join cotton at top and make 1 d.c. into first tr., \* 3 ch.; miss 2 tr.; 1 d.c. into each of next 5 tr.; rep. from \* to end (6 buttonholes). End off. Make other side to correspond.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew up bottom of bag, then up sides to 5in. from top. Sew in lining. Sew buttons along foot of first patt. row to correspond with buttonholes. Button on handles.



CLUSTER BAG in white crochet, shown above, with handles detached. It can be washed by machine or boiled in copper.

## CROCHET STITCHES

**Chain:** Make a slipknot on hook, then pass hook under cotton and draw through slipknot, again pass hook under cotton and draw through the loop on the hook. Continue chain the number of times instructed in pattern.

**Treble:** Pass hook under cotton, then through the stitch mentioned in pattern, and draw cotton through. There are now 3 loops on hook. Pass hook under cotton and draw through 2 loops; there are still 2 loops on hook. Now pass hook under the cotton again and draw through the 2 remaining loops.

**Cluster:** Keeping the last loop of each tr. on hook, work 3 tr. into space (there are now 4 loops on hook); cotton over hook, and draw through all loops at once, 1 ch.

## RED-AND-BLACK MESH BAG

(Approximate cost £2/1/5)

**Materials:** 5 balls Strutt's macrame twine, shade 582, No. 10; 2 balls Strutt's macrame twine, shade No. 10; 1 No. 1 steel crochet hook; pair 9in. plastic handles (obtainable most leading stores); 1/4 yd. black Italian cloth or satin cotton lining; 2in. of 1/4-in. plastic tubing; piece stiff cardboard 12in. x 3in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

Commence at base of bag, ch. 70, d.c. into 4th, ch., d.c. in next 65 ch., 3 d.c. into last ch.

Work along opposite side, making d.c. in base of 67 ch. Join with sl-st., ch. 3.

**Round 2:** 2 d.c. in same place as 1st sl-st. d.c. in 66 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. (corner), d.c.; in 2 ch. 3 d.c. in next corner, d.c.; in 66 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c. (corner), d.c.; in last d.c. 1 d.c.; in same place as

1st d.c. (completing 4 corners). Join with sl-st., ch. 2, turn.

Cont. until work measures 3in. across.

Now sl-st. in every d.c., 22 each end, 88 each side. Join last sl-st. into loop of 1st d.c. behind sl-st.

Cont. in rounds of d.c. until work measures 9in. from sl-st. row of base. End off thread.

Join on black thread in sl-st. row in first st. Ch. 10, sl-st. to 6th d.c. Cont. 36 loops around bag (15 on each side, 3 on each end). This is first line of the mesh.

**2nd Row:** Ch. 10, sl-st. over centre of previous ch. loop in 4th row of d.c. above it, cont. to end of round. Rep. these two rounds until work is completely covered with "mesh." Sl-st. last st. and end off (approximately 17 rows of "mesh").

### HANDLE CASING

Work one complete row of

d.c. around top of bag, catching down each loop. Cont. on each side 72 tr. for 6 rows. This casing is stitched over the bar of the handles, leaving the remainder of d.c. each end for the gusset.

### TIE TRIM

Sixteen inches long. Cut in halves 8 double lengths of macrame 40in. double. Twist over and over. Attach double end to back loop at each end of frame, thread through each loop to centre front of bag, pull both through a piece of 1/4-in. plastic tubing about 1in. long. Knot thread separately and thread each through 1/4-in. length of tubing and let hang. This is used as a draw cord for the bag.

### LINING

Cut material 13in. x 23in., fold. Cut corners at fold 1/4 in. up and 1/4 in. in from side seam. Sew up side seams. Join seam across base (1/2 in. seam). Place stitching in base of bag. Slip-stitch lining securely to top of bag below casing of frame inside the bag.

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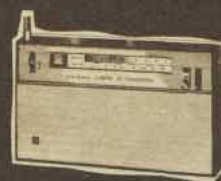
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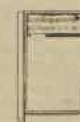
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## STRAWCLOTH BAG (Approximate cost £1/7/6)

**Materials:** Straw or Madagascan cloth, heavy linen or denim 24in. square (this includes fringe of 1 1/2in. on 2 sides); matching lining of same size, less the 3in. of fringe; stiffened inner lining, such as tailor's canvas, to hold shape of bag, approx. 14in. square; several strands of raffia or thick cotton, according to material

used; large button, wood or covered with material of bag; two bamboo circular handles, approx. 8in. in diameter.

### TO MAKE

Fold square of material in halves, fringes to each side, pin. Using raffia or cotton, hem-stitch down each side for 5in. —that is, 2 sides for each opening. Then on each side of bag hem-stitch sides together for remainder of fringe. Lining should be folded in halves and machined up

sides to 5in. from the top (see diagram).

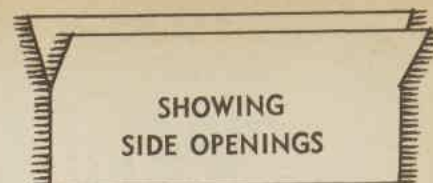
Cut out V sections, stitch resulting raw edges together, and fasten off securely. Turn right-side out, press. Place strip of inner lining in bag, secure with few invisible stitches. Fit lining into bag and pin, leaving top open. Take one ring handle, pin top of bag to it on inside, make 4 pleats, stitching them firmly in place. Repeat with the other ring. Trim off any surplus lining.

Lining is now stitched to bag neatly on the 2 sides of each opening and along top, over turn-over on rings. It may be

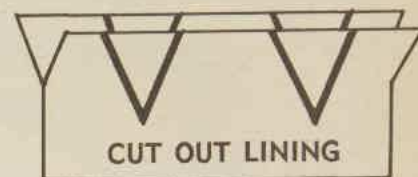
necessary to stitch cobblerwise, from back to front, for this part of the work, which must be firm and neat.

Braid narrow plait of raffia or thick cotton about 8in. in length, fasten off with tiny knot at each end. Stitch this, doubled, in centre front of bag, with large button on opposite side as fastening. Take strand of raffia or thick cotton and make long stitches to cover those attaching handles at top of bag.

**DIAGRAMS at right show how to sew up bag and cut V shapes out of lining.**



SHOWING  
SIDE OPENINGS



CUT OUT LINING

## Quilted Bag

(Approx. cost £1/10/6)

Improved appearance and extra strength are given this shopping-bag by the padding to which the navy corded silk is stitched in quilted squares.

**Materials,** including plastic, already quilted, are available in a range of colors, and as the widths vary, the following measurements will decide amount to buy.

Main section of finished bag measures 12in. by 24in.; 2 gussets 4in. by 10in. each; strap for fastening 6in. by 1 1/2in.; handles 18in. by 1 1/2in. each.

**Materials Required:** Pair of plain slotted wood mounts pierced along lower edge; 1/2yd. navy corded silk; 1/2yd. good quality navy Jap silk; matching thread; 1/2yd. cotton-wool padding; one large black fastener; white tailor's chalk. For extra firmness add 1/2yd. strong unbleached calico or fine canvas as interlining. This is advisable if material is bought already quilted on fairly thin backing.

When cutting out add 1/2in. turnings to all measurements. First cut bag section and gussets in one piece 18in. by 25in. for quilting. Cut out strap and handles, calico interlining (if required) for all pieces, silk lining for main part and gussets. Cut extra piece of silk for full-lined pocket.

Use tailor's chalk and inch ruler to mark large piece of material into 1in. squares, tack to cotton-wool backing and machine together along white lines. Brush off chalk.

Cut out main bag section and gussets. To these tack interlining on wrong side to be sewn in with seams. Cut away surplus calico close to tacking.

Pin together shorter sides of bag section and tack gussets into open ends, keeping lower corners nicely squared. To do this snip bag edges almost to seam where it joins gussets corners.

### LINING

Make 1/2in. hem on one long edge of pocket; sew to one side of lining; stitch down centre to divide into two sections. Sew in gussets.

With the wrong side of quilted bag out, place lining inside, right sides facing. Tack together round top to keep in place while openings are made in gussets. Mark 1/2in. from top down centre of gussets with tacking thread, through bag and lining; machine 1/2in. from one side of tacking, slanting to meet it at end; turn on machine and sew up other side to top. Cut down through tacked line, remove loose threads and tacking holding top of bag and lining together. These are now joined only at gusset openings. Trim away all turnings to 1/2in. from stitching, turn bag right side out, working lining into place. Press gusset openings especially well at their base on wrong side.

### TO MAKE UP

Turn in raw edges at top, including gussets; slip-stitch together; fold top edges of gussets from seams to inside of bag, stitch. The top now measures 12in. by 12in. Sew mounts to outside of matched edges of bag, using strong matching thread. Make up strap with pointed ends and handles, reinforced with calico interlining. Attach handles, fit strap through slots and mark for green-stud. Sew on stud.



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Page 71



*"Who'd go back to the good old days NOW?"*



## 1941 WASH BOILERS

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"Well, good heavens. I didn't mean tonight." I could see she was ready for bed. She didn't look too beautiful.

"I was just checking," I said. "I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"You're with Melvina Olsen, aren't you? A lovely girl."

"I know it," I said. "She's terrific. Especially her hair. I just thought, before I got my trunk . . ."

"Well, go to bed," she said. "If you'd read the rules you'd know you're not to bother me at night unless it's urgent."

I couldn't blame her too much. It probably grieves an old person like that to get caught with curlers in her hair. I went down to the lobby. Maybe I'd phone somebody. I went into a phone booth and thought about calling my mother. I didn't feel much like it, though. The person I really would have liked to talk to was my grandfather.

I sat there quite a while. In the next couple of months that phone booth got pretty familiar. It was the only really private place in the dorm.

I wasn't getting anywhere with Miss Walmsley. I checked with her quite often about a private room. I was afraid she would forget about it. Older people are often quite forgetful. She didn't look too overjoyed to see me, usually. But in November she called me in to see her. I was pretty excited about it.

"Sara," she said, looking sort of calm and majestic. She is quite a large woman. "I would like to know your real reasons for wanting a private room. I want you to tell me the complete story."

"What story, Miss Walmsley?"

"Are you having any trouble with your room-mate? I want you to be perfectly frank with me, Sara. Does Melvina interfere with your studying? Is she noisy?"

"Oh, no," I said. "Melvina's a very quiet girl. She brushes her hair a lot, but she's very quiet."

"She strikes me as a superior girl. Clean living, clean thinking."

"Oh, you're right. She's very superior. She's very clean living and clean thinking, too."

## Continuing . . . THE ROOM-MATE

from page 24

"Tell me this, Sara. Do you feel, maybe, just a little left out because of other friends Melvina may have in the dorm? Sometimes we're jealous of our room-mates, you know, without even being aware of it."

"I really don't think so, Miss Walmsley," I said. Melvina didn't have any friends at school. Nobody disliked her, exactly, but there wasn't any mad rush to sit by her at dinner, either.

In fact, I usually sat with her myself, so she wouldn't have an empty chair beside her every night. She always acted as if she were doing me a big favor when I sat with her.

People just sort of ignored Melvina. You couldn't expect Miss Walmsley to believe that, though. Melvina was the kind of a girl that people like Miss Walmsley are crazy about.

"I'm trying to help you, Sara," said Miss Walmsley. "I hope you realise that."

"Sure, Miss Walmsley. I appreciate it, too. I really do."

"Some of your actions make me think you need help. I had a little talk with Melvina about it. She feels that something may be bothering you, Sara, and she'd like to help you if she can."

"I don't know why she'd think anything was bothering me," I said. "I don't think she has any right telling you anything like that, if you want my opinion."

"Let's not get upset, Sara. Melvina has the feeling that you're hiding from her. This business of keeping your head under the covers every morning while she's in the room. Isn't that a little odd?"

"Light hurts my eyes when I first wake up," I said. I didn't want to explain that I couldn't stand to watch Melvina in front of a mirror. She always smiled at herself.

"She also told me," said Miss Walmsley, "that you practically never come into the room until she's in bed. And I happen to know, Sara, that you spend a great deal of time in the telephone booth downstairs."

That woman ought to be licensed by the F.B.I. "Well,

yes," I said. "I have an awful lot of phoning to do."

"Isn't it rather odd to use a pay phone when you have a phone in your own room?"

"I guess it is," I said.

"I hope the calls you make aren't something that you'd be ashamed to have go through the dorm switchboard," she said. She really had the beady old eyes on me for that. It threw me.

"I insist on knowing the truth about this phone business, Sara," she said. "Whom do you call?"

She made me so nervous that I told her the truth before I could think. "Nobody," I said. "I just sit there once in a while."

"Sit there? What do you mean, you sit there?"

"I sit there, that's all. Sometimes I study."

"Study? In a phone booth?"

I've got to admit it didn't sound too reasonable. Miss Walmsley breathed sort of hard and clanked a bunch of keys she always carries. "I hoped you'd confide in me, Sara. You're to stay away from the phone booth in future."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And when you feel that you can confide in me, I'd like you to come back for another little talk. Will you do that?"

"Yes, Miss Walmsley."

"There's just one other thing, Sara. Don't you think you could be a little more co-operative with Melvina about cleaning your room? She tells me you keep an old blanket on your chair and refuse to put it away."

"I looked at the rules," I said. I could hear my voice getting sort of high and funny. "The rules don't say anything about a blanket on your chair."

"Oh, come now," said Miss Walmsley. "Such a minor thing, Sara. Isn't that rather petty?"

"May I go now?" I said. "Sit down. We're going to

get this business cleared up right now."

I just looked at her.

"Why won't you move it?"

"Leave me alone."

"You're acting like a perfect child, Sara."

That pulled the plug. "Listen," I said. "If you won't let me have a private room, why don't you just say so? I thought you were going to give me one. That's why I came down here." I was shaking all over—sort of crying, too. It was pretty awful. "I wouldn't have come just to listen to a lot of snooty questions and accusations and stuff."

"Now look here, Sara, I'm . . ."

"Leave me alone," I said. "Do me a big fat favor and leave me alone." I got over to the door and got it open somehow. I couldn't see too well because I was crying and all, but I got out of there fast.

I'd be kicked out of school, that was certain. One thing they wouldn't tolerate was disrespect.

I went up to 365, and for once I had it to myself. It was Friday, and Melvina had a weekend pass. It was her first trip home since school started.

She had talked my arm off about it—how great it would be to see old Henry, and how he'd probably want to brush her hair and all.

Not the most fascinating conversation in the world to listen to. I really hadn't minded it too much, though. She looked so darned happy. You take a person who's really happy about something, even if it's some dumb thing like letting her boy-friend brush her hair, she's sort of nice to look at.

It was crazy. I'd probably get kicked out of school any minute, but all I could think about was how happy Melvina looked when she left for home.

The funny thing is, it made me feel sorry for her. I don't know why. I guess you just can't help feeling sorry for a person who doesn't have one single interesting thing about her except her hair.

To page 74

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If only she'd do something crazy just once. She was so ladylike and well-adjusted, she wasn't even human. She'd probably never done anything emotional or unplanned in her whole life. I thought it would be swell if she'd clope with Henry over the weekend just to prove she was human.

I picked up Henry's picture. Melvina was right about one thing: he was handsome.

I didn't really start worrying about being expelled until the next day. Miss Walmsley didn't call me in until after dinner that evening, and I was worried by then, all right. I was plenty worried. It was raining. It's not much fun to spend a whole rainy Saturday thinking about getting kicked out of school. When something bad's going to happen, I want it to happen and get it over with.

"Sit down," said Miss Walmsley when I got down to her room. My

## Continuing . . . THE ROOM-MATE

from page 73

knees felt sort of bubbly. That always happens to me when I'm scared. I think the blood rushes to them.

"I have a private room for you," said Miss Walmsley. My chin dropped about two miles. I couldn't believe it.

"It's room 410," she said. "You may move in tomorrow." She sort of jangled this big old bunch of keys she always carries. "I hope, Sara, that this means you will finally be satisfied. I hope it makes you happy."

"Oh, it will, Miss Walmsley," I said. Boy, I nearly laughed out loud. I was so happy. "You don't have any idea how happy it makes me."

"Well," she said, "I don't entirely approve of it. To be perfectly frank

with you, Sara, I think you need the kind of social adjustment a young girl gets from living with a room-mate. Particularly a mature girl like Melvina Olsen."

"You're probably right, Miss Walmsley. I'm a pretty immature person, myself. I admit it. I'm sorry about the way I blew up yesterday. I said some pretty rude things."

"We'll overlook that," said Miss Walmsley. "This time, I've talked to your mother since yesterday, and she explained a few things to me. About the blanket, for instance."

"Oh," I said. I hoped she wouldn't say any more about that,

and she didn't. In some ways Miss Walmsley is pretty smart.

"Have you thought about breaking the news to Melvina?" she said. "After all, it looks a little strange to move out on a room-mate this time of year. She might feel hurt."

"I can tell her it's my mother's idea," I said. "My mother has pretty strong feelings about privacy."

"Well," said Miss Walmsley, "I'm sorry you never saw fit to confide in me, Sara. I might have helped you. That's what I'm here for, you know. To help my girls." Her keys started jangling again, so I knew it was making her mad just thinking about it.

All the way back to 365 I was on cloud nine. The phone was ringing

when I got there. Melvina's voice said, "Sara?"

"My gosh, Melvina," I said, "is that you?" She wasn't supposed to be back until the next day.

"Yes, Sara? Could you come to meet me?"

"Meet you? Where are you?"

"At the bus station." She made a funny kind of noise.

"Well, listen. It's raining buckets. Can't you just grab a taxi? What do you want me to meet you for?"

She didn't say anything and I said, "Melvina? Are you all right? You sound funny."

"Please come to meet me."

"Well, all right. Sure. Sure."

"Bring a scarf."

"A scarf?"

"A scarf. And hurry."

I grabbed my plaid stole and Melvina's coat and ran. It was only five blocks to the bus station, but I was soaked.

Melvina was sitting at a table in the station cafe. At first I didn't even recognise her. She was soaking wet. Her eyes were swollen and pink-looking, and her hair was . . .

She'd cut her hair.

She looked awful. I mean she really looked awful. It made me feel kind of sick to look at her! The hair she had left was all ragged and funny, plastered to her head and neck like wet thread. She looked terrible.

"Gee," I said. "Hi." I didn't know what to say. I didn't know whether to notice her hair or what. "Boy, you're soaked," I said. "Put this coat on before you catch pneumonia."

SHE grabbed the stole and put it over her head. "Say," I said, as if I'd just noticed it, "you've cut your hair, haven't you? I knew there was something different, but I was so wet and all . . . Say, I can't wait to see it after you get it fixed. I bet it's sensational."

"Does Henry like it?" I said, jabbering away. "I bet he's crazy about it."

She just sat there and shivered.

"Put on the coat. You're soaked. You couldn't have got that wet just getting off the bus. How'd you get so wet?"

"I don't know." She looked at her wet dress as if she'd never seen it before. "I walked around for a while after the bus got here."

"Listen," I said finally. "Did you have a fight with Henry?"

"No," she said.

"When did you have your hair cut?"

"I cut it myself," she said. "Tonight." She closed her eyes. "In the rest-room after I got off the bus. With a razor-blade."

"Gee," I said, "what'd you do that for? I mean, what'll Henry say?"

"Nothing. He won't say anything. Henry's . . ." I couldn't hear her. She was sort of whispering.

"Henry's what?"

She looked at me. Her eyes were terrible.

"Henry's married," she said.

"Married?"

"When I got home," she said, "there was a note waiting for me." Her voice was perfectly steady. She looked as if she'd been hit on the head with a rock or something, but she had things under control. I had to hand it to her. "Here," she said, "read it. Don't say anything, though. Just read it."

It wasn't a very long note.

"Dear Melvina,

"I don't know any other way to say this. I've met a wonderful girl and we're driving out of town today to get married. Please don't be too bitter. I'm sure things would not have worked out for you and me.

Henry.

"P.S.—I'll always remember your beautiful hair."

I handed the note back. "Thanks for meeting me," she said. "I guess we'd better go now."

We didn't say another word all the way back to the dorm. A lot of girls were standing around. Nobody noticed Melvina, though. I was glad they didn't, in a way, but it depressed me, too. She could have used a few friends then.

She had Henry's picture with her when she left later to take a bath: the incinerator chute was in the shower-room.

When she was gone I sat down on my Indian blanket. I thought about old 410 waiting for me. I could get moved tonight if I really got busy.

I just sat there, though. I sat there for a long time thinking about Melvina and the way nobody had paid any attention to her when we came in out of the rain. Finally I went downstairs to see Miss Walmsley.

I knew she'd have a fit when I told her I'd changed my mind.

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Continuing . . .

## A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED TREEHOUSE

from page 25

"Of course it's safe," his father said dryly. "We have watched you make it safe with a new ladder, a mended floor, wire netting — and I understand you've now installed an electric light. You act as if you're building a bomb shelter."

"But the thing was falling down—"

"It was falling down because you hadn't used it for nearly five years. It was falling down because it is an old treehouse, built for you when you were a little boy. It was supposed to fall down, just as you were supposed to grow up."

**J**OE said with a flushed face, "But you built it for me yourself."

"Yes, but long ago. I didn't expect you to spend half your adult life up there. Alice tells me you now have blankets in the tree, and even bread."

"Gee, Dad, you certainly have it all wrong. I have an old tarpaulin up there in case it rains, and I use the blankets under it as a mattress to lie on when I study." He tried to make his voice sound light, patient. "And the bread—it's that good French bread from the bakery near school. I just like it, that's all."

"Doesn't Alice provide you with enough to eat after school?"

"Sure she does — every day it's milk and chocolate cookies or soft drinks or something that she's baked during the day. She puts everything on a tray and brings it in here to the TV set. But," he said almost plaintively, "you know I have to be careful of what I eat or I break out. And besides, she always wants to watch that bandstand show after school."

"Joe," his father said sternly in a voice his son feared might carry out to the kitchen, "you know as well as I do that a woman who spent two of her twenty-six years doing advanced chemical research is not addicted to a bandstand show. She watches it for you, to keep you company. She wants you to be like other teenagers, to be popular."

"I am popular," Joe blurted out defensively. "I'm class president; I've got two pen pals in Brazil. And if it's girls you mean, all I have to do is get on that phone and dial almost any number in town. I am very popular."

"Then you might also try to be understanding. Alice is doing her best. She wants you to be happy, and I want her to be happy, and I want you, too, to be happy," his father amended quickly.

Joe hooked his thumbs in the corners of his mouth and pulled it up into a big grin. "No need to clown for me," his father said. "You knew Alice very well before we got married. You said you approved. Your mother has been dead for almost eight years. We both needed someone to love. Alice is the stranger here; we have to make her welcome."

"Yes," said Joe sadly, shifting on his feet and wishing he had found a chair when the conversation started. It might seem disrespectful to sit down at this point. He and his father had always got along so well he wasn't at all sure about the protocol of being lectured at. So he stared down at the fire that was settling now into a glow of perfumed ash . . .

His father was right. He had known Alice. As long as four years ago he knew his father had a crush on some girl in

New York named Alice. Several times both Hoopes had gone calling together; he had learned to know Alice in a series of trips to Chinese restaurants and Saturday matinees.

Last Thanksgiving she had come down here; all three of them had gone together to a high-school football game and come home for dinner, a quick spread out of cans and frozen packages, and Alice had sat, looking very pretty with tears in her eyes, while his father carved a delicatessen turkey.

Of course, he had got to know Alice. And he had got to know the bitter-sweet loneliness of his father even better

"All right," Joe said quietly. "I'll try not to be so irritating. But Alice does come on a bit strong in the mother role."

His father's eyes looked sharp with annoyance. "I will not have her laughed at, Joe. This is a simple matter. You are making a fool of yourself in that treehouse and you are making a fool of her —"

"But it's nothing like that,"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



his son protested. "The treehouse is just a place I like to spend time in. Besides, it's starting to get colder now. When it's too cold to study up there I'll have to come down."

"That will be too late," his father said firmly. "You're part of this family. You've got to quit that treehouse now! It's just too silly trying to coddle a sixteen-year-old boy who wants to sit in a tree like some demented bird."

"Okay, okay," Joe said, holding up his hand flat-palmed in a sign of peace. "I'll turn the matter over to the Wild Life Committee for consideration. Mental Health Division, of course. I get your message, Dad."

"And I've had just about enough of your insolence," his father said.

Just then Alice came into the living-room, carefully rubbing cream into her manicured, city-girl hands. "Anyone for chequers, gentleman?" she asked brightly. His father stared at him coolly, until Joe nodded his head.

There was more blue sky showing through the leaves than there had been yesterday. Joe rolled over to let the sun warm the chilled backs of his legs.

Raising on his elbow, he cut himself another chunk of bread. He'd been studying for nearly two hours, studying and day-dreaming.

Beneath him the old collie

shuffled around the yard. Looking down, Joe noted that dusk was beginning to gather, isolating him more than ever from the house. Inside, a kitchen light snapped on, and he knew Alice would be adjusting a burner or turning up the oven.

Ever since she had come to live with them four months ago she had cooked a lot—casseroles, roasts with gravy, green salads, and little hot rolls every night under a folded napkin. He licked his fingers and relished a flash of memory from the old days, the alone-days. Some real crazy meals they used to have—canned Chinese food, a couple of big pizza pies, or maybe just salami, rye bread, and sliced raw onions, eaten on trays in front of the TV set.

Of course, thought Joe, this is much better. My father is just a big, growing boy of forty and he needs a little home cooking. Alice, oh, Alice, you've made my home a palace, he hummed to himself.

I would go down there, right into the house, if there were any reason for my being there at all, he thought sadly.

Just down the road, where the wild honeysuckle thinned on the fence, Joe sighted the prick of headlights and heard the collie give a yelp of recognition. Quickly he backed down the treehouse ladder. By the time his father had hung up his coat Joe was

studying in the flickering light of the living-room fire.

"You make a nice picture," Mr. Hoopes said flatly. "Boy, book, log fire."

"Just trying to stay one lap ahead in the old rat race," Joe said cheerfully. "This may come as a shock to you, Dad, but you have a gifted child."

His father looked at him sharply and said, "Look, laughing boy, this may come as a shock to you, but you have a parent with twenty-twenty vision. And next time I catch you flying out of that treehouse I'll tear it down."

**I**T was Alice herself who started the whole project, armed with pencils, paper, and a look of eager innocence. But her voice had that confident "your father and I have decided" tone of prior discussion.

"Joe," she said one night after dinner, "wouldn't it be lots of fun to have a room to yourself, a room besides your bedroom that could be your very own? A place where you could have friends, do whatever you like . . . I mean," Alice said, looking at him earnestly, "that old storeroom next to our bedroom would be a perfect place to study if we fixed it up. You could plan everything, choose your own colors, help with the work."

Like asking a man to dig his own grave before you shoot

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## Continuing . . . A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED TREEHOUSE

him. Joe thought dramatically. Scratch one clean, well-lighted treehouse. They're trying to ground me for sure. "Just what did you have in mind?" he asked stiffly.

Eagerly she spread her palms on the table, a roughly sketched draft of the storeroom with a desk drawn in, two studio couches, a wall of books. "And here is where you could study," she pointed out, "and two extra couches for guests, and some shelves to arrange your butterfly collection, and maybe later on your own hi-fi. And maybe the dog could sleep there nights. She's really too old to lie in draughts. And we could put pegboard on one wall for snapshots and school banners and things."

from page 75

Joe carefully suppressed a groan. And old dance programmes and phone numbers and cutouts of movie stars, and I'll learn to call her Mommy and confide all my little secrets and be a real healthy, honest-to-goodness, nothing type of teenager.

"Tell Alice what you think of her plan," his father was saying urgently.

Joe shook his head to rid it of the quiet, soothing sounds of peace and remembered leaves. "I think just what you think, Dad," he answered. "I think it's just fine . . ."

The first two weeks of the project went smoothly. Each afternoon Alice and Joe spent an hour or so cleaning

out the storage room, scrubbing the floors and walls, and loading the back of the station wagon with debris for the city dump.

Alice tugged and pulled alongside him, pausing frequently to rest. She looks pretty with her face kind of dirty, Joe thought once, as she perched on a crate for a cigarette, staring out of the window.

Even the precision work of arranging shelves went quickly. The lumberyard delivered measured board and pegs, and it took just two afternoons to get them in place. And then suddenly, abruptly as it started, Alice's enthusiasm for the new room died. Three afternoons in a row Joe came home from school to find her dozing on the couch.

Disconsolately he wandered out to the treehouse on the third day. He sat hunched with his back to the tree trunk, and tried to bring back the old feeling of withdrawal and peace. It wouldn't come. Next afternoon he decided to finish the storeroom himself.

The first brush strokes were streaked with oil, so Joe stirred the grey paint again. He started with the far wall, and after a while Alice wandered in listlessly to say she would start the skirting boards. With a can of paint beside her, she sat on the floor, painting and inching slowly backward. He was conscious of the long silence in the room.

"It doesn't look right," Alice said suddenly.

"I think it looks fine," he answered. "It's not the right color. Can't you see that? It's not supposed to be a dark grey — it's supposed to be a calm grey," she persisted.

"It's just fine," he said in a strained voice. "It will be lighter when it dries."

"But it's just so wrong!" she said plaintively. "It's supposed to be a nice male color, not all gloomy and horrible like this."

The quaver behind her words gave Joe a touch of alarm. "Look, Alice, it's just fine," he said again. "Wait until you put up the banners and things."

Suddenly her voice was small and despairing. She put her brush on the floor and leaned against the wall. "It makes me ill," she said softly. "I can't even help you. I was going to do such a good job and make such a nice room so that you'd like me and now I can't even help. The smell of this paint just plain makes me ill!"

And she began to cry softly, with the small hiccupy sobs of a child. Joe stared down at her, feeling awkward. And suddenly the truth came on him with a rush of clarity.

"You go lie down on the big couch," he said, his voice gruff with concern. "I'll make us both some tea. Not much point in spreading the old grey color all over the walls if we're going to change it right away to pink or blue, is there?" he asked.

In the kitchen Joe set a tray with milk, sugar, and two teacups. Then, remembering something he had read about pregnant women, he added a

### Our Clock

*I'm always fighting with the clock,  
It ticks me off with glee,  
Those hands go creeping round its  
face*

*To make a fool of me,  
I can't abide its haughty  
Look when I am late with tea,  
Nor do I like the way it chimes  
So very lazily.*

*One day I'd like to beat the clock,  
It would be great to see  
The bad old thing go panting on  
For fear of missing me.*

—Marie L. Morley.

plate of salted crackers, dill pickles, and a can of mustard sardines. As a last thought, he rummaged through the food cabinet for a jar of strawberry jam.

From the living-room came the faintest muffle of a sob, the smothered sound of someone trying not to cry. It was a disturbingly familiar sound, like an echo special and familiar to this house. I've got it now, Joe thought, but without sadness.

I myself cried like that, lots of times, when I was here alone after my mother died. A fragment of thought touched his mind, something he had learned about sound in science class last year, sound cannot exist by itself. There must be someone to hear it to give it reality.

Then it was lucky that I'm here, he thought. I might just as easily be up in the tree.

With the sugar spoon, Joe scraped the last strawberry jam from the jar. It tasted fresh, too, and very sweet after the crackers and sardines. Alice sat upright on the couch, sipping her first cup of tea. Joe found himself talking to her with the same confidence that he talked to himself. She even looked ready to smile.

"Look, Alice," he said to her. "So grey is not your color. I'm not offering you a perfect Michelangelo deal or anything, but I can paint that room for you any time, any color you like. I could even put stars on the ceiling or little ducks. That is, if you're going to be typical and have a corny, Mother Goose-type baby."

"Why don't you decide?" Alice said, looking at him again with a hint of tears. "After all, the baby is going to be at least a little bit like you. And, Joe," she said, "I did mean it to be your room, and it's so nice of you — And I'll never, never let anybody tear down your treehouse. Never."

"Well, I guess not," he said firmly. "Not that I need it or anything. But it's a nice, clean, well-lighted treehouse. We've got to think ahead. After all, it's a perfect place for a kid to play . . ."

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Your Blue Omo wash comes out cleaner, whiter — and brighter. That's because Blue Omo is the detergent with a difference . . . a unique blue brightener. No blueing needed. Next washday, see new brightness, feel new softness and smell

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**BLUE OMO LIFTS OUT DIRT!**

Those Blue Omo suds lift out dirt. They surround it, hold it away from clothes . . . then rinse away in an instant.

**BLUE IS FOR BRIGHTNESS!**





from page 26

same people on the morning train to town in their swimming-trunks, they began to feel they'd been rather done over the price of their ticket.

This fell particularly hard on Mr. Bridgenorth, who in forty years hadn't found time to get married, and on Miss Miggs, who in forty years hadn't been asked, particularly as they'd just discovered they both came from opposite ends of the same street in Dulwich.

"No morning papers at sea," grumbled Mr. Bridgenorth over the fish.

"No telly," added Miss Miggs.

"Can't even sit on the deck in peace. Nothing but screaming kids and gossiping women and rope quoits hitting you in the neck every five minutes. You might as well be at the end of Southend Pier on August Bank Holiday."

"I can't say I go for their six-course luncheons," sighed Mrs. van Barn, who seemed to be keeping the most cheerful under the strain. "How do you imagine they get every single thing to taste like boiled mutton? I guess this refrigerated fish has been floating a darn sight longer on top of the ocean than underneath it."

"As for the faultless service—!" cried Mr. Bridgenorth as Basil dropped Sauce Hollandaise down his lap.

"Give the steward a break," urged Mrs. van Barn amiably. "The poor guy's doing his best! Aren't you, steward?"

"One endeavors to give satisfaction, madam," murmured Basil, briskly mopping Mr. Bridgenorth.

"Sure you do. Here, let me help. A drop of cleaner and a sponge and these pants will look better than new in no time."

## FROM THE BIBLE

● *"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."*  
— Proverbs 10:22.

Wise King Solomon had learned that when one is in close contact with the Lord and knows real blessing, even sorrow cannot affect the soul.

"Thank you, madam."

"Why, you're welcome, steward. That's what we're here on earth for, isn't it, to help each other?"

Basil, the wicked chap, gave a bit of a flutter to his eyelashes.

"A most admirable philosophy, if I may take the liberty of saying so, madam."

"Say, isn't he cute?" Mrs. van Barn smiled round the

table. "What's your name, steward?"

"Beauchamp, madam."

"No, I mean your first name."

"Basil, madam."

"Basil? Gee, that's lovely. I can't say I've ever known a man called Basil."

"Thank you, madam. Chips?"

I didn't think much about this little tete-a-tete until we all trooped in for dinner. Our Mrs. van Barn always managed to measure up to those advertisements in the "New Yorker," but that night she appeared looking absolutely smashing in her best dress and best hair. She sat down and stared at Basil like something in Cartier's window, and got him to bring every item on the menu.

"Say, let me show you how to do it," she volunteered, when the poor chap was struggling with those blasted potatoes again. "See here, it's easy."

We all admitted that Mrs. van Barn was a pretty handy potato-server. But after that she started helping Basil dishing out the duck, and what with her mixing the salad and sweeping up the breadcrumbs and fetching the butter from the table next door, people began to notice. Particularly Mr. Shuttleworth, who went red in the face and hovered rather, but as Mrs. van Barn had the most expensive suite on board he couldn't do much about it.

And Ophelia noticed, too.

"Gaston, darling."

Ophelia slipped her arm through mine as we left the saloon after dinner the following evening.

"Who's that ghastly fat woman with the purple hair sitting opposite you?"

"Mrs. Sybil van Barn? A decent enough soul, though rather heavy on the husbands."

Ophelia looked at me. "Terribly vulgar, don't you think, the way she hobnobs with the waiters?"

"Oh, I don't know," I replied sportingly. "Americans are always pretty pally with their servants, and vice versa. Even in the plushiest New York restaurants the chap comes up with a deep bow and asks, 'Que voulez-vous, bud?'"

Ophelia pouted. "I mean, if Basil really wants to go round the world being a waiter, he ought to learn to keep his position as one."

"First of all, he ought to learn to serve boiled potatoes, if you ask me."

"Darling," said Ophelia, "would you like to buy me a liqueur in the Verandah Bar?"

"Who, me? I say! Would I, indeed! My dear old girl, come along."

"How terribly sweet of you." Ophelia put her little hand into mine. "Darling, I'm so glad you're aboard."

I'd previously decided to let things drift between us until at least the scars she'd made had healed on my left biceps. I was still in love with her, of course. You couldn't help it. After all, it had taken her only ten minutes to get someone like Captain Spratt rolling with his paws in the air at her feet. This seemed a terrific chance to reopen the attack, particularly as we'd now got into the tropical moonlight belt.

Ophelia sat with a creme de menthe, chatting away as brightly as in the old days. And I must say I felt pretty pleased with myself, particularly with all those envious glances from the chaps as they passed.

"I'm sorry I was so beastly to you the other night," she apologised. "The stupid way

To page 78

## Can friends criticise... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your toilet, but can you be sure what they think?

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Basil behaved quite made me lose my head. You know how it is."

"Let's just forget the whole little episode, shall we?"

I patted her hand.

"After all, darling, you were terribly kind to me all those weeks I was quite alone in London."

"And I hope," I told her patting a bit harder, "I can be even kinder when we get back."

"Darling, you're so sweet," said Ophelia.

I felt that as far as bliss was concerned, this was just the job.

"If you're not too tired after being photographed hanging from the rails all day," I ventured, deciding to strike while the iron was fair sizzling, "perhaps you'd like a go at the gala dance?"

"But, darling, I'd adore to! I haven't danced with you all the trip, have I? It'll be quite like old times."

## Continuing ... DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 77

"Care for a chat?" I murmured, edging farther into the nook.

She stroked my lapels. "Gaston—you're such a dear."

"Ophelia, my darling," I tickled her left ear. "This is the very moment I've been living for since I came aboard."

"You came aboard for me, darling," she remembered softly.

"For you, my sweet," I shifted the tickling to her mastoid bone. "For you alone have I adopted the perilous existence—"

"Kiss me, darling."

I hastened to oblige. But at that

moment a voice from the other side of the ventilator said, "Gee, Basil, you sure have made my trip."

"And you, my dear Sybil have certainly made my year."

Ophelia snapped her teeth shut so fiercely she pretty well took off the end of my nose.

"Basil, dear!" There was a sigh behind the ventilator. "You're a wonderful man. It's a crying shame you having to go around just being a steward like this."

"It's only a temporary part—I mean a temporary post. Better things are in store."

"There sure will be, dear, if I have anything to do with it. Kiss me again."

"Of all the dirty little worms!" hissed Ophelia. "My own finance, too!"

"I'm afraid the chap's a bit of a cad," I muttered.

"You just wait till I get my hands—"

"Here, wait a second —!"

I grabbed her. Knowing Ophelia, if she started a scene on deck they'd have to send for the bosun with his firehoses before she finished it.

"I'm going to tear that skunk limb from —"

"But creating in public!" I whispered urgently. "It's frightfully undignified."

"I couldn't care less how undignified —"

"I mean, undignified in front of her."

The point struck home. Ophelia stood breathing heavily. Before she could change her mind, I seized her hand and led her briskly down the deck.

"Surely, it's far better," I murmured, stroking it soothingly, as we hurried past the lifeboats. "Simply to summon Basil to your cabin and give him it good and proper in the ear tomorrow morning?"

Ophelia bit her lip.

"I've half a mind to push him over the rail here and now and laugh while the sharks eat him."

"Strong feelings," I agreed, as we stopped in the stern, "are perfectly understandable in the circumstances."

"With that overweight adventurer who's finished with two husbands —"

"If I may be of any help in your distress," I reminded her, "you can rely on me."

"Dear Gaston!" She threw her arm about my neck. "You're so upright and honest."

"Come, now —"

"Yes! So honorable in your dealings with women."

"One has one's code, naturally."

"It's so wonderful to have someone in the whole world to trust and to admire!"

"But it is you, Ophelia, who brings out the best in me," I explained very civilly. "And now if you'd like to continue our stroll, there's always the other side of the ship."

"I'm far too upset," she announced. "It's all given me a beastly headache, and I must go to bed. Good night."

She disappeared.

I MUST say I felt a bit narked with that idiot Basil ruining my evening again. But, I told myself as I went down to my own cabin, now there was always tomorrow. If Basil didn't disappear over the side to the sharks, he'd certainly disappear just as completely from Ophelia's life. To be replaced, I reflected as I put my feet on the sofa and poured myself a gin, by that upright, honest, reliable, honorable chap Gaston Grimsdyke.

"Poor old Basil," I murmured. I felt quite sorry for the fellow.

I had another gin, and pictured our next meeting. We'd both be jolly dignified and pat each other on the back, and everything would end very pleasantly with a solemn handshake and condolence and congratulations all round. I was therefore a bit surprised when he burst through my door a few minutes later like one of those South Atlantic hurricanes Captain Spratt was so fond of describing over dinner.

"You swine!" He stood opening and closing his fists. "You toad!"

"Ah, Basil, there you are! No hard feelings, I hope?"

"You stinking little sawbones! I've just been talking to Ophelia."

I was a bit surprised at this, because, of course, she had a headache.

"And I fear she handed you your cards?" I observed sympathetically. "Rotten for you, I admit. But at least you've awarded yourself a very nice consolation prize." I gave a wink. "As far as Ophelia's concerned, it's just another case of best man win, and all that, eh?"

I extended my hand.

Basil spat on it.

"Here, I say! This isn't quite the way to behave just because you've been unlucky in love."

"You poisonous little pill pedlar!"

"I mean," I went on with a little laugh, "you may henceforward be frightfully lucky at cards."

Basil advanced into the cabin.

"Will you stop that drivelling before I break your filthy neck?"

"Now, just a minute—" I started to feel annoyed with the idiot. "You've no business to carry on like this simply because Ophelia has turned you into the snow. Why, if everybody created like you, the whole country would be like a gladiator's benefit night. Besides, now you've got your van Barn to keep you warm. Dash it!"

To page 79

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can  
tell by the  
heavenly smell  
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I became rather indignant. "You can't have your cake and eat it, too. I might tell you, Basil, I am becoming a little weary of continually hearing about Ophelia and you—"

"Oh, damn Ophelia and me! It's Ophelia and you I'm concerned about." "I admit she's shown a slight preference—"

"It might interest you to know, you rat, that Ophelia has told me everything. Everything! Starting before Christmas." "Er, yes," I said. In the excitement I'd rather forgotten the train of events. "She told me the lot. The absolute lot!" Basil stood over me, breathing on my face like a blowlamp. "All the time I was sweating my heart in that ghastly pantomime in Blackport—cavorting before audiences composed entirely of deaf mutes, living in digs that would be a disgrace to a refugee camp, eating all that beastly tripe and queuing in the rain for those horrible trans—while I was suffering to earn a little money to set up a home for my future wife, you—you were taking advantage of my absence in a manner unspeakably loathsome between bitter enemies, not to mention old trusted friends—"

"I—I just thought she might be a little lonely," I explained.

"Har!" I edged toward the door of the hospital.

"And, anyway, it was all perfectly innocent—"

"Innocent! Great heavens! You lured that sweet girl into your Mayfair flat at night and proceeded to rip her clothes off—"

"Now, look here!" This was too much. "I never did anything of the kind."

"I demand—have you or have you not seen Ophelia undressed?"

"Of course I have! But that was purely—"

"Thank you. That is all I wanted to know."

"Dash it! It's perfectly easily explained—"

"Cur!" hissed Basil.

"Basil, my dear chap, I'm sure we can sit down and talk the whole matter over—"

"Let me get at you."

**D**ESPERATELY I grabbed the hospital door handle. "Here, hold on! After all, we are gentlemen." "One of us is. The other, by heaven, is shortly going to be unrecognisable as anything!"

"And one of us," I snapped, now really rarked, "doesn't break open the lock of our gas meter and swipe all our Gas Board's hard-earned shillings. Or leave our digs by the drainpipe without paying our week's rent."

"You dreg!"

I slipped quickly inside the hospital. But Basil, with an agility I suppose coming from all those trapdoors, managed to stick his foot in the jamb. I bolted toward the far door. He followed. Noticing the amputation set which had interested Ophelia, he made a grab for the muscle scalpel.

"Turn, hell-hound, turn!" cried Basil. "Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out!"

There didn't seem much point in arguing with him any longer, so I disappeared down the deck.

Naturally, one dislikes being conspicuous in public. But this is jolly difficult to avoid when you're being chased by a chap with a six-inch knife in his hand yelling murder.

The passengers finishing off the Gala Dance in the Verandah Bar understandably looked startled at this interruption of normal shipboard routine, but instead of trying to save my life by catching Basil with a deck-croquet mallet they all removed themselves from the theatre of operations as quickly as possible. I ran on. The only thought that occurred to me was it being six times round the deck to the mile and wondering whether Basil or I were best over the distance.

"Then yield thee, coward!" Basil shouted behind me. "Yield."

I turned a corner and ran into Captain Spratt and the bosun.

"What the devil—! Hell's teeth! It's that steward again."

I stopped. Basil stopped. He stood for a moment looking rather foolish.

"Drop that knife at once!" thundered Captain Spratt. "Unless you want me personally to beat the daylight out of you, Doctor!"

"Sit?"

"Became violent, eh?"

"Yes, sir," I panted. "In the hospital. Had to run for my life."

"Just like the woman at Tenerife. Bosun—clap that man in irons."

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

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"Here, I say!" Basil suddenly seemed to realise his part had got out of hand. You can't simply put me away in some sort of padded cell—"

"I can certainly assure your cell won't be padded." The Captain quickly took a pinch of snuff.

"Brandishing an offensive weapon is mutiny, and mutiny on the high seas is punishable by imprisonment for life.

On our return to London you will be handed over to the police and—after, of course, the usual trial—locked up in one of Her Majesty's prisons for a considerable period of time. You may think yourself lucky, Beauchamp. In earlier days I could have hanged you at sunrise tomorrow from the yardarm. Take him away."

"But it's all a frightful mistake!"

The bosun caught Basil in a full Nelson. "Just ask the doctor here—he's one of my oldest friends—"

"Mad as a hatter," nodded the Captain.

"But Gaston, dear chappie! I am, aren't I?"

"Raving, I suppose, Doctor?"

"Sad case, sir."

"Gaston! Grim! Ever since those days in the dear old digs—"

"Never seen him before he came on board, of course," I added.

"Gaston! I appeal to you—"

"Carry on, Bosun," said the Captain.

I was a cad again, of course. But I didn't care. At last I'd been cured of the cataracts which had smitten my eyes since Christmas.

Simply to get a bit of her own back on Basil, Ophelia had deliberately tipped out the story of our love-life and jolly near lost my skin. It suddenly struck me what a shocking little vixen the woman was. I wondered why on earth I hadn't tumbled to it long before that frightful chase round the deck, when she'd rapidly changed in status from the light of my life to my "bete blonde."

You can understand she found a pretty reserved welcome the next morning when she had the temerity to tap on the door of my cabin.

"Darling, you do look pale and wan," she greeted me. "Perhaps you're not very well."

"Not through lack of exercise, I assure you," I returned crisply.

"You mean last night, darling? I'm so sorry about it. Dreadfully. I'd no idea Basil would get so excited."

"Excited? Damn it! There was nearly murder on the high seas."

Ophelia gave a sigh. "I can't understand why he was so annoyed. After all, Basil and I are nothing to each other any longer, are we?"

I snorted. "At least the chap's securely shut up between the chain lockers and the paint store, and won't be able to go round murdering anyone else till we're safe home in London."

"Poor Basil!" murmured Ophelia.

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## Curlypet

"He's only got what he jolly well deserved."

"Poor dear Basil!"

"Poor dear Basil, indeed!"

What about poor dear me?" I demanded. "You might have come up this morning and found me in slices."

"But it's so terrible. Thinking of Basil rotting in gaol."

"Personally, the idea keeps me in fits."

Ophelia gave a little quiver, and started to weep like a cloudburst at Old Trafford.

Of course, you need a heart like a kerbstone to remain unmoved by a woman's tears, particularly Ophelia's. After a minute or two I began to shuffle a bit, and said uneasily:

"I expect he's quite comfy, really. He gets regular grub and plenty of fags. And after sharing a cabin with twelve other stewards, it must be rather nice to be on your own for a change."

"I just can't bear to think of him!" I offered a handkerchief. "Dear Basil! Do you suppose there are rats in his cell? He was always so frightened of mice."

I passed the duty-free cigarette-tin, but she was weeping so much she quite ruined half of them.

"And Sybil's terribly upset, too," Ophelia went on, blowing her nose.

"Sybil! You mean Sybil van Barn?"

"She's really a very sweet person once you get to know her. We had a long cry together this morning."

All this weeping was making me so rattled I felt it time to turn off the supply at the mains.

"Now look here, Ophelia," I said, civilly enough. "We

**ALL** characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## Continuing... DOCTOR ON TOAST

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but, what was worse, she was absolutely impossible as well.

With Ophelia and Basil out of my life there was nothing to occupy the vacant space except Sir Lancelot's memoirs. As we were getting on for Rio de Janeiro and the ventilating system kept breaking down the ship was pretty cosy, but I sat with a towel around my waist ploughing through stacks of

chasing Gaston Grimsdyke with an operating knife. He was Macduff after Macbeth all over Dunsinane.

So a couple of mornings before we were due to arrive I pushed Sir Lancelot's life aside, slipped into my white uniform, and stepped on deck with the idea of bribing one of his guards to send him in a nice cold bottle of beer.

I turned the corner of the fan-house and tripped over the chap himself, stretched on a

all his nasty experiences had really unhinged him.

Basil took a puff of the cigar he happened to be smoking. "Do I gather from your epaulets you are the ship's doctor?"

"Of course I'm the ship's doctor, you idiot. You know jolly well—"

"Then kindly remember your position as a member of the crew."

"Now look here," I glanced round. "A lark's a lark, but I wish you'd chuck playing the travelling milord and explain it. Besides, if old Shuttleworth comes and catches you—"

"I don't understand, Doctor." Basil looked me up and down. "Indeed, I don't even recall seeing you before today."

"Basil, you fool! Why, even in the old days—"

"Mr. Beauchamp, if you please. Nip across to the bar and fetch me another gin and tonic, will you?"

"You get your own gin and tonics."

Basil sighed. "Dear me, the insubordination of the crew. I really must write to the company about it."

"Why the hell," I demanded, "aren't you this very moment picking oakum in the bilges?"

Basil slowly finished his drink. "I have a very good friend on board—a Miss Ophelia O'Brien. Perhaps you know her? She acquainted Captain Spratt with certain facts concerning my presence in the ship, and prevailed on the dear old gentleman to effect my release. After a few formalities before our consul in Rio, I shall be released from my contract with the shipping company. There being no option clause, I am then free to return to my native land!"

"Yes, sweating it out as a D.B.S. among the coffee beans in a beastly swamp."

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



enough not to notice the difference. "This routine happens quite often."

Ophelia dried her eyes. "I'm going to talk to the Captain."

"I shouldn't think that will do much good," I told her. "Not by the look on his face when he and Basil last met."

"Well, we'll see." She produced a compact to dab her nose. "Poor, poor Basil!"

"Poor Basil," I muttered, as she left. I gave a convenient cushion a kick. Not only was the woman a first-class harpy,

after-dinner speeches the old boy had made years ago, which I hoped sounded better when you were leaning back after six courses with a cigar and brandy.

But as the days went by I couldn't help growing sorry for old Basil, sweating it out down below next to the paint. I supposed he wasn't a bad cove at heart. His only snag was the occupational disease of forever acting. During our little run round the deck, of course, he wasn't really Basil Beauchamp

steamer chair dressed in purple bathing-trunks and holding a large gin and tonic.

"Basil!" I exclaimed. "But my dear old lad! You've escaped."

He returned the greeting with a long blank stare.

"But damn it!" I demanded. "What on earth are you doing lounging about in the sun with the first-class passengers?"

"I happen to be a first-class passenger, thank you," he replied coldly.

I wondered for a moment if

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from page 80

temerity to instruct us in public how to perform our own job is to my mind a gross abuse of constitutional authority."

He rang the bell again.

I tried hard to remember something particularly juicy the beak had said, but could recall only a few remarks about doctors never telling patients what's wrong with them, which, of course, is perfectly true, anyway.

"I suppose learned judges rather get into the habit of laying down the law, sir."

"Mr. Justice Fishwick is about as learned as my left femur. I roomed with that fellow when he was reading for the Bar, and he was always coming down to cadge cigarettes and blotting-

paper. Weedy little man with nasty teeth, and everything he ate brought him out in rather unpleasant rashes. Now I come to think of it, he borrowed my fountain-pen for the Bar finals and as far as I remember never returned it."

Sir Lancelot gave the bell another push.

"I would write to 'The Times' myself," he added, "except that it is one of my principles never to write letters to the newspapers. It is in the worst possible taste to inflict your opinions on total strangers over breakfast. Besides, you never get paid for them."

pier with the American airman she's going to marry."

"But damnation! Who's going to look after the house? Surely you've engaged someone else?"

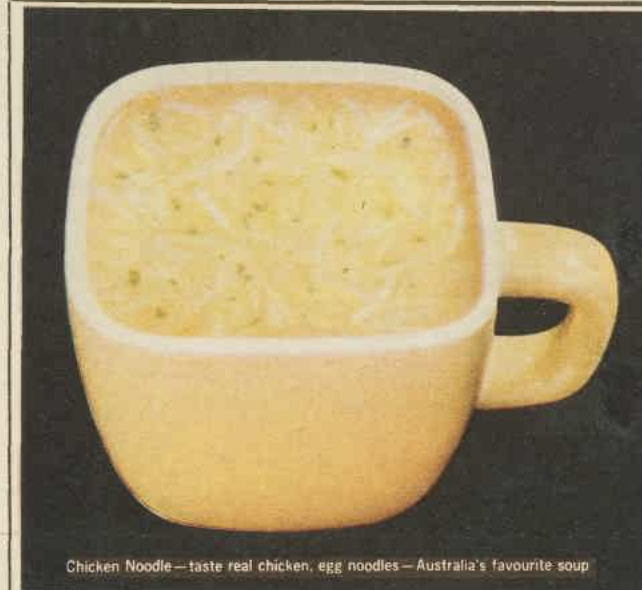
"Please remember, dear, this is your home and not your hospital. You cannot simply clap your hands and get someone running to do all the dirty work."

"Really, Maud! You should have informed me first—"

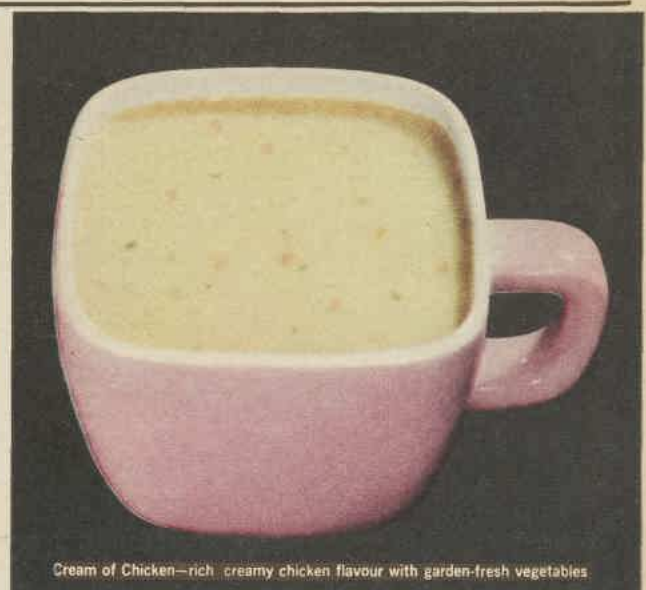
"Don't get so excited, dear. Of course I've asked the agency to send another girl. Meanwhile, if you want the sherry you'll find it on the dining-room sideboard as usual."

"When this legal affair started I didn't know if it were laughable or contemptible," continued Sir Lancelot, reappearing with a decanter and

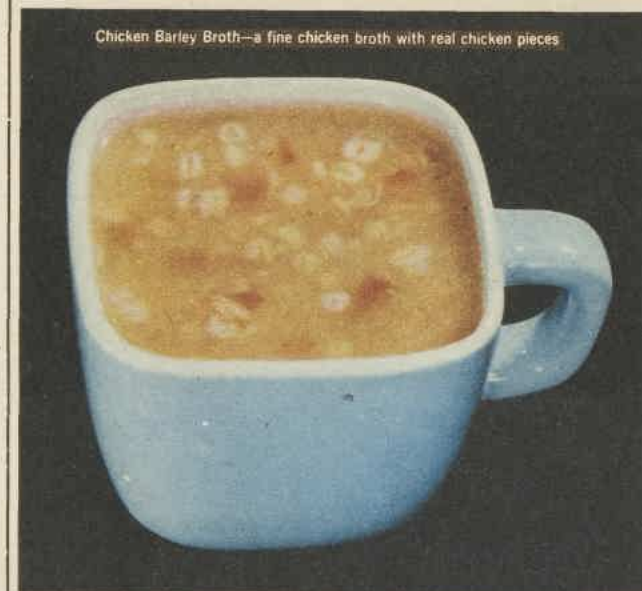
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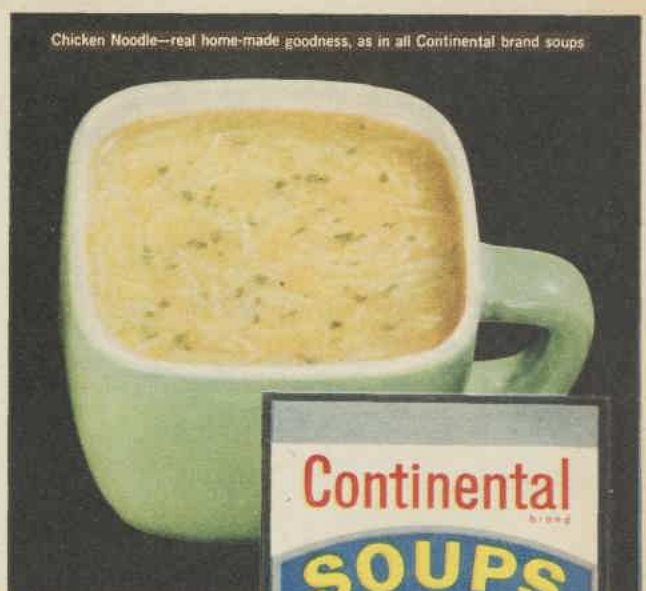
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"Another good friend on board — a Mrs. van Barn," Basil went on calmly. "has prevailed on the Captain to accept my first-class fare for the rest of the voyage. She is also most kindly defraying my expenses to London. We shall be travelling together, via New York. I shall be staying at the Waldorf."

"By the way, Doctor — I may be needing some extensive medical treatment on board for my nerves. I shall probably summon you to my cabin at odd intervals during the afternoon, so don't bother to lie down for your customary nap, will you?"

We arrived at Rio de Janeiro.

Ophelia flew home to London. I didn't bother to say good-bye to her. Basil flew with Mrs. van Barn to New York, and I didn't expect him to bother to say good-bye to me, anyway. I was left leaning on the rail, thinking about life.

"Doctor!"

I turned as Captain Spratt appeared.

"Sir?"

"Doctor, I have a matter of some seriousness to raise with you," he began. "Mr. Shuttleworth reported that on one occasion during the voyage you were seen in the Veranda Bar not only drinking creme de menthe, but actually holding the hand of a young lady passenger, who shall go nameless."

"You know perfectly well my views on that sort of thing. You are absolutely without excuse. I have no alternative whatever but to suspend your shore leave in Rio de Janeiro, and forbid you from drinking at all or appearing on the passenger decks for the remainder of the voyage. Good afternoon."

SIR LANCELOT was in good form when I arrived back in London.

"I trust you had a pleasant holiday in the company of my young brother, George. No doubt the rest and tranquillity traditionally associated with ocean voyages has done you the world of good."

As I'd just taken my first pint for three weeks and my first step on land for six I didn't know what to reply.

"I happened to hear at a city dinner the other week that he had been obliged to find his sea-legs again." The surgeon smiled, standing before the fire. "It is perhaps sometimes difficult fully to appreciate the company of my brother."

"He has this nauseating habit of cramming his cranial sinuses with snuff. I warned him years ago it would play the very devil with his mucous membrane, but it wasn't the slightest use." Sir Lancelot snapped open his gold watch. "I see it is six o'clock. Perhaps you would join me in a glass of sherry?"

He touched a bell beside the fireplace.

I'd gone straight to his Harley Street home to report progress of the memoirs, which had occupied my sober attention all the way home from Rio. I'd got on rather well with them, the only compensation for a voyage which I personally thought the greatest maritime disaster since the Titanic.

"I am particularly pleased you have returned at this precise moment, Grimshyke," continued Sir Lancelot. "Because I am anxious for you to witness — and naturally to record in the book — an event imminent in my life which, in its way, may prove its crowning achievement."

I sat up. "Good grief, sir, you're not being ennobled?"

"On the contrary, I am being sued."

I looked puzzled. I'd had a few nasty letters from tailors' solicitors and the like in my time, and this didn't strike me as much of a feat.

"It is a depressing sign of the age,"

Sir Lancelot went on regretfully.

"Patients aren't grateful any more. In the old days you could half kill a man and he'd still send you a box of cigars for Christmas. Now they've no sooner finished their free treatment in hospital than they're round the corner getting free legal aid and sue the doctor. But I suppose we can expect nothing less from the monstrous remarks that are being made in the courts. You've seen the morning's 'Times'?"

I nodded.

"You mean the case of some unfortunate doctor getting it in the neck for professional negligence, sir?"

"Exactly," Sir Lancelot hitched up his coat. "That a judge, who knows nothing whatever about medicine except what he reads in the bedtime advertisements in the newspapers, can have the

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Continuing...

## DOCTOR ON TOAST

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glasses. "My first instinct was to ignore the whole business, but your cousin Miles kept nagging me to see my solicitors. He has become rather sanctimonious since joining this Immortality Commission. 'The peculiar repulsiveness of those who dabble their fingers self-approvingly in the stuff of other's souls,' he growled. 'You know your Virginia Woolf? Have some sherry.'"

"Perhaps the case will never come to court, sir," I suggested to cheer them up. "I gather a good many never get beyond the slanging stage."

"Preposterous as it may seem, it is coming to court. Just as I was congratulating myself on keeping clear of the legal fraternity, since all that fuss over the idiotic magistrate who thought I'd parked on the wrong side of Harley Street. Though how any judge with more than half his wits and less than half asleep can possibly fail to throw my case straight out again is totally beyond my comprehension."

I must say I felt a little cagy over this, having once had no end of trouble about some errand boy who rode his bicycle under my car. But I supposed at least they couldn't send the old boy to clink or even endorse his licence.

Lady Spratt reached for a cigarette. "Did you hear any more from the Medical Legal Insurance, dear?"

Sir Lancelot grunted. "All I got out of that lily-livered bunch were orders to settle out of court. However, I insist on fighting the case and risking the costs from my own pocket. I shall, of course, be represented by my elder brother, who will cut down somewhat on the expenses."

"Your elder brother?" I looked surprised.

"Yes, he has made quite a thing of it at the Bar."

I'd often read in the papers

of Mr. Alphonso Spratt, Q.C., who was always appearing in complicated cases arising from city wizards doing the dirty on each other. I supposed he was the one referred to briefly in Sir Lancelot's papers as "Ugly Alfie."

"You will kindly attend a conference on the case in my brother's chambers in the Temple on Wednesday afternoon at three, Grimsdyke. We can meet just beforehand at my solicitors'. I wish you to document most carefully every word of these proceedings. They will not only, of course, provide me with total vindication. They may well have the same importance for our profession as the case of John Hampden and the ship-money for our nation."

HE swallowed his sherry. "Where are you staying in town? I'm afraid it is quite impossible for me to put you up in view of our domestic disorganisation."

"I'm lodging for a while with Miles, sir."

"We'd love to have you," agreed Lady Spratt. "But I'm afraid one guest is as much as we can manage just now."

Sir Lancelot looked up. "Guest? What guest?"

"Didn't I tell you, dear? My brother will be arriving this evening. You know how he has to come up to London now he's Chairman of the Royal Commission."

Sir Lancelot kicked the fender. "Maud, this is absolutely outrageous! Good heavens! These Royal Commissions sit for ever, and I'll be dead and buried for years before you get the blasted fellow out of the house. Even fully staffed life becomes utterly impossible in his presence."

"Lancelot, there's really no need to become so dramatic."

"I'll tell you what I'll do."

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\*\*\*\*\*AS I READ\*\*\*\*\*

## THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Sept. 4

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21—APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ If you can't attain perfection, be content with your best. Be ready to compromise. A middle policy will bring good relationships with those around you, but a tough attitude will antagonise those you love.

**TAURUS**  
APR. 21—MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.

★ You're more fortunate now than you're likely to be for a year. Whatever your goal, act with confidence, whether it's a handsome stranger or financial undertakings. Don't be afraid of a calculated risk.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21—JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, black, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

★ You have come to the close of a period, and new conditions will soon be felt. Should your love affair have faded, there's a new romance in the offing. Troubles will vanish and you're off to a fresh start.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 22—JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, white, black.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.

★ You have a document to sign, it might be almost anything, but whatever form it takes it will be a landmark in your affairs. If your beloved is away there will be love letters in the post.

**LEO**  
JULY 23—AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

★ Your sign is naturally generous to extremes, but fluctuations between penny-pinching and extravagance lead to trouble. Work out a budget, with a margin for emergencies, then save the rest. You'll like results.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 23—SEPT. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

★ Widen your interests, try new activities, meet new and different people. With only a little effort you can enrich your life. This will react on your personality, enhancing charm and attractiveness.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 23—OCT. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ Should a rival have been underhanded, do not cherish a grudge; people will respect you for not replying in kind. If called upon to give time in an emergency, you'll discover later the reward was worth it.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 23—NOV. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, silver.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.

★ A friend may help get you a job, gain entrance to an attractive group, or introduce you to a congenial member of the opposite sex. You may be asked to help entertain a visitor destined to influence you.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23—DEC. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.

★ Any dealings with V.I.P.s are under excellent aspects. Some mix business and pleasure to good effect. You could suffer through the envy or jealousy of those round you, so be careful what you say or do.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 23—JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Knowledge helps you to shorten tedious tasks, increase leisure. If you want to improve in a hobby, concentration and practice work wonders. Learn by watching and practice to manage social situations.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20—FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

★ Relying on others may be tricky just now, but alone you'll attain nearly any reasonable objective. Don't lend or borrow. If you have spare cash, spend it on yourself, not on unappreciative friends.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 20—MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

★ If you share with another your luck will be doubled. All social life is well aspected this week, but if you're fond of dancing this is a big moment. Your evenings could be romantic and glamorous.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 6, 1961

Fighting fit  
for Winter fun...



## it's marvellous what a difference





I'm perfectly prepared to put the fellow up at the Savoy at my own expense."

"You know that's out of the question. Besides, he must have his home comforts."

"My home comforts, you mean."

Sir Lancelot turned pink. I must say I could sympathise with the old boy. After all that trouble to free the house of bishops, here they were creeping back again with the warmer weather.

"I suppose this time he's coming alone?" he asked shortly. "I know how I'll tackle the fellow. I shall render him a bill every Saturday morning for professional advice tendered during the week." He paused, breathing heavily. "I think, Grimsdyke, you had better leave us. I wish to go to my study and sit for a moment in peace while that is still possible."

I said good-bye, strolled up the Marylebone Road, and took a bus across London to Miles' house in South Kensington. And a pretty thoughtful pennyworth it was, too.

It was all very fine and large Sir Lancelot roping me in for his court case, but knowing the legal boys regarded time the same way as the Spanish peasants, I felt it might take months

sorting out. And here I was going about with the great novel busting inside me, like a new tube of toothpaste. Besides, I couldn't sponge on Miles for ever, and the episode of Ophelia had left me suffering acutely from an old complaint of anaemia of the exchequer.

In fact, I reckoned as we turned Hyde Park Corner, if I didn't buckle to the new book soon for my fresh bunch of publishers, I should be facing poverty—the real grinding stuff. But I remembered if it hadn't been for Sir Lancelot removing my appendix I should have been some mute inglorious Grimsdyke, and a lot of good that would have done anybody.

Miles hit on the same problem in his own little way as he stood me a whisky and soda that night before I retired, rather looking forward to his spare bed instead of the cradle of the deep.

"After that unfortunate experience with your publishers, Gaston," he remarked, "I wonder you don't abandon this adventure of novel writing for good. Why can't you simply return to the serious practice of medicine?"

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 82

"That might be difficult," I hedged. "I mean, you wouldn't open an abdomen with a rusty scalpel."

"I could easily arrange a refresher course with my own students at St. Swithin's."

"But as old Troope put it, 'It is difficult for a man to go

\*\*\*\*\*

● Love is always the same old story — but some men can tell it better than others.

— Conrad Nagel

\*\*\*\*\*

back to the verdure and malleability of pupildom, who has once escaped from the necessary humility of its conditions."

This seemed to floor him for a while, then he went on, "I don't want to seem at all uncharitable your first night home in England, but I will make no secret of it being a great relief to me if you settled in a more orderly way of life. I will be frank. Any

other existence might reflect on my position as a Royal Commissioner. The honor has come to me unexpectedly early — admittedly I have published many useful papers on moral problems — and you know how I wish to make a success of it."

The same dear old Miles, I thought, always expecting everybody to stop what they were doing and attend to his own little problems first.

"I'll give it some thought," I promised, helping myself to another whisky. "Meanwhile," I asked, to get off the subject, "perhaps you can give me the low-down on how the law and Sir Lancelot collided?"

It had all started in Sir Lancelot's Thursday morning Out-patients', which at St. Swithin's is a ceremony rather than a clinic. The affair is held in a long room with white-tiled walls, which strike you as cold and formal as an old-fashioned boiled shirt-front.

At one end is the consultant's desk, with a big brass inkpot and one of those little bells you use to call the barmaid in country pubs.

At the other is a laboratory bench, and a blackboard for

Sir Lancelot to draw interesting bits of people's insides in colored chalks. The space is fitted with rows of wooden benches apparently bought second-hand from railway stations, on which the chaps crowd to watch the niceties.

That morning Sir Lancelot appeared as usual, the buzz of conversation stopping like a swatted fly.

"Mr. Harris."

He fixed his eye on the nearest student.

"Sir?"

"Where can we discover a classical case of under-functioning of the pituitary gland?"

"The endocrine clinic, sir?" "The public library. The Fat Boy in 'Pickwick Papers' presents all the clinical features, though neither Dickens nor anyone else at the time had ever heard the slightest mention of the endocrine glands. Observation, ladies and gentlemen! That is ninety per cent. of medicine. The other ten per cent. is common sense. So you may console yourselves that lack of brains is no bar to professional advancement. The first patient, Sister, if you please."

The Out-patient sisters usher them in and out with the practised briskness of Old Bailey wardresses, and the first that morning was a woman with gallstones, which Sir Lancelot drew several feet across on the blackboard.

"Cholelithiasis, madam, a long Greek word which won't convey anything to you in the slightest," he explained. "Next patient, please."

A weedy chap in a blue suit appeared, clutching a bowler hat.

"Mr. Harris, what do you observe?" Sir Lancelot demanded. "Why, the boots, man, the boots! Note the worn inner surface — a clear case of flat feet. How long have you suffered from this distressing condition, my good man?"

"Sir Lancelot Spratt?" "I believe that is the name displayed on the door."

"I have this for you, sir." Whipping a paper from his hat, the chap slipped it into the surgeon's top pocket and made flat-footedly for the door.

Everyone gasped. There hadn't been such a sensation in the place since Sir Lancelot set his trousers alight with the Bunsen.

To page 84

## FATHER'S DAY GIFT

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## YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

### "There Is No Refuge"

Gwen Kelly (Heinemann), 20/-.

From birth in 1922 to marriage in 1945, the life of Sydney girl Mandy Brown is charted through the troubled 'twenties, depressed 'thirties, and war years. Specially moving is the childhood period, with the loneliness of a sensitive child poignantly evoked, the uncertainties of home life with an unreliable father, the complete tragedy when her much-loved mother dies, and the rock-bottom years of the depression.

Less convincing are the later chapters of growing up, going to university, sorting out religious beliefs, tossing over evangelism for the abandon of bottle parties and free love, then marriage to a decent fellow. Mandy's rather cut-and-dried outlook seems scarcely to be that of an uncertain, groping girl, no matter how intelligent, but rather of an experienced, mature woman looking back. Too much is packed in; a whole book could be made of the soul-searching university period.

### "The Secret World of Kids"

Art Linkletter (World's Work), 20/-.

Child-psychology books are not usually funny, but this one provides a laugh almost every paragraph. This famous Hollywood interviewer has used sayings of children on his TV show — often hilarious — to illustrate points about bringing up children. He also uses his own five children, the "Links" in his family chain, as examples, analysing their personalities and explaining how he and his wife coped with the differences—the eldest son was sure of himself, the next, a daughter, timid; one daughter, well balanced, another temperamental, a son headstrong. They've run the gamut of parental experience. He discusses what is expected of each age group. As Art says, how can you help loving them when they say things like this. Little daughter, aged three, looked at her mother one day with adoring eyes, and said: "Mummy, when I grow up I'm going to get you an electric stove, and an electric iron—and an electric chair!"

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## SHOE CLEANER



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"Sister!" he roared. "Can't you keep a closer eye on the patients? That fellow is raving mad. He could easily have assassinated me if he'd had a pistol hidden in his hat. As it happens, he has contented himself in presenting me with some sort of tract—"

It was then he noticed the paper was covered with nasty phrases in gothic writing like "High Court of Justice" and "We command You."

"But I'm afraid he only tossed it aside, muttering something about tomfoolery," ended Miles sadly. "In fact, his only response was making the rest of the patients strip naked and come up wrapped in the surgery bath-towel."

I'd never mixed much with lawyers, except when fixing the St. Swithin's v. Inns of Court rugby matches in the "Bell and Bottle" behind the Law Courts, where you find them by the dozen among the beer and sandwiches

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 83

in their black coats and striped trousers.

Come to think of it, it's one of the charming conveniences of London that you can hobnob with any profession if you happen to know the right pub — you find doctors in the "White Hart" opposite Bart's, stockbrokers elbowing each other in the "George and Vulture" on Cornhill, M.P.'s knocking it back at the "St. Stephen's" in Westminster, artists in the "Cross Keys" at Chelsea, and even professional Marxists telling funny stories to each other in the "Nag's Head" near the Communist headquarters in Covent Garden.

From Sir Lancelot's remarks over the years I'd expected his solicitors

to lurk in a Dickensian garret up among the chimneys of Cheapside, and was therefore rather surprised to find one of those modern buildings all made of windows, with slim-legged furniture and secretaries to match. The solicitor himself, far from adding up to both Dodson and Fogg, was a youngish bird quite as smartly turned out as any car salesman in Piccadilly.

"Sorry I'm late, Beckwith," granted Sir Lancelot as he bustled in.

He was in a pretty black mood, I gathered from having to boil his own breakfast egg and the Bishop nabbing "The Times."

"Now let us make haste to dispose of this totally preposterous situation," Sir Lancelot came briskly to business. "It is not only outrageous but somewhat insulting for anyone to suggest that I have committed professional negligence. I can assure you, Beckwith, that I have never been negligent in my life, except over remembering my blasted wedding anniversary. I am not at all certain that I haven't a case for litigation against these people myself for gross defamation of character."

"Everyone's suing their surgeon these days," smiled Beckwith, with the cosily reassuring air of a good family doctor. "There's quite an epidemic, in fact. An epidemic which I fully intend

to stamp out. I have no doubt whatever that the result of this case will provide an excellent remedy."

"Anyway, there's no need to worry about it, Sir Lancelot. Any worrying from now on can be safely left to us."

"Let me assure you that I am not worrying in the slightest. I merely want to know from you, Beckwith, my precise legal position."

The solicitor pursed his lips. "That would involve a lot of lawyer's jargon which wouldn't mean anything to you, I'm afraid. And now," he added, in the more businesslike tone of a good family doctor telling you to start taking your clothes off, "I think it's time we were making for your brother's chambers."

Mr. Alphonso Spratt provided a more legal atmosphere, all mahogany and leather bindings and no open windows, with seedy-looking old boys poking about among piles of papers done up with red tape.

"Where's Alfie?" muttered Sir Lancelot as we entered.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Beckwith. I'm afraid that Mr. Spratt has been delayed," said one of the seedy birds, fussing up.

"I am a very busy man," Sir Lancelot told him.

"And so is Mr. Spratt," replied the seedy bird, showing us into an inner office.

"Alfie always was an untidy bound," grunted Sir Lancelot, glancing round more piles of papers. "His bedroom was an absolute disgrace."

Beckwith and I sat down, but Sir Lancelot spent the next five minutes glaring at an etching of a severe-looking chap in a large wig, whom I fancied was Judge Jeffries. Suddenly the door burst open and Mr. Alphonso Spratt shot in.

"My dear Lancelot! How extraordinarily pleasant to see you."

He was thinner than the surgeon, his beard was greyer, his hair was longer, and his voice was fruitier.

"So sorry I'm a trifle late," he apologised briefly. "At this very moment I should be on my feet in the Court of Appeal."

"And at this very moment," said Sir Lancelot, shaking hands coldly, "I should be on my feet in my operating theatre."

ALPHONSO didn't seem to notice this remark, but settling in the most comfortable chair went on briskly. "Let's get this little matter straight in our minds, shall we?"

He produced a crocodile case from an inside pocket and lit a cigar.

"This young man is my amanuensis," explained Sir Lancelot, as his brother gave me a curious glance. "Now look here, Alfie, I want you to understand from the start the importance of this action. The point is not simply to justify myself, but the entire practice of British surgery. I cannot put it too strongly. Personally, I was about to chuck the original communication from these impossible people into the wastepaper basket—"

"Good heavens, that was a High Court writ, not a circular," muttered Alphonso, looking shocked.

Beckwith handed him a bundle of papers.

"But hadn't you been getting letters from their solicitors?" asked the barrister, looking a bit puzzled.

"Of course I had, man! For months."

"Then where, may I ask, have they got to?"

"Naturally I tore them up. You can't expect someone with my volume of work to fritter away valuable time with a lot of litigious lunatics. I was finally persuaded to consult Beckwith here. Unlike the rest of the population, I fortunately do not regard money spent on professional advice as wasted. Though the whole business is, of course, as ridiculous as Gilbert and Sullivan."

Alphonso puffed his cigar. "On the contrary, I must advise you to take it with the utmost seriousness."

Sir Lancelot looked startled. "But damnation! It's just a piece of dastardly blackmail."

"Most court cases are, of course," his brother returned calmly. "Now let me see—who's this Herbert Egbert Thomas Possett?"

"An extremely stupid young man with a duodenal ulcer, which he perforated at an unusually early age, and which repaired perfectly competently in St. Swithin's," Sir Lancelot explained. "He also has a mother, who made a frightful nuisance of herself in the ward. I believe them both to be a little touched."

"Indeed?" Alphonso looked up. "Perhaps you could obtain the written opinion of a psychiatrist?"

"Damn it, Alfie, it's not the slightest

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### COCONUT CREAM PIE

#### PIE SHELL

2 tablespoonfuls Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk;  
3 ozs. plain flour; 3 ozs. butter;  
3 ozs. S.R. flour; pinch salt.

Method: Grease a 9" pie plate. Sift dry ingredients together and rub in butter. Mix with water to soft dough. Roll out to fit pie plate. Cook in a moderate oven 15 minutes—cool.

#### FILLING

5 tablespoonfuls Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs—beaten; 1 cup cream  
1 teaspoonful vanilla essence  
1 cup desiccated coconut  
½ cup cornflour  
3 cups hot water  
¼ teaspoonful salt  
½ teaspoonful almond essence  
¼ cup shredded coconut

Method: Combine sugar, salt and cornflour. Whisk Sunshine and water in medium saucepan. Add cornflour mixture, stirring until smooth. Bring to boil, stirring over medium heat. Boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat—stir some of hot mixture into beaten eggs; then combine with rest in saucepan. Cook, stirring over a low heat, until it boils and is thick enough to drop from a spoon—about 5 minutes. Turn into bowl, stir in essence and desiccated coconut. Place waxed paper directly on filling—refrigerate 1 hour. Turn into pie shell—refrigerate 3 hours. Whip cream and spread over filling—top with shredded coconut (toasted lightly if desired). If shredded coconut unavailable, use desiccated coconut.



NE557/61

Don't forget to cut out this recipe and paste it in your Sunshine "Selected Recipes" Cook Book!

Page 84

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 6, 1961



then in  
you walk  
with  
poise



so subtle with your elegance,  
the simplest lines of fashion  
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## Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 84

use bringing in psychiatrists, or  
water-diviners or spirituatists, if  
it comes to that. If I say a  
man's mad, he's mad, and that's  
all there is to it. Surely you're  
not suggesting that anyone  
could doubt my opinions?"

"But he says here in his state-  
ment of claim you should never  
have operated on him at all."

"I can tell you here and now  
that if I hadn't operated on  
the ungrateful idiot, I ought  
to have been hanged, not sued."

"Dear me," said Alphonso.  
He took a monocle from his  
waistcoat pocket and started  
shifting the papers.

"Possett complains that since  
the operation he's suffered from  
pains in the stomach and black-  
outs," he observed after a  
while.

"So do half the population,"  
replied Sir Lancelot shortly.  
"Will you please understand,  
Alfie, that you needn't bother  
your head about the obvious  
medical facts? You just leave  
all that to me. Your job is  
simply to put this fellow in his  
place. Then I assure you I  
shall be perfectly prepared to  
forget the whole affair."

He made a generous sweep  
of his hand, knocking over the  
solicitor's briefcase.

"My dear fellow, leave the  
worrying to me, there's a good  
chap. You content yourself  
with following my instructions,  
then I'll win your case."

Sir Lancelot glared. "You  
are surely not suggesting for  
one second that you won't?"

"Not at all. Indeed, I will  
go so far as saying your chances  
are not unreasonable."

"Not unreasonable!" Sir  
Lancelot thumped the table,  
raising quite a cloud of dust.  
"But, damn it, Alfie! Any fool  
could tell this Possett's a  
screaming neurotic. All these  
symptoms he's making a song  
and dance about are totally  
hysterical and imaginary."

"I suppose you haven't seri-  
ously considered the possibility  
of settling?"

"Settle! By heavens! Fine  
fools we'd be to settle, when the  
case will be laughed into the  
street."

"I myself would certainly  
hesitate to say what might hap-  
pen to any case whatever in  
court." Alphonso glared  
through his monocle. "You  
seem extremely disinclined to  
accept my opinion on anything,  
Lancelot. But you might at  
least take my advice that judges  
are like horses, and liable to  
jump in perfectly unexpected  
directions."

"But, Alfie, you fool! Surely  
you cannot, for one instant, be-  
lieve a word of this fantastic  
accusation?"

"My own opinions are un-

fortunately entirely without im-  
portance in the matter."

"Alfie, you're a blackguard."

Mr. Alphonso Spratt dropped  
his monocle.

"Damn you, Lancelot! Have  
you no respect for the law?"

"I have the utmost respect  
for the law. But I have no  
respect whatever for lawyers.  
As it is quite obvious that my  
presence here is totally un-  
necessary, I shall return to my  
hospital and perform some use-  
ful work. Come, Grimsdyke.  
Good afternoon."

"I fancy Sir Lancelot didn't  
like it much being a patient for  
a change," I suggested, describ-  
ing all this to Miles over a  
whisky and soda that night.

"I do wish he would be sen-  
sible and let himself be per-  
suaded to settle the matter out  
of court. He doesn't give a

I gave a dry little laugh,  
too.

"Quite a joke, Gaston, if I  
presented you with an account  
for board and lodging every  
Friday?"

"As a matter of fact, old  
lad," I told him, "I was plan-  
ning to leave tomorrow morn-  
ing."

"I wasn't, of course, but it's  
remarkable how sensitive I am  
even to the subtlest of hints."

"Stay as long as you wish,  
naturally," added Miles  
quickly, looking greatly re-  
lieved. "We are all delighted  
to have you, particularly  
young Bartholomew. Though  
what exactly," he asked after  
a pause, "are you intending to  
do?"

"Take a quiet room, finish  
Sir Lancelot's memoirs, and  
start my new novel." I reached  
for one of his cigarettes.  
"Which rather brings me to  
the point. You know under  
the old grandpa's will, just be-

tend encouraging you to make  
similar ones. You may rest  
assured that if you ever do  
marry a suitable girl I shall  
advance you the money—at  
the conclusion of the ceremony.  
Meanwhile, you should be de-  
lighted to know you have such  
a nest-egg."

Knowing that getting cash  
out of Miles was like trying to  
get blood out of a thrombosed  
varicose vein, I let the subject  
drop.

"Dr. Grimsdyke," announced  
the pretty little receptionist,  
"that man's behaving strangely  
in the waiting-room again."

"Oh, he is, is he? Right!  
You just show the perisher in-  
side. No, wait a minute—  
hide the scalpels from the  
suture tray first."

It was a couple of months  
later, spring had been switched  
on, the parks were lightly cov-  
ered with bright new flowers  
and the girls lightly covered  
with bright new dresses, and I  
was back in Razy's Potter-  
Phipps' Mayfair consulting-  
room again.

### RIVETS



thought to the most damaging  
effect of the publicity on St.  
Swithin's," Miles said.

I agreed. "Always a pretty  
nasty business, washing dirty  
linen in public."

"Not to mention risking a  
severe financial loss. And there  
would be little chance of our  
seeing him as next President of  
the Royal College of Sur-  
geons."

I agreed with that, too.

"Besides," continued Miles  
moodily, "he never considers  
for a moment how the affair  
might reflect on myself. I  
must be extremely circumspect  
these days. Not to mention our  
most worthy chairman, the  
Bishop of Wincanton. I be-  
lieve you've met him. A charm-  
ing man. It's remarkable how  
active he remains in spite of  
such indifferent health. Being  
under the same roof, he finds  
Sir Lancelot's behaviour at  
times most upsetting."

"I made a rather interesting  
calculation today," Miles went  
on. "Do you realise in the  
few nights you have spent here  
you have consumed quite two-  
thirds of a bottle of whisky?"  
He gave a dry little laugh. "I  
shall add it to your weekly bill."

fore—he was eaten by that  
tiger, he left you some cash  
for me when I reach a highly  
mature age? I just wondered  
if you'd mind slipping across  
a little on account."

"I'm afraid that's completely  
out of the question."

"But dash it! It's just to pay  
the rent and grocery bills while  
I do the novel for this new  
lot of publishers."

Miles gave one of the looks  
I suppose he used frequently  
on the Royal Commission.

"Please do not think me  
censorious, but I feel it would  
more likely be dissipated on the  
entertainment of some young  
woman."

"That's a jolly unsporting  
accusation—"

"Not in the least. Will you  
kindly recall your last visit  
here, at Christmas? You then  
confessed yourself seriously in  
love with a lady whom you  
wished to marry. I don't  
seem to have heard you men-  
tion the project since."

"Ah, yes," I said. Odd how  
quickly one forgets such things.  
"It was simply that I made a  
slight mistake in the diagnosis."

"Then I certainly don't in-

**T**AKING a stroll  
to raise my spirits and vitamin-  
D level in the first April sun-  
shine, I'd noticed it glinting on  
Razy's town car parked out-  
side a block of flats in Berkeley  
Square. A moment later the  
chap came hurrying out him-  
self, followed by a chauffeur  
carrying the special vibrator he  
used for shaking up sluggish  
millionaires.

"Dear boy, what a stroke of  
luck!" Razy exclaimed at once.  
"I thought you were miles and  
miles away on the high seas.  
Perhaps you've noticed in the  
Press about this Italian prima  
donna I've been treating for  
temperamental nervousness?"

I nodded. "You mean, you  
want the afternoons free to nip  
round to Covent Garden and  
soothe her down before the  
performance?"

Razy gave a cough. "It isn't  
quite that, dear boy. I'm afraid  
... well, the treatment seems  
to be taking such a terrible lot  
out of me, I really could do  
with a few hours' rest and re-  
cuperation between whiles. Do  
you ... do you think that you  
could possibly start straight  
away this afternoon?" he ended  
anxiously.

So I moved back to Park  
Lane, and jolly pleasant it was,  
too, particularly as Razy threw  
in lunch. And now my peace  
was disturbed by the flutter of  
chickens coming home to roost.

"My dear chappie!" Basil  
stood in the consulting-room  
doorway with a great idiotic  
grin on his face. "You've got  
your old part back."

"Good afternoon, Beau-  
champ." My tone indicated  
that the milk of human kind-  
ness was in the deep freeze.

He seemed fairly bursting at  
the waistcoat buttons with af-  
fability. It's always the same

## GRANDFATHER



## GRANDMOTHER



## GRANDSON



## All need the same gentle laxative - LAXETTES

### Mother!

Your children like taking  
'medicine' when it's choco-  
late Laxettes. So easy to give  
the exact dose — because  
Laxettes have measured it  
for you in each chocolate  
square. And Laxettes' mild  
laxative action makes chil-  
dren better overnight!

### Grandmother!

Remember Laxettes when  
you were a child? Laxettes  
can help you again now.  
Pleasant to take, leave no  
discomfort, give relief with-  
out embarrassing urgency.

\* Be sure your medicine-  
chest has Laxettes—a  
family friend for genera-  
tions.



L A 27

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To page 86



with actors, spitting venom at you one minute and terrific pals the next, just like Miles' young Bartholomew.

"But I've been wondering how to get in touch with you for simply weeks, Grim."

"Kindly be seated, Beauchamp. And what's the trouble this time?" I demanded shortly.

"I should like a complete medical examination, please. You see, dear chappie, I am shortly going to be married."

"What again. You mean to—"

"To a charming widow called Sybil van Barn. But you've met, of course."

"You don't mean to tell me you're actually going to marry that old—"

Basil offered a gold cigarette case.

"I will admit to you, dear chappie, some slight disparity in age and marital experience. But let me not to the marriage of true minds admit

impediments. After all, what is the most important thing to be fully shared between husband and wife? A common interest, naturally." Basil flicked a lighter with his initials in rubies. "And Sybil is tremendously interested in the stage."

I snorted.

"So you can understand, dear chappie, how glad I am that I tore myself away from London to take that cruise." Basil twitched his new flannel trousers. "An awful bore at the time, of course. But how worth it to find someone like Sybil at the same table."

That idiot Basil, I thought, running true to form. He'd quite forgotten he came aboard as Steward Beauchamp, and a pretty rotten one at that.

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 85

"My fiancée is arriving from New York next week, and we shall be married in June. St. George's, Hanover Square. You'll be invited, naturally."

Basil adjusted his new tie-pin.

"You can imagine how frightfully busy I am just now arranging everything, not to mention handling all these theatrical managers and film producers who do so keep pestering me. You've heard I'm opening as Hamlet this season? Sybil wants to stage an entirely new conception of the Gloomy Dane—"

"Popping through trap doors, I suppose," I asked.

"Do I detect, dear chappie," Basil demanded, "a certain reserve in your manner this afternoon?"

"Yes, you jolly well do. You have the cheek to come barging in here putting on no end of airs, when it wasn't long since you were cadging bobs off me to cook your Sunday kipper over the gas ring. Not to mention recently trying to dissect me on the hoof."

Basil sighed. "Our little rift, dear Grim, has been quite troubling me. On the ship I was quite unable to sleep at night."

"So I noticed. You kept getting me out of bed for sedatives."

"But 'Alls Well That Ends Well.'"

"It may have done for you, but

what about me? As far as I'm concerned, it's 'Love's Labour's Lost.'"

"Dear chappie!" He put out his newly manicured hand. "I do so want us to be chums again."

I hesitated.

"Please, Grim! Remember the dear old digs."

I thought again. After all, I'd been rather a cad toward him. Though I bet there's not many chaps who could face their Recording Angels — not to mention their wives and their Income Tax Collectors—without admitting they'd been rather a cad regularly twice a week since the age of sixteen.

"Oh, all right then," I said.

"I'm so glad," smiled Basil. "Because there is a certain little matter that can only be discussed in a most friendly way." He had a smell at his carnation. "I've recently been thinking a good deal about little Ophelia. A girl worthy of a future, Grim."

"She isn't doing badly. She was on the cover of 'Reveille' last week."

"I mean the richer and fuller future than can come only to a happily married woman."

"Oh, yes?"

"Let's face it, dear chappie — we did behave rather badly in her direction."

"We did? Dash it! You were the one officially lined up to provide the richer and fuller future completely off your own bat."

"There may have been some sort of informal arrangement," Basil absently twisted a gold signet ring. "But I'm thinking only of Ophelia's happiness. When you come down to it, I was nothing more than a mere strolling player. She would be far better off with a steady professional man like yourself."

I said nothing.

"But don't you understand?" he insisted. "I have given you Ophelia."

"And I dashed-well don't want her."

Basil looked surprised. "But I thought you loved her?"

"She was merely another viper in my well-bitten bosom."

"Oh, I see. A pity, because I was rather relying on you to get her out of my hair . . . I mean, to ensure her future happiness. Dear chappie, let me be perfectly frank. Our little Ophelia, as you know, is sometimes a rather headstrong girl."

I NODDED. "Personally, I think she makes Salome look like Mrs. Beeton."

"And just before leaving the ship, when I dropped into her cabin to say goodbye, she did happen to mention . . . well, she said if I ever actually married Sybil van Barn, she'd come to the wedding and when they got to that awkward bit about knowing cause or just impediment why these two should not be joined together—"

"Stand up with a few well-chosen words?"

"Exactly," Basil nodded solemnly. "It would be terribly damaging to my reputation on the stage. And to Sybil's feelings, of course. So I was wondering if you could possibly go round to have a word with the dear girl, and hand her this little present from Asprey's?"

He pulled out a blue leather case stuffed with diamonds.

"It would never do for Sybil to find I'd seen Ophelia myself, of course. In fact, she mustn't even know about this bracelet. Sybil's the most generous and understanding of women, but she does make me file a sort of expense sheet every month. I've put this down as fertilizer for the estate."

I didn't know what to say. If I hadn't much wanted to see Basil after leaving the ship, I certainly never wanted to see Ophelia again at all. But, as Basil and I had blown the whistle on our little feud, I supposed I ought to help the idiot to give a smooth performance at his wedding.

"All right," I agreed. "I'll give her a ring tomorrow."

"Dear chappie, that's absolutely splendid of you! How often have I said I could rely on Grimsdyke?"

He glanced at his new wristwatch. "I say, you'll have to get cracking with my examination. I'm due at an agency in Bond Street at four to interview some butlers. It's so terribly difficult to find the right type of English servant these days. I absolutely insist on paying for the treatment this time, of course. And, by the way, dear chappie," he added, as he started to unknot his new silk tie, "on this occasion perhaps you'd better send me the result of the laboratory tests by post."

To be concluded

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# IT'S TENDER! this new puff pastry cracker BROCKHOFF

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Enjoy these flavoursome tender crackers straight from the packet. Top them with your favourite tasty savouries or spreads as a perfect savoury base. Spread them with jam or honey and you've got a delectable sweet pastry . . . Use them, too, when you are in a hurry, as a quick-to-fix pastry topping for meat or fruit pies. Crispette is such a versatile cracker.

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stay-fresh cellophane packets . . .



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

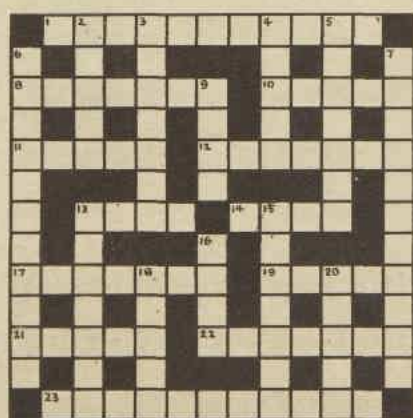
MANDRAKE and Narda have been introduced to the four representatives from the outer-space planets. Mandrake has been asked to judge their "summit meeting." NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Effaced (11).
4. Filled with gas and with rat, too (7).
6. Malice with its own pit (5).
11. Spanish gentleman of Norse origin (5).
12. Ram a lid (Anagr., 7).
13. Sure, it could be a stratagem (4).
14. The same in Latin (4).
17. Foolishly and excessively fond men, and each is a sailor at heart (7).
18. Shatter and ogle when headless (5).
23. Swallows greedily (5).
24. Rest pop; it's only a plug (7).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Nobleman or beef (5).
3. Confines within bounds schoolchildren or residential doctors (7).
4. Its capital is Shillong, and it is in a mass (5).
5. Primage (Anagr., 7).
6. Often follows raining (4, 3, 4).
7. You may call them sheepish bellringers (4-7).
9. Not always expensive (4).
13. If a photographer is required to do this, he does not have to indulge in repeated borrowing (7).
15. Sip does regulate (7).
16. Those of adversity are sweet (4).
18. The upright portion of a step (5).
20. First used to lead astray man (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 6, 1961

# Fashion PATTERNS

\* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4650, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5782.—Useful suit for the mother-to-be. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 1½in. contrast ribbon. Price 4/6.

F7358.—Child's button-through frock has matching playsuit. Sizes four to 10 years. Requires 3 to 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F7411.—Simple frock with slightly flared skirt. Sizes 36 to 40in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

F7411



F5782



F5872

F5947.—Pinafore and frock for four to 10-year-olds, both from same pattern. Pinafore requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material, ½ to ½yd. 2in. embroidered ribbon, and 1½ to 1½yds. rick-rack braid. Frock takes 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. contrast, and 2½yds. rick-rack braid. Price 3/6.

F7358



F7358



F5928

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 534. — FROCK

Slender-fitting, boat-neck frock is available cut out ready to sew in no-iron cotton. Colors are blue, green, and white; aqua, lemon, and white; and sage-green, lemon, and white. Sizes 22 and 34in. bust. 37/6; 36 and 38in. bust. 39/6. Postage 5/9 extra.

No. 535. — GUEST TOWELS

Set of three guest towels is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on blue, lemon, and white huckaback. Each towel has a small flower motif. Price is 3/11 for each towel, plus 9d. postage, and 11/2, plus 1/6 postage, for set of three.

No. 536. — CHILD'S FROCK

Pretty design for the small girl, available cut out in good quality striped cotton, in shades of pink, blue, green, red, and aqua. Size two years, 14/6; 2 to 4 years, 15/6; 5 to 6 years, 16/6; 7 to 8 years, 17/6. Postage 3/6 extra on all sizes.

\* Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

534

535



536



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# Have you discovered the **FLAVOR** difference?



Most people prefer Bushells Tea because it has more Tea flavor! Bushells Tea is a blend of young juicy leaves picked from

the very top of the tea-bush—these are the leaves which give Bushells its reputation as the Tea of Flavor!

Have you discovered the Flavor difference?



# Bushells

The Tea of Flavor





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

September 6, 1961

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

**JUNIOR  
SKI  
CHAMPIONS**  
—page 5





# LETTERS

## Charity begins at school

EACH year the two top classes of our school take part in what is called their "Social Services." We go to one of the city hospitals, children's homes, or old people's homes. A certain number of girls are allotted to each institution and there they help the staff on duty. This year I was sent to the Royal Hobart Hospital. Although I do not want to take up nursing when I leave school, I was very impressed with the wonderful job these people do. I am sure that if more schools adopted this scheme there would be fewer discontented people who really have nothing to complain about. — Jennifer Thomas, Lyndhurst Ave., Hobart.

## Question of age

SHOULD a girl go out with a boy younger than herself? This is a controversial subject and an important one to any boy or girl faced with such a problem. In my opinion if you enjoy each other's company

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052FW, G.P.O., Sydney.

then the age difference of a year or two is unimportant. Friendships are not based on age but on similar interests and ways of thinking. — "Vicki," Windsor Gardens, S.A.

## Grown up at 20

TWENTY! Yes, that's ME. I've sorted out all those crazy teenage ideas and emotions, and I have grown up at last. One day I was in love, and the next in tears — but now I feel as free as air! I am able to understand both sides of the picture and intend to get the best out of life while I have freedom and youth as well as maturity. — "Just Tops," Middleton, S.A.

## Smiling duty

HURRAH for people who smile! The best of luck to people who smile! Congratulations to people who smile! People who smile should be given medals for doing their duty to mankind. — Diana Mann, Flowers St., Caulfield, Vic.

## Time will pass

SOME advice to girls and boys in school who anxiously wait for the bell: "Time was given to us to use, not to throw away." And a remedy for teachers to use on clock-watches is to hang a sign on the clock saying, "Time will pass, will you?" — "Anti-Clockwatcher," Caragabal, N.S.W.

## Wronged students

IF exams are a test of our knowledge, why do teachers deduct marks for minor setting-out errors? One girl last term had two marks taken off for using black ink instead of blue. Another, on a maths paper, had all the answers correct but three marks were taken off for rubbing out. Thus the student got only 97 per cent. instead of the 100 she deserved. This is unfair. — M.R., Ringwood, Vic.

## Happy homes

TEENAGERS are only what parents make them. It is parents who make our lives happy and draw us closer to our homes or make us unhappy and drive us away to find comfort and friends in undesirable surroundings.

A boy I grew up with has become a delinquent because of his very unhappy home and over-possessive mother. His mother will not allow any of his friends into the house, causing him to be away from his home so much that he gets into trouble.

My mother has always encouraged me to bring my friends to the house so that she knows who they are. — "Joanne," Lakemba, N.S.W.

## Silly sixth year

I'VE heard about the N.S.W.

Government's plans to extend their high-school term to six years. I think it's ridiculous and will be nothing other than a burden to parents, children, and the country as a whole. It will be expensive, time-wasting, and a drag to the kids who want to get out of uniforms and into the world.

It's all very well for the Big Brains who will hide behind horn-rimmed glasses all their life and who will go to Uni and wear sensible shoes and cardigans. The country needs people who will go out and work. Sure it needs educated people, too, but the one year won't make that much difference. Heaven help us if the other States adopt this idea. — "Pessimist," Hobart.

## Sporting teachers

AT our high school we recently held a teacher-pupils football match. The whole school was allowed to attend. The teachers wore shorts and as they trotted on to the field a chorus of "boos" was

## BEATNIK



"I've been listening to your crazy records, man. Mind if I look at the discs?"

heard, but when the school team raced on everyone yelled "hooray." Every time a teacher hit the ground we danced with delight.

The day after the match one teacher arrived at school with a black eye and a few more were limping. The match was a three-all draw.

I think this is a good idea to break the ice between teachers and pupils and should be put into practice at more schools. The bantering is only friendly and, as the score shows, teachers and pupils are fairly evenly matched. — "Teen," N.S.W.

## Girls' views

IN answer to D. J. Conroy's letter (T.W., 9/8/61) on what his club likes and dislikes about girls, we like:

● Boys who talk about things other than cars and bikes.

- Boys who can dance.
- Friendly boys who smile and speak to mere acquaintances.
- Our dates to talk about us rather than themselves all the time, unless we ask.
- Boys who take no for an answer.

Here are what we dislike:

- Boys who are continually combing their hair.
- Boys who are always talking about past romances.
- Boys who wear a lot of "greasy" hair-oil and who smell of tobacco.
- Boys who smoke and drink just to show off in front of others.
- Goody-goodies or jissy boys who aren't do anything wrong.

Well, that's it. We hope you are not offended. We would like to thank D. J. Conroy and the boys for their letter. — "The Three Musketeers," Two Wells, S.A.

## To be happy is to succeed

● "WHAT is the successful life?" asked Cherie Jollow, of Picnic Point, N.S.W. (T.W., 26/7/61). Most readers felt that to lead a successful life was to lead a happy one.

THE successful life is a life wherein one has attained happiness, and happiness is so very personal. I would not agree that helping others, although an admirable thing to do, automatically brings happiness.

People who help others are usually those that are easily hurt by the lack of appreciation in those they help. I think our own selfish love of praise is often wrongly called selfless charity. — N. A. Lamond, South Grafton, N.S.W.

BE confident in yourself. If you always creep around apologising for everything — well, it's natural that no one will trust you. If you do what you have to do with an air of confidence and laugh off mis-

takes, you will find that others will have the same attitude — and you'll be at the top in no time. — "Egoist," Cottesloe, W.A.

SUCCESS in life comes with doing something you really like and doing your best. It doesn't matter whether you are a poor struggling artist, a truck-driver, or a lawyer, if you like it you will be happy, and to be happy is to be a success as a person. — "Peggy," Hobart.

THE secret of success in life lies in just being yourself. So many people try to be something or somebody they're not by copying other people who are more popular or successful in life. If people are true to themselves, they can

begin to make the most of the talents they have.

The important thing to remember is that there is no one in the whole world quite like you. Once you're aware of this you have to develop every little part of your personality outwards toward other people. — "Still Growing," Maroubra, N.S.W.

THE following quote is pasted up on the back of our cupboard door: "That man is a success who has lived well, loved much, and laughed often; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children; who leaves the world a better place than he found it; who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had." — June Garner, Garden St., Hampton, Vic.

## Next week

CASUAL clothes for spring and summer have gone crazy with color — so our color pages next week are devoted to the latest eye-catching designs. Tony Brady, the young Australian singer, has been catching the ears of teenage girls — and his pin-up will undoubtedly be an eye-catcher, too.

I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4/10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So — Quickset with Curlypet!

**Curlypet**





ROBIN WOOD...  
film producer and  
exhibitor at 14.

# ROBIN IS REALLY IN THE PICTURE

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● When 14-year-old Melbourne schoolboy Robin Wood sits in the tiny projection room of his backyard picture theatre showing films to his neighbors, he dreams.

HE looks forward to the day when he'll be showing only films he has produced himself.

Robin has big plans this way, and they're all based on the 9.5mm. movie camera his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wood, gave him as a birthday present.

The first "super-colossal" film Robin has at the planning stage is called "Lost Valley." It will be shot on location in the bushland near his home in the Melbourne suburb of Mount Waverley.

He has written the script, prepared the running sheet, and is in the process of circularising local children, asking them to present themselves to audition for parts in the film.

The film plot is about a party of explorers who find treasure in a deserted mineshaft. The treasure is guarded by a mysterious being which kills all but one of the party. The survivor returns to tell the tale.

Once auditions are over there'll be costumes to prepare and make-up to plan before shooting starts.

To try out his new camera, which cost £26/10/-. Robin has been trying it out around his home. He has taken a small



TITLES for his own films are hand-lettered by this jack-of-all-film-trades.

film of his mother sweeping up the leaves with the family cat running about her feet, and he has also made a short film using toys.

"I got the idea from one of those little action movie booklets — the ones where you flip over the pages to make a little 'movie'," Robin said.

"Then I built a fort of toy building blocks with toy soldiers in front of it and a railway station with a toy train. Every time I took a shot I moved the soldiers and the train a little."

During the September holidays Robin is going with a party of youngsters from his school to Alice Springs and, of course, his movie camera will be going, too, to record his travels on film.

## MAKES. SHOWS FILMS

So it looks as though Donald Street, Mt. Waverley, children will have some new films to look at soon.

"I think they've all seen the ones I've got," Robin said. He has 9.5mm. cartoons, film comedies, and a film of an Oxford-Cambridge boat race.

"I wish there was a film library close by so that I could hire films," he said. "The films cost me 27/- each to buy, and 9.5mm. ones for my projector aren't easy to come by."

"I have written to a film company in England and they have sent me a catalogue of their 9.5mm. films and also postage rates, so perhaps I can get some from them one day."

Robin's hobby is quite an expensive one, and you'd have to have patience and real enthusiasm to do it the way he does — the hard way, saving his 10/- a week pocket-money and earning extra by doing odd jobs.

And, of course, he adds the

money he collects from his backyard picture-goers (admission is 3d.), plus the tiny profit he makes from selling them sweets during the intervals at the half-hour shows. "I buy the sweets for four a penny and sell them at three a penny," Robin said.

### Old woodshed

His picture theatre, which he calls "The Peak Theatre," is an old woodshed which has been painted in bright colors, furnished with old curtains and cushions, and old radio cabinets below the screen, which he got from an uncle who runs a radio shop.

The pint-sized projection room behind the auditorium, with its record-player and movie projector, doubles as a ticket-box before the show starts. Robin acts as ticket-seller.

"Dad has promised to build me a proper theatre and projection room one of these days," Robin said, explaining with a smile that "one of these days" was a much-used family phrase and a sort of family joke.

Robin prints all his own handbills announcing picture showings on a little hand-printing set and then distributes the bills by bicycle to letterboxes in surrounding streets.

He also does all his own artwork, printing titles for his film-making projects and drawing murals in his picture theatre.

When he started his picture showings he had only a strip projector. "Then Mum said if I saved up £8 she would add the balance for a 9.5mm. movie projector, which cost £11/10/-," he said.

His parents help occasionally by buying films for his camera, but on the whole Robin bears the cost himself.

A two-minute black-and-white film, including processing, costs Robin 16/-, and the same in color costs £2.

Robin is in Form 3A at Mt. Waverley High School and enjoys his schoolwork. He says he's going to be a schoolteacher, not a film producer, when he grows up. But the ways he's going, you never know.



POSTER is nailed up at the end of his street by schoolboy Robin Wood, who runs a picture theatre in the backyard of his Mount Waverley, Melbourne, home. He does his own printing.



BEFORE show begins Robin stands at the door of his projection room selling tickets to local children (from left) John, Jill, and Heather Harland. The tickets cost them 3d. each.



WAITING: Laurence Yendall (8) and his little brother Dallas (4) and Heather Harland (8), all regular audience members at Robin Wood's backyard theatre. He buys or makes the films.



MAKING a film with his movie camera, Robin uses his mother's tape-measure to check the distance of subject from the camera. Toy soldiers and a toy train were stars of film.





*Pale, pale look*

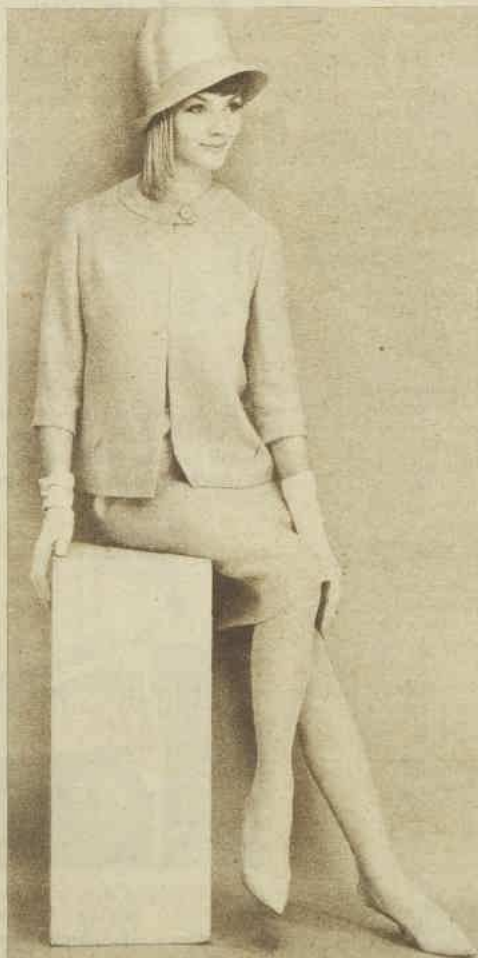
# Suitable for spring

● These four new Italian versions of the pale, pale teenage suit for spring and summer are each stamped with a poise, elegance, and originality of detail to make them stand out from the crowd.



**JACKET INTEREST** is strong in the pale orange linen Italian original with a standaway neck that is shown above. It would look fine when worn with the new "geranium leaf" (muted - green) shoes and matching handbag.

**CHARM** of utter simplicity is shown in the suit with three-quarter sleeves at right. To balance sleeves, the jacket is a little longer. Black and white are the accessory colors to give dash to this sleek apricot linen.



**DOUBLE ROW** of buttons on the loose cardigan-style jacket of this light wool suit gives it an eye-catching individuality. In gardenia here, it could also be made in pale, pale strawberry and be worn with gardenia shoes.

**BUTTONS**, giving a double-breasted look to the boxy jacket, are repeated on the skirt of the turquoise linen suit at left. Think of "shy violet" accessories as an alternative to the gardenia that is worn here.



# Teenagers' big chance on the snow

● Next week the largest collection of teenage skiers ever seen on the Australian snowfields will assemble in Thredbo Alpine Village, a few miles below the summit of Mount Kosciuszko, to take part in the first N.S.W. Junior Ski Championships.



"With the enormous growth of skiing facilities in Australia, thousands of teenagers are coming to the snowfields regularly.

"We are now able to give them concentrated training under some of the world's leading ski instructors.

"Modern chairlifts and T-bars enable them to make a dozen or more runs a day compared with one or two in the old days, when we had to trudge a mile or two up stiff slopes to get in our practice.

"Australia has never won a skiing medal at the Winter Olympics, but by 1968 we should be able to put up a real challenge for the top placings."

Leonhard Erharter, who comes each year from Zurs, Austria, as chief instructor of the Thredbo Ski School, agrees with this.

"Nowhere in the world," he said, "do people learn to ski so quickly or are so determined to become expert as in Australia."

"Nowhere else have I seen beginners able, after only a week on skis, to go up in a chairlift and come down the slopes without injuring themselves."

Jeannie Paynter, 15, of Darling Point, Sydney — one of

Leonhard's star pupils — also agrees that we can produce champions, and is doing her best to become one herself.

Daughter of a "winter sport" family, Jeannie started skiing at eight when her family took her for a holiday at Mount Buffalo, Victoria.

Her brother, Malcolm, represented Australia at the Inter-Dominion Ski Championships in 1958, her sister, Alison, was the Australian Women's Figure Skating Champion in 1948, and her father, Mr. Ron Paynter, built one of the first ski-lodges in the Thredbo Valley.

For several years now Jeannie has been training with Leonhard Erharter for two weeks each September and occasional weekends.

"The secret of success in skiing is hard practice and good coaching," she said.

"Leonhard Erharter is one of the world's best ski instructors, and I'm lucky in having a family who are ski enthusiasts and keep me up to the mark."

"When I'm not in the snow country I do exercises to keep fit, with emphasis on the muscles used in skiing."

Two other competitors in the Junior Championships are pupils at the Kings School,

**SANDY GORDON, at 13, one of the youngest competitors in the Junior Championships, being coached by Bill Davy (left), brother of Australian women's champion, Christine Davy, and Jim Walker, organiser of the championships, on the slopes near Thredbo. OUR COVER, photographed by Jim Walker, shows Sandy with fellow competitor Rodney Hudspeth.**

Parramatta — Alexander ("Sandy") Gordon, 13, and Rodney Hudspeth, 15.

Sandy, whose family owns a sheep station at Braidwood, 170 miles from Thredbo, started skiing when he was seven. Although he can spend only two weeks each year in the snow, he is already in the running for honors in the under-15 events.

Rodney comes from Wollongong, on the N.S.W. South Coast, and, compared with Jeannie and Sandy, was a late starter on skis at the age of 12—but since then has spent all his September holidays in the snow.



**JEANNIE PAYNTER, one of Australia's best girl skiers. Below, practising slalom runs in preparation for the Junior Championships, are (from left) Jeannie, Rodney Hudspeth, and Sandy Gordon.**





From PATRICIA O'CONNELL, in Hollywood

# GIDGET AND CO. GO

● Jimmy Darren and Vicki Trickett are the young players of Columbia's new film "Gidget". Both are stars — but stardom came to them



**F**OR Vicki it was a chance visit to a horse show that gave her her big break. She was spotted by Tab Hunter, who told his agent about her. Jimmy's break was just like something out of the movies — a talent scout saw him in a New York elevator, and signed him up three days later.

Jimmy's first question to me when we met in Hollywood was: "Do the kids in Australia ride bicycles?"

Jimmy and his lovely blond wife, Evy Norlund, are crazy about bike-riding right now.

**VICKI TRICKETT**, who plays Abby Stewart in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian." Her first role was with Cantinflas in "Pepe," and she has appeared in the Tab Hunter TV show.

In fact, Jimmy's so keen he even goes for a spin before breakfast along the road into the Hollywood hills.

But Evy can't make it then—she's busy looking after their nine-month-old son, Christian.

Jimmy had just finished making the "Gidget" film on location in Hawaii. The film is the second in the series of films about Gidget Lawrence. In this film, Gidget's parents tell her that the whole family is going on a vacation to Hawaii.

Gidget is not too keen about this, as she is madly in love with Jeff (James Darren). Just before the Lawrence family leave, Gidget and Jeff have a quarrel.

On the plane to Hawaii Gidget meets Abby (Vicki Trickett) and Eddie (Michael Callan). Gidget's father, realising that she is missing Jeff, secretly sends for him. Jeff arrives, and after a series of misunderstandings the two are reunited.

Jimmy loved making the Gidget film. He's used to travelling, and

he loves it. "I've been in America, to France, England," he said happily. "I like the film version of 'Gidget' in which I play a Greek boy. That was a break," he said. "Gidget's parents, played by Anthony Quayle and Evelyne Knudsen, were in the cast, so I got to watch some of the best actors in the world watching them."

"My acting philosophy is to look for the most truthful way to try to portray a character."

## Talent's all right

"I've been in Hollywood five years, and I wasn't an overnight success. I was a steady climber, and you've got talent and it—eventually."

Jimmy was born in that same town with Bobby Rydell, John Avalon—and had a reputation to be an actor. He admits that he is famous.

When he was 17, he was in "But nothing happened for years," he said modestly.

Then fate in the form of a talent scout stepped into his life. Just like the film story, Jimmy had to make his movie business.

"Gunsman's 1954, 'The Gene Krupa Story', 'They're Young', 'All Men', 'Let Me Live', 'Epitaph', 'The Girl on the Train' and 'Gidget Goes Hawaiian' the story of his life."

Jimmy still sings now—look out for his "Hand In Hand" album.

At home he's a father. I give somebody the freedom of a Rite Aid store.

"But I guess I'm a different next year."

"I'm always happy. Vicki Trickett finished making 'Gidget Goes Hawaiian' when I was in the cast."

**DEBORAH WALLER** get herself—she was in the cast, took a break from Hawaii. Deborah was in "Zin", and "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" is her first Michael dance production "Waller"





# HAWAIIAN

...of the attractive  
**"Gidget Goes Hawaiian."**  
 ...them by chance.

...been all over  
 ...to Denmark,  
 ...and Greece," he  
 ...in Greece for  
 ...Guns of Nava-  
 ...plays a young  
 ...was a wonderful  
 ...Gorg Peck, An-  
 ...Anthony Quinn  
 ...They're such  
 ...want a lot just

...happily is simple—  
 ...in any part and  
 ...the character in the  
 ...ways can.

## all you need

...Hollywood now for  
 ...I'm really glad I  
 ...success—and  
 ...over has gone in  
 ...believe that if  
 ...it will always make

...Philadelphia—  
 ...which has produced  
 ...Frankie  
 ...particular am-  
 ...act. However, he  
 ...wanted to be

...started singing,  
 ...happened for three  
 ...years.

...the son of the talent  
 ...into New York ele-  
 ...like a Finland fairy  
 ...had taken into the

...Well, "Gidget,"  
 ...um, um," "Because  
 ...all the Young  
 ...No, no Write My  
 ...Gidget Navarone,  
 ...one woman—that's  
 ...pamper years.

...ings if people listen  
 ...for their releases,  
 ...d" and Gidget song.  
 ...is a fanatic. "If  
 ...by the sound of my  
 ...like him the  
 ...Roller," he said.  
 ...I don't something  
 ...year something bet-

...like it."  
 ...had just fin-  
 ...Gidget Goes Hawai-  
 ...in Holly-

...VAL—Gid-  
 ...—MICHAEL  
 ...member of  
 ...en education in  
 ...only 5ft.  
 ...Gidget Goes  
 ...best film.  
 ...acted his  
 ...in Broadway.  
 ...Yes, the Story."

wood. She was planning to fly to London for a swashbuckling movie titled "Blood River."

Pretty good going for a girl whose only acting experience before she hit Hollywood was in a college production of "Guys and Dolls." And has success spoiled Vicki Trickett? Not a bit.

The tall, slender, 20-year-old still has her feet planted firmly on the ground.

Every morning she puts in two or three hours at the studio acting school, and frankly admits she's still learning to act.

"One day I want to play a good dramatic role, a really challenging one," she said, "but those only come with time and experience. Eventually I'll get them."

Vicki is equally frank about her private life. It's private, and that's that.

"I'll be anything they like on the screen, but off-camera I like to be myself," she said.

"I don't go to many parties or nightclubs. I don't want to be Miss-Out-Of-Here-Dress or Miss-Different-Date-Every-Night. This may make you great in the gossip columns, but it sure plays havoc with your acting next day."

## Cooks for herself

Vicki has an apartment not far from the studio—nice and handy when she has to be on the set at six ready to work up to 12 hours a day.

She does all her own cooking and housekeeping and loves to watch television and play bridge.

"I get together with a few friends and we talk and generally keep things hopping—when I'm not working."

"I never have time to be homesick for my folks. I guess I always was the independent type."

Vicki was born and bred in Kansas City. Her family moved to Omaha and she was in her first year of college there when she went to that fateful horse show—in Phoenix, Arizona.

She works very hard now, but even before she had her chance in movies she had a pretty full schedule.

"In the mornings I went to lectures at college, modelled in the afternoons for local stores, then worked in the evenings in a record shop," she said. "Guess I averaged about three hours' sleep a night."

"I always vaguely wanted to be an actress. In the back of my mind I dreamed of going to New York as a model, then going on the stage. After I got my first film role—as Cantinflas' girl-friend in 'Pepe'—I went to New York to do some publicity for the film. It's funny how things turn out, isn't it?"



OUR PIN-UP BOY is JAMES DARREN, one of Hollywood's most successful young stars. Within one month of signing a long-term contract with Columbia Pictures, Jimmy was given a steady series of starring roles, and he's just finished filming "Gidget Goes Hawaiian." He's 5ft. 11in. and weighs a muscular 12st. 2lb. Last year he married a lovely Danish girl, Evy Norlund, a former Miss Denmark.



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### "Battle-axed"

"I AM very much in love with a boy who is nice, but just recently I was told he called me a battle-axe. He still likes me. I'm sure, though he does not speak to me as much as before. I asked him if he still loved me and he could not say 'yes' or 'no.' Should I drop him or ask him for a proper answer? I am very worried."

"Troubled Teen," N.S.W.

You've probably ruined everything, I should think, by your questions already—do nothing more.

Boys, at times, find it necessary to speak nastily of girls—it's just their youth that makes them do it and their lack of poise. Often it doesn't mean a thing to them; such remarks are made at a moment of desperation, and regretted later.

Some well-meaning friend has told you about it, and now the poor boy is stuck with it. If you keep after him about it, he really will tell you you're a battle-axe right to your face, and be glad to do so.

I'd just sit this one out, act toward him as you always have done, and leave any question-asking to him.

### "Upset" in marriage

"I AM a young married woman of 19 and have been married for three years. I love my husband very much and we get on fine together, but there is an upset in my life—I also love another man who is 27. (My husband is 26.) The second man tells me he really loves me. I have known him for a year and he phones me every day at work and I see him every night on my way home. My husband does not know about this. Could you please tell me what to do?"

H.A., Vic.

Sit down and read the marriage service and study the solemn promises you made your husband three years ago. Right? Now tell that other man you don't want to see him again, or tell your husband you want a divorce.

The way you are behaving and treating your husband is shocking.

### When in doubt . . .

"I AM an 18-year-old girl. I am madly in love with a 32-year-old man. One night recently he took me to a drive-in and met another girl there. He took us both home. He came to my house the next day, telling me that she was an old friend, and asked me to marry him. My parents said they would leave it up to me, but said they had no objections. My friends tell me that I am very attractive and he looks years younger than his age. I love him very much but marriage seems to be such a big step that I am not sure. I will be 19 soon. I am not sure what to do."

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

When in doubt, don't always seem to me to be the right behaviour, and you obviously have doubts.

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I don't think meeting the other girl with you at the drive-in means a thing; what does matter is his age, those 13 years between you, your youth, and your obvious hesitation about marriage.

It's impossible for me to say what you should do, some girls of 19 are settled old ladies; most girls are still whirling round madly, unable to make up their mind properly because they haven't had sufficient time romantically to decide what type of man they want to marry.

Don't make any decision while you still have your doubts.

### Blind (date) love

"I AM 19. I think I am in love for the first time. Recently I rang an old friend up, and he said that they were having a party and asked me to make a foursome by going with his mate. He said his mate was a perfect gentleman and my type of man. I went out with his mate, and what my old friend said was exactly right. When we got home he walked me to the door and said goodbye and that it was a pleasure taking me out. I was very upset about this, because I would have liked to have gone out with him again. I just can't stop thinking about him. I can't eat. What can I do?"

"Sandy," N.S.W.

Just wait round. If he feels like you do he'll get in touch, and if he doesn't feel like you do, time will help you get over it.

Don't worry about not eating—you'll get that wonderful pale and interesting look, and soon enough, love or not, you'll start eating again.

### Inquisitive boy

"A CERTAIN boy travels on our bus and insists on staring at us all the time. We find this most uncomfortable and annoying, as he also tries to listen in to our conversation. He is a year younger than us and is still at school, whereas we are working girls. We cannot be rude to him, as we live in a small country town and the sympathy would be with the boy. What do you suggest we do?"

"Annoyed Pair," Qld.

Sit in the back seat of the bus and talk quietly. If you can't manage this and he behaves in the same way, I'd ask him to sit with you and join in the conversation. It would be better that way, and he'll soon get sick and tired of the girls' talk.

### Proof of love

"I HAVE been going steady for two years. My problem is that even though he has told me he loves me, and I am happy being with him, how can I prove to myself that I love him? I couldn't bear to leave him. Am I in love?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

This question has worried men and women ever since Adam and Eve. It is a fascinating question when it concerns someone else, just a nagging worry when it's you.

Like the rest of the world, I would like to know the formula, even if it was a vile one in algebra that took hours to work out. But there is no formula.

I think time is the only thing that tests and proves love. It sort of dredges up your feelings and leaves them exposed for you to understand.

Other people think other things. Someone said to me recently that there was only one way to prove love. Ask yourself, and answer honestly: Could you use his toothbrush?

Think of it. It's not a bad test.

### Scared at dances

"I AM 16 and very shy. When I go to dances I am too scared to get up and dance in case I do something wrong and make a fool of myself. I have been shy all my life, but I have never felt it so strongly until now when the boys ask me out. Also I would like to sing on TV, but I am too shy to go for an audition. I blush all the time, too. I am not being coy, Louise, this comes right from my heart, and I would like

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE

HAVE you got your own signature flower? You should have. They talk for you. Maybe you're a long-stemmed pink rose, a field flower, daisy, a clove-scented carnation, a bold yellow daffodil.

Find your flower-type and use it. It can be a message or a signature.

● Fix one round each table-napkin as a party piece.

● Twist one round the ribbon on a gift parcel.

● Tie one to handle of your shopping-basket.

● Twine it round the candlestick on the window-sill.

● Tuck one behind your ear for barbecues.

● Pin one to your bedroom curtains, one to your pillow.

When you're out of season in the garden you can find your signature among the artificial flowers that bloom on shop counters these days.

to do something about it soon or I'll die. (You see, I am going to a ball soon. What will I do?)

"Shy One," S.A.

There's only one thing for you to do—have some dancing lessons. If you're an expert you can relax and enjoy yourself, and you'll find your shyness ebbing.

If there is no place (or money) handy for lessons, why not arrange some among your best friends? Anyone would be flattered to give you some lessons if you ask them the right way. Say something like "Would you give me some dancing lessons before the Diggers' Ball? I'd give anything to look as graceful and be as good a dancer as you are."

Shyness is awful, I know, and it is very easy for me to tell you what to do. The trouble is you have to do it yourself. Shyness is something you've got to work at alone.

Start overcoming it by practising on someone handy. Smile at the next acquaintance you see and say, "Isn't it a lovely day?" or something like that. And read that book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie. It is full of horse sense that can help a shy person.

As for your TV audition—that's something else again. One day you've got to ring up the nearest TV station, make inquiries about auditions, make an appointment, and keep it. But I'd start first on the dancing.

Once you have faced one problem and tried to deal with it, the others are easier.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Know your etiquette

## Informal Dinner Menus

#### FIRST COURSE

THIS may be soup—a clear or thick soup. Or it could be a fruit compote.

Or, in the American tradition, a seafood cocktail of some sort—prawn, lobster, oyster, or a mixture in a mayonnaise sauce.

These are served in a small bowl, garnished with lemon wedges and parsley, and eaten with a small fork and spoon.

#### MAIN COURSE

THIS course varies. It can be fish—fried, steamed, or baked—served with French fried potatoes and a sauce.

Or it could be meat—steak with vegetables, perhaps stuffed tomatoes, tiny new potatoes tossed in butter, and a green vegetable. Or it could be a goulash or casserole.

Try to imagine how the dinner you have prepared will look on the plate. Don't have foods of one color served together. Aim for variety in color and texture.

#### THIRD COURSE

MOST families prefer to have a sweet, but there is a trend toward having several varieties of cheese, served with individual salads.

If you do decide to have cheese, try a strong blue-veined variety, a mild Swiss gruyere, and a full-flavored local cheese. Serve with celery, tomato wedges, and small crackers.

After a heavy meal, keep the sweets light. Don't expect your guests to tackle a heavy steamed pudding after soup and a main course.



LISTEN HERE — with Kirsten Ward

## Col Joye planning to go into orbit

Col Joye is planning to buy an aeroplane and has already inspected some. He believes a plane would be a great saving for the quick country trips he and his group are doing so frequently.



NOELENE BATLEY and Ian McMasters . . . good friends.

YOU might ask why saving money even enters Col's head. After all, he's earned as much as £2000 a week on tour and his fee for one live appearance is between £250 and £300.

Well . . . Col must run a couple of cars, an office staff, and dress his band. His own dry-cleaning bill for July was nearly £60. There are sacks of mail going out every week — and then the travelling costs.

That's why he wants to buy a plane, even though a light four-seater would cost him about £6000.

Col may have his head in the clouds, but he's discussing the project with his brother and manager, Kevin Jacobson. Kevin, who keeps his feet firmly on the ground, says that by the time Col's bought the plane and learnt to fly it, it wouldn't be worth his while.

Col, however, is still determined to go into orbit, and is preparing new arguments to convince Kevin.

More news: Col's been invited by the Mayor of Newcastle to take part in the city's first annual festival early in September — to be called the Mattara Festival. Mattara is an Aboriginal word meaning "hand of friendship."

The Col Joye Show will be a gift to the city from radio station 2KO. Jimmy Little, Patsy Anne Noble, the Delltones, the De Kroo Brothers, and Judy Stone will be part of the show.

And keep this under your hat . . . negotiations are flying back and forth between Col's office

in Sydney and the B.B.C. in London to take Col to London for exclusive TV appearances there!

A FEW weeks back Noelene Batley and Ian McMasters, a 19-year-old trainee accountant from Gladstone, Sydney, had an anniversary — it was just a year since they started going out.

Ian gave Noelene a blue diamante brooch — a nice gesture. Noelene's only 17, so there's been no talk of anything like an engagement yet, but if I was cupid I couldn't find a nicer boy (he's goodlooking, too) for Noelene.

I'VE had more conversations with Dig Richards' parents than with Dig himself—he's away from Sydney so much lately. Dig's mother told me of a letter she'd had from him from Brisbane. It appears he and his troupe were living in style. They'd hired an enormous mansion with four and a half acres of ground—and a butler!

**Local talent:** At first the De Kroo Brothers' "Don't Let the Stars Get In Your Eyes" isn't outstanding, but after a couple of playings it creeps up on you. They're smooth and harmonise well. (Festival 45.)

**WONDERFUL** for parties where the guests are too young to just sit and gossip but too old for rock'n-roll—"Dance Again," with Australia's Les Black and his orchestra. The record plays for 50 minutes, and there are over 70 evergreen dance melodies. (Popular Record Club LP.)

Membership for the Popular Record Club is 10/-, and the first 10/- is deducted from the usual cost of the first record you buy. Thereafter, members pay 30/- or 32/6 for LPs and 10/- for EPs.

Membership also entitles you to the monthly record digest. Write to the Popular Record Club, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

**SUPERB** timing, a new song, great backing, and the old O'Keefe vitality will make "I'm Counting On You" an odds-on winner. I saw this record being made, but I've tried not to let my double interest in it bias me toward its worth. I like it. (Ledon 45.)

**THERE'S** nothing technically wrong with Grade Wicker's voice or his backing in "Wild Colonial Boy" (H.M.V. 45)—but for me Grade hasn't enough feeling. "Angelique," on the back, has more soul, but still wouldn't get my money.

**WITH** "Sweet Dreams" Col Joye gets what every singer should have — the ability to make you feel he's singing directly to you (Festival 45). I'm not so keen on the backing, "More and More," but "Sweet Dreams" is worth it.

**ONE** of the best Country and Western records we've had is "Country Music Comes to Town" by Reg Lindsay (Columbia LP). It's very well done.

**PATTY** MARKHAM has tremendous potential talent. Her voice is clear and powerful, but she wails just a bit on "Blue Star" (Festival 45). Perhaps a better choice of song?

**TEENAGERS** looking for a present for parents or older friends — try this wonderful reading of the "Sentimental Bloke" by Tex Morton (Festival LP). It's a two-record album wellworth spending money on.

**AS** for Hal Lashwood's Minstrels (Festival LP) . . . only Lashwood fanatics could bear it.

**Pops:** Bobby Darin's "For Teenagers Only" (London LP) . . . he underestimates teenagers.

## FANGS FOR THE MEMORY!

• A delegate to the 16th International Dental Congress recently in Australia made quite a biting (ouch!) remark.

**T**HE delegate, Dr. Orville B. Coomer, of Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., is a specialist in cosmetic dentistry.

The most interesting development in his field in the past two years, he said, was a technique for changing the color of teeth. "I can give people any color teeth they want," Dr. Coomer said.

Is what the good doctor says the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?

Yes, this decay cavalier is being quite open (wide) and above board. Apparently, now we don't only have cries in dental surgeries we have hues, too!

Being of dental extraction (I drilled inn National Service, and girls in my street call me the local anaesthetic), I'd like to discuss the color business. Will you have (this) gas? . . .

What happens, for instance, if a girl has green teeth which would clash with a red dress she wanted to wear?

The answer is to wear the dress and keep her mouth shut. But what girl could do that?

Think, too, of the problems facing toothpaste manufacturers. What girl with eau-de-nil teeth would use a paste that promised to whiten them?

She'd die first—because she'd dyed first. So, bang go all current toothpastes. Unless, perhaps, you have red-and-white-striped teeth!

Blokes in those TV tooth commercials would also have another stumbling block in the road to romance. And, even though their best friends mightn't tell 'em, I will . . .

**SCENE:** Jack and Jill are cuddling and whispering in a car until Jill slaps his face and flounces off.

**ANNOUNCER:** Jack was proving that all play and no work didn't make him a dull boy—THEN he whispered how white her teeth were. And they were really RED!

Maybe Jack should see his eye-doctor straight away! Song-writers, of course, would surely welcome the trend.

They could do a revamp called "I Dream of Jeannie With the Light Brown Bicuspid" (Why not? Teeth can now be evergreen, apparently!) They could also weave one about teeth tinted "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" (even if the bark is worse than the bite!).

It's all very colorful, I suppose. But although it may be okay for Dr. Coomer's Old Kentucky Home, for my money they can Carry Him Back to Old Virginny.

But I don't know if I should really see any problems in colored teeth—things are pretty much all white here.

So maybe I'm just needlessly worrying. You might say making a mountain out of a molar!

Still, as they say, nothing ventured, nothing gained . . .

—Robin Adair



**WATCH OUT** for the Marksmen—they're a hit. From left they are Doug Trevor (20), Kenny Williams (27), Johnny Mark (19), and Barry Skinner (21). With them is Johnny's fiancée, 18-year-old singer Margaret Patford. Their first recording, "Lost Guitar," will be followed by "La Camparsita."

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**New  
teen fad**

# The pop and perm party

*By Carolyn Earle*

● An afternoon of pop, pop records, and home-perming among friends is a smart fad that has caught on like wildfire with American teenagers. Like to try it yourself? The pictures on this page show how it goes. Each girl brings a home-wave kit, and beauty improvement is under way. There's a right way for each style and type of hair, with spin curlers to make setting easy (and how helpful those extra hands are for back curls!) and waiting with company is easy.



FRESHLY combed and coiffed, young guests pause at the front door (left) to thank their hostess for the perm, the party, and a lot of fun. The cost of it all? Something less than £1 each.



HOME-WAVE session gets off to a merry start. The records are spinning and so are the girls' ideas for hairstyles. Books and magazines help here. The styles having been decided, on to the waving.



CLOSE attention as girls perm each other's hair. Curls need 15 minutes to dry after wave lotion is put on.



TWO heads have been rinsed free of lotion and wrapped in turbans as third perm comes up. A towel or scarf makes a suitable turban; all air must be excluded from hair for 30 minutes.



ALL WASHED UP, the girls catch up on chatter over bottles of pop. This way the 30-minute cover-up period simply flies. Next step in operation home-perm is the so-very-important neutralising process.



NOW the party's almost over. Heads have all been neutralised, rinsed, and set in casual, bouffant, and semi-shingle styles. Like them? They do!

## Hints on home perms

HAIR is divided into three types — coarse, normal, and fine. Wave lotions are made for each type and it's important to get the correct one for your hair.

Have a professional cut or trim well ahead of your home-perm to make sure there's no old wave left in it, or dry, split hair-ends.

Shampoo hair before perming, using mild shampoo, never soap or detergent; if instructions say hair must be damp for waving, they DO mean damp, not wet.

Timing is most important when home-perming, especially when you water-rinse your hair. It must be done thoroughly. If instructions say two minutes, it must be a full two minutes.

To prevent home-perm curls coming out with a straight fuzz at the ends, make sure you do not (a) pull too tightly on hair, (b) use too much tension in winding curls, (c) neutralise poorly.



Exciting new Lovely Legs Contest begins—

# You could be the Remington Princess for 1961!

- \* You would fly Pan-American to romantic Fiji!
- \* You would spend two glorious weeks at the Club and Korolevu Hotels!
- \* Remington Princess makes lovely limbs lovelier. Have you the loveliest legs in Australia?



## An exciting jet flight and an unforgettable holiday

Two wonderful weeks in Fiji, flown there and back in the pampered luxury of one of Pan Am's Intercontinental Jet Clippers, fastest and largest in the world. Plus a stay at the fabulous Korolevu Beach Hotel at Korolevu and at the elegant Club Hotel in Suva, as guest of Northern Hotels Pty. Ltd., where all the glamour of trade winds and tropic reefs is waiting.

Twelve Remington Princess Shavers (two for each State) will be awarded to successful runners-up.

### HOW TO ENTER:

To enter this exciting contest, follow the rules set out here and fill in the coupon below. Post it to us, enclosing the photograph you think best displays your legs and add 25 words stating why you would like a Remington Princess.

Address all entries to:

"Princess Competition", 10th Floor, 65 York Street, Sydney



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The world's first lady's shaver to give clean-limbed beauty in seconds with no nicking, unsightly scratches or after-irritation as with other harsh methods. The closest, gentlest action ever to keep skin smooth and silken. Remington Princess makes a certainty of perfect grooming for legs and underarms—a fashion essential for the long, hot Australian summer. Every girl needs a Princess!

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—September 6, 1961

## CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Any reader of Teenagers' Weekly over the age of 16 years and single may enter. Entry is FREE. Each entrant must submit a full length photograph of herself measuring at least 3' x 4", together with a 25 word sentence telling why she would like a Remington Princess Shaver.
2. Submit as many entries as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a Teenagers' Weekly entry coupon.
3. Mutilated or illegible entries will be disqualified. Print name, address and 25 words clearly.
4. Every entry will receive full consideration and the judges decision will be final. No correspondence can be entered into. Photographs will not be returned. All entries become the property of Remington Rand.
5. All details must be filled out in the coupon, including the signature of a parent or guardian. Closing date for the Remington Princess Competition is 31st October, 1961, and no entries can be considered after that time. All entries should be posted to:
6. "Princess Competition"
7. 10th Floor, 65 York Street, Sydney.
- 8.

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

(Parent or Guardian if under 21)

RR529P

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**TEENA** <sup>®</sup> by Linda Terry



Sandra

Iris Lamonte has been pursuing the shy designer Derek and the two come to a showdown when Derek decides to leave. Iris is upset and Sandra tries to help.

**NOW READ ON . . .**

by Bill Sawyer



CONTINUED